

*Yours sincerely*  
*Red & S Vieth*

RECOLLECTIONS  
OF THE  
CRIMEAN CAMPAIGN  
AND THE  
EXPEDITION TO KINBURN  
IN 1855

INCLUDING ALSO SPORTING AND DRAMATIC INCIDENTS  
IN CONNECTION WITH GARRISON LIFE IN  
THE CANADIAN LOWER PROVINCES



BY

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## PREFACE.

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I FEEL an apology is necessary in giving to the Public a book which might seem to be only an autobiography of a person of no importance, having no excuse for being published except that it might perhaps be interesting to the author's own immediate relatives or friends. But I hope it can lay claim to being something more than that.

Its endeavor has been to bring before the reader scenes of half a century ago. Of the fiercely fought contest before Sebastopol that terminated the Crimean War, of which, of all Canadians then holding the Queen's Commission who took part, the writer is to-day, if not quite, at least almost the last survivor.

In addition, it aims to give a glimpse of social life in the garrison towns of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick in the early "fifties," of theatricals, and the elder Sothern's dramatic ventures in Halifax, as well as descriptions of hunts for big and small game, and fish and fishing in the wilds of these Provinces.

At the outset, when I decided to put the recollections of those days in print, I struggled earnestly to write them in the third person, and keep the pronoun "I" in the background. It proved a huge mistake, and was altogether more egotistical even than as now presented; but there being no other form I had perforce to adopt it.

Some of the descriptions of sport in Nova Scotia were originally written for the "American Field" and appeared in that periodical.

I have also to acknowledge myself under a great obligation to the proprietors of the "Illustrated London News" for their kindness in permitting me to use copies of the Sketches made in the Crimea by their special artist during the war.

F.H.D.V.

OTTAWA, 1st July, 1907.



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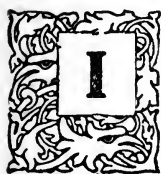
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## CHAPTER I.

The Halifax Free Church Academy and Principal George Munro-Gough, the temperance lecturer, visits Halifax, Sir John Thompson recites "Bingen on the Rhine." Leave for England in charge of Sir Edward Kenny, cross from Liverpool to Kingstown and reach my destination at Stillorgan. See Powerscourt and the Dargle and visit Donnybrook Fair. Dublin Theatres. The Bank of Ireland. The Queen and Prince Albert visit Ireland. Pass examination at Sandhurst and am gazetted Ensign in the 63rd Regiment.



It has been said that there is such a similarity in all schoolboys' lives that they are seldom interesting to anybody but their relatives or themselves. But while I admit that my own must be included in that category, I should not like to omit mention altogether of the school I last attended in my native city, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

I was about ten years of age when my father, a retired officer of the 8th or King's Regiment, holding a position in the Commissariat Department in Halifax, placed me as a pupil in the Free Church Academy there, an institution which had its origin in this way. About the year 1845 the Presbyterian Free Church of Scotland organized a college in Halifax for the training of those of their own denomination who contemplated devoting themselves to the ministry, and to this a preparatory school or academy was attached. After a time, the founders were induced to consent to the admission to this academy of other boys whose parents were not of the Presbyterian faith.

When I became a scholar there, its Principal was Mr.

George Munro, who was ably assisted by two other masters, Messrs. Fowler and McKay. The curriculum included the classics, and all other branches of study that go to make up a liberal education, while the methods employed in teaching were sound and reliable. I realized this very thoroughly, when later on, I came to pass my examination at the Royal Military College for a Commission in the Army.

While mentioning the masters of this school, I may relate here that some years after I had left it, my old master, Principal Munro, relinquished his position, and established himself at Boston as a publisher, reprinting almost every description of works of fiction in our language, and placing them on the market at a very modest sum. He became in time a very rich man, and at his death left large sums of money to his sons, who to-day, I believe, are carrying on the lucrative business created by their father.

While a schoolboy I remember Gough, the great temperance lecturer, visiting Halifax, and making a great impression, so much so that a large building named Temperance Hall was built, and temperance societies became popular institutions, the movement spreading down even to the schoolboys. A Mr. Gray, who was afterwards styled the "General," took the matter in hand and formed what was known as the "Cold Water Army," composed largely of young scholars.

Among other means employed to keep these together and interest them, entertainments among themselves were frequently held in the Temperance Hall, when little plays, recitations and singing formed the programme. On one of these occasions I remember a bright curly-headed boy recited "Bingen on the Rhine" with very good effect, and was much applauded. He was afterwards known as the Right Honorable Sir John Thompson, Premier of Canada.

After spending some years at the Academy before mentioned, my father consented to my going on a visit to my uncle, Colonel Harris (formerly of the 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers), who was Staff Officer of Pensioners in Dublin, with a view to my obtaining, if possible, a commission in the Army. I may say here that it had been the wish of my parents that I should enter the Church; but I protested against that so earnestly—the scarlet coat appearing in my eyes so much more attractive I fancy—that finding me resolute as to my choice of a profession, they finally gave way. Hence it was, that in a certain week in August, 1853, I found myself on board of the *Europa*, the “Cunarder” bound for Liverpool *en route* for the Emerald Isle, and under the protection during the voyage of Mr. Edward Kenny (afterwards Sir Edward), who was very good to the homesick and seasick lad—myself. Nor was this the only occasion on which I received kindness at his hands, and at those of his estimable family.

I reached Liverpool early on a Sunday morning, after a delightful passage of nine days, and was met by a friend of my uncle’s, a Captain Faulkner, who was stationed there. He came on board and very kindly took me to his home, where I remained until Monday evening, when I took passage in the packet that each day plied across to Kings-town.

Having all Monday to see the sights of this immense city, I gladly accepted Captain Faulkner’s offer to take me about, and under his guidance we visited very many points of interest, among them the birthplace of Mr. Gladstone, the Art Gallery, the Free Library, St. George’s Hall and many other notable buildings. The several docks appeared most wonderful places. How vessels ever got in seemed to me a huge puzzle, and a greater one to know how, when once they reached the quay side, they ever

got out again through this mass of hulls and forest of masts.

I had pointed out to me the spot where the unfortunate Mr. Huskisson—to whose memory a monumental building has been erected—was killed on the first train that ran into Liverpool. He had been greatly interested in and justly proud of the enterprise, and the deplorable accident which terminated so useful a life, on the day when the whole city was rejoicing over his success in the establishment of the line, put an end to the festivities in progress, and threw a gloom over the entire community.

My first ride on that odd but comfortable contrivance, an Irish jaunting-car, was from Kingstown to Stillorgan, where my uncle lived. Stillorgan is almost what might be called a suburb of Dublin, and not a great distance from the historic Donnybrook, the little stream on the banks of which the famous fair was held. From our dwelling-house a splendid view of the Dublin mountains was obtainable, and journeying along the road that led from Stillorgan village to “fair Dublin town,” one passed the estates of many well-known personages, among them being that of General Lord Gough (then living), the hero of so many battles in India, and of Mr. Guinness, the famous brewer of “Dublin Stout” renown.

The mansion of the former stood some distance back from the road, in front a large smooth lawn, and near by a deer park shaded with tall, old trees. The interior of the building I saw once, for I was the bearer of a letter to the soldier owner from an old friend who had served under him, introducing me to him, and asking his interest in my favour to obtain a Commission in the Army.

I have a very distinct recollection of a rather short, grey-haired man with keen blue eyes and gentle manner, who kindly took the trouble to explain to his youthful visitor what some Indian ornaments were, at which he had

gazed with a boy's irrepressible curiosity while passing through the spacious hall, garnished from floor to ceiling with trophies of the chase and war in foreign lands.

But Mr. Arthur Lee Guinness's was a veritable show place. One saw there a superb house, elegantly furnished, with costly conservatories and gardens about, filled with the rarest flowers, and well-kept lawns and parks with paths through overshadowing trees, while statuary peeped out from clumps of thickest shrubbery—a beautiful demesne indeed with outspread signs on every side of its owner's wealth.

He was generous too in permitting visitors on certain days in the week to see the place, and had granted what was a perfect boon to the countryside, the privilege of pedestrians using his private road through the estate to reach by this short cut Blackrock Station on the little railway below, which ran between Dublin and Kingstown.

But of all the beautiful places outside Dublin, easily reached by jaunting-car, I think Powerscourt and the Dargle excel them all. I was one of a picnic party that drove there from Stillorgan one summer day, and fairly revelled in their loveliness. There too I saw the "Lover's Leap," a projecting ledge of stone on the hillside overlooking the Dargle Valley, where, tradition has it, two faithful lovers rather than be separated by their respective kindred who opposed their union, leaped together to their death below.

But I am loath to pass Donnybrook on the outskirts of Dublin without a word. "Donnybrook Fair," famous in song and story, and long since abolished, was originally a horse fair, where annually horses from the country round were brought in to be bought, sold or exchanged. Gradually other attractions were permitted on the grounds, and when I saw it (twice in different years), it was a vast congregation of booths of all sorts and descriptions, much

as one sees at fairs in parts of Canada to-day. Cattle and horses, pigs and sheep, frieze and lace there were of course, for sale, and other things as well, but that was not what brought most of the people there. It was the shows, and the dancing and fun generally.

There were theatrical performances under canvas, which could certainly be classed as "continuous," for no sooner had the tragedy (in which as a rule a bandit chief and a comic countryman conspicuously figured and were pitted against one another) been gone through to an admiring and wonder-stricken audience, than on their filing out, a fresh one took their places, and the ranting, sword combats and stabbing began all over again.

There were booths too where jugglers, sword-swallowers or snake-charmers could be seen; in others, boxers exhibited their skill in the manly art; or for a penny one could pay a visit to the living skeleton, the dwarf, giant, or the Circassian lady with her wealth of fluffy hair. But the greatest attraction, the "shacks" most patronized, were those devoted to dancing, where a plank across two barrels constituted the "bar," and held the keg of beer and jugs of whiskey, with the necessary glasses for drinking out of.

I have seen in the morning on the way to the Fair dozens of women and girls walking barefooted, carrying their shoes and stockings in their hands, too careful to have either soiled on the dusty road. When the vicinage of the Fair grounds was reached, where the little stream ran through, ablutions were made, and their nether extremities rehabilitated, and through the gate they went all ready for the jigs or reels or whatever, dance should offer.

I never saw the proverbial trailing on the ground of a coat by its owner, soliciting the while some one to step on it, nor the woman sorrowing because the afternoon was passing and "not a blow struck yet," but I did see one grand shindy and it came about in this wise:



I had gone into one of the principal dancing booths to see the stepping, and while there a good-looking fellow in a bright green necktie and a brand new tall white hat, or castor as it was often called, came in. He was a dandy of the first water. Before asking a girl to dance with him, he carried his precious hat carefully up to the far end of the booth, and placed it for safety in a corner. He evidently was very proud of this castor, and did not wish it to be injured in any way. A friend of mine who was an onlooker like myself, and a terrible practical joker, took in all this proceeding, and no sooner was the owner of the white hat engaged in dancing than he bought a bottle of porter from the bartender, and watching his opportunity when no one was looking, poured the whole of it into the hat, and then dragged me away to the door to await the *denouement*.

It came. No sooner was the dance over, than the man brought his partner up and treated her to a "dthrap o'poonch," and then bidding her good-bye he reached for his hat. Taking it up, he saw at once the trick that had been played on him, and without stopping one moment to inquire who had done it, he picked up his blackthorn and struck down the man nearest to him. In one minute the place was in an uproar, and blood trickled from the enraged contestants in the *mélée*. For some minutes it was pandemonium let loose, and when at its height my friend and I wisely withdrew to another part of the grounds.

Dublin, with its fine old buildings, its Sackville Street, and its magnificent Park, was indeed a change from the little city on Chebucto Harbour I had recently left. Guard mounting on the Esplanade at the Royal Barracks, always a splendid sight, with its many troops of cavalry and infantry regiments, in their brilliant uniforms, was a gorgeous spectacle to me, and went far towards strengthening my belief that a soldier's life was above everything

in the world the most delightful and fascinating. However, later on in the Crimea, its seamy side presented by no means such a glittering attraction.

The Theatre Royal and the Queen's Theatre had at that time remarkably good companies, and were constantly visited by London "stars." My love for dramatic performances, which began here, cost me many a shilling to see Charles and Mrs. Kean, T. C. King, Robson, Widdicombe, Webb, Toole and many other celebrities, while in the opera season in a modest seat in the gallery (my limited funds admitting of no other), I heard Mario, Lablache, Grisi, Alboni, Catherine Hayes, and a host of singers of note; in fact, so fond had I become of the theatre that absurd as it may seem now, I confess to haunting the stage doors in the daytime for no other purpose than to see what actors and actresses looked like in every-day attire.

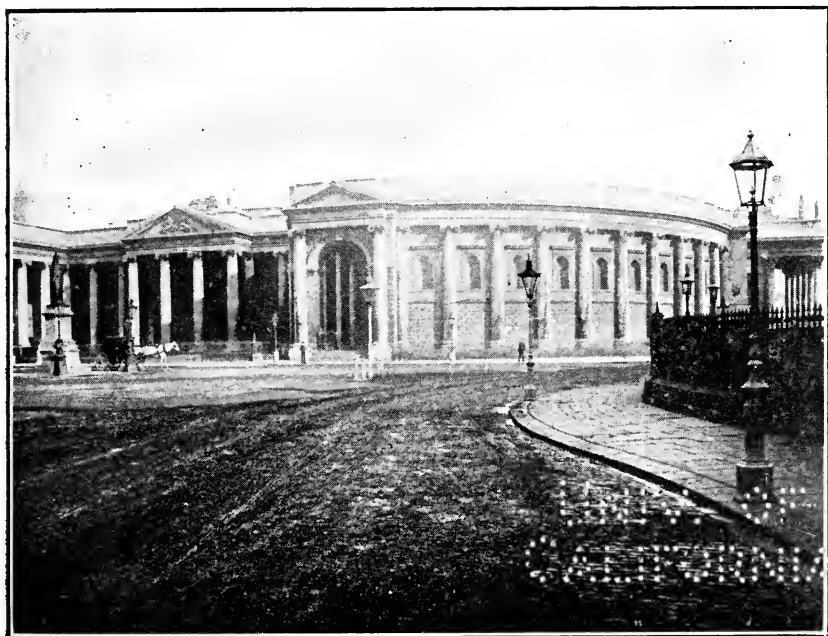
But my holidays at length drew to a close. There appeared no immediate prospect of a Commission (they do not drop into one's hand for the asking), and a clerkship in the Bank of Ireland having been offered me, I became an employee there.

A word or two regarding this institution may not be out of place. It faces on a busy thoroughfare at the corner of Dame Street and College Green, and was in the olden days the Parliament House. The handsome old tapestries that adorn the walls of the quondam Council Chamber are still kept in an excellent state of preservation, and there may be seen too to this day the table around which Curran, Grattan, Burgh and many other notabilities of the Irish Parliament assembled, and the very chairs upon which they sat while discussing national affairs. What bursts of eloquence these old relics could tell of, had they the power of speech, when heated debate ran high.

A subaltern's guard furnished by one of the Regi-



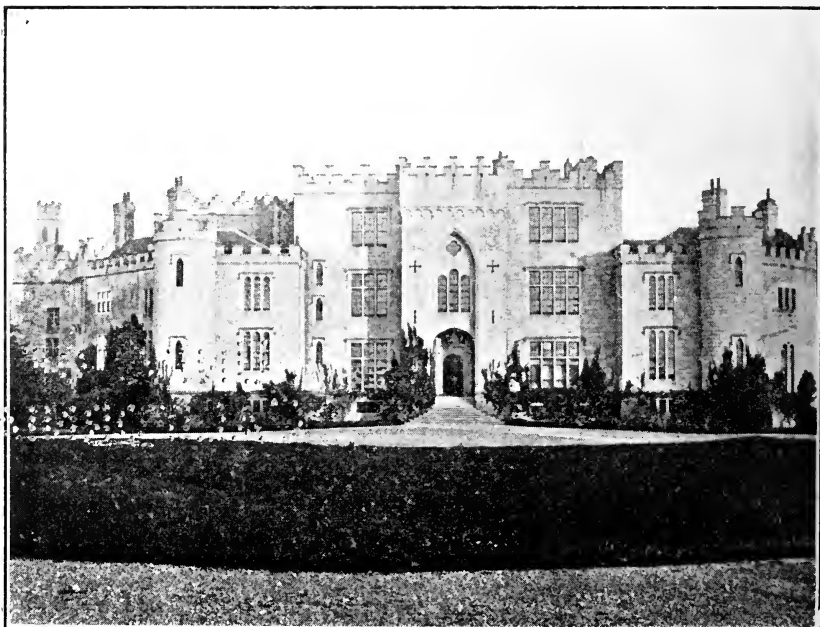
SACKVILLE STREET, DUBLIN.



BANK OF IRELAND, DUBLIN.



BLACKROCK CASTLE, NEAR DUBLIN.



ments forming part of the Dublin garrison offers protection day and night to its exterior, while the bank's own guardians keep watch and ward within. The old custom still prevails, I believe, of a bank official placing each day under the officer of the guard's dinner plate a half sovereign to provide for his dinner.

This year in which I had my first start in life was rendered a memorable one to all the good people of Dublin by the visit of Her Majesty Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, and great were the preparations made to give them a right royal welcome. Triumphal arches were erected, and bunting displayed in profusion in all directions. The Royal party landed at Kingstown and arrived by special train at Westland Row Station in the city, where they entered the carriages that awaited them. An immense crowd gathered at this place, and the streets along which they proceeded were densely packed. Every available window, doorway or railing along the route was occupied. The big guns boomed, cheer upon cheer rent the air, and countless hats and handkerchiefs waved. All Dublin was *en fête* that day.

As the Royal procession reached the top of Sackville Street and was passing the Rotunda, I managed by dint of hard pushing and manœuvring to get immediately behind one of the policemen that lined the way, and so the Queen and the Prince Consort's carriage passed within a few feet of where I stood, enabling me to have what is commonly called "a good look." It was a great feather in my cap that morning to have had the honor of being so close to Her Majesty, and I was immeasurably elated.

I had been employed at the Bank of Ireland but a few months when my long-wished-for nomination for the army arrived, and I was officially informed that a Commission, without purchase, would follow, provided I could pass the requisite examination. Hard work was then the

order of the day with me, and I might say night as well, for while I continued my duties at the Bank, I devoted each evening to study—a couple of hours in the afternoon being set apart for outdoor exercise.

I placed myself under the tutorship of a Mr. Morrissey, well known in Dublin for his brilliant attainments and skill in preparing candidates for Army Examinations, and with him went over carefully the various subjects necessary for my qualification before the Official Examiners at the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, and I am bound to say these tasks were rendered infinitely more easy, owing to the sound grounding I previously had at the old Academy at Halifax.

At length the time arrived when I felt sufficiently confident I might attempt undergoing the ordeal, and accordingly asked permission of the authorities to present myself for examination, a request which they were good enough soon after to grant me, instructing me at the same time to proceed to the College at Sandhurst for that purpose without delay.

From Kingstown I crossed in a boat to Holyhead, reached London that night, and on the morning of the 8th February, 1855, I found myself with twenty-seven other candidates at the above well-known institution. After passing the surgeon, the assistant commandant received us in a large room furnished with tables, chairs and writing materials, and we were presented to the four examiners, all of whom in turn questioned us. Questions both written and *viva voce* were asked by a Mr. Chepmell in Roman, Grecian and English history and in geography. Arithmetic, algebra, Latin and English composition were undertaken by Mr. Narrien, French and German by Mr. Cambrier, and fortification and drawing by Mr. Cole. The examination lasted altogether about five or six hours. Before we left the room the result of each one's work had

been ascertained, and as the candidate passed out, the assistant commandant, Colonel Prosser, informed him of either his success or failure, as the case might be.

It was a joyful moment to me when, as he shook my hand as I went out, he congratulated me on my having passed, enquiring at the same time if there was any particular regiment to which I wished to be gazetted.

Now the Crimean War had broken out the previous autumn. Alma, Balaklava and Inkerman had been fought, but the siege of Sebastopol was still in progress, so when the choice of a regiment was given me, I at once replied that I should like to be appointed to one then on active service.

This selection was suggested to me by an old Army officer before leaving Dublin. He said: "By all means try and get into a Crimean regiment if you can. You will see some fighting, and if you don't stop a Russian bullet, your promotion will to a certainty be quick." And then he told me of a young officer he was personally acquainted with, who had been only two years in the service, and who had just been gazetted to a captaincy.

I may say here, that so rapid was promotion at one time that an order was issued from the Horse Guards during the spring of 1855 that commanding officers of regiments were not to recommend subalterns for promotion to the rank of captain who had not been eighteen months in the service.

But to revert for a moment to the examination. Two chances to pass were allowed in those days. Failing in any of the subjects at the first trial, the candidate was allowed after a certain interval to make a second, but if that proved unsuccessful also, his case was a hopeless one, so far as a Commission was concerned.

I was the only Canadian in the examination hall that day, and proud was I that I was not among the unfor-

tunates whom I knew had been turned down. Out of twenty-eight candidates only eight or nine had passed I was told.

One week from the date of my passing, I found myself appointed an ensign in the 63rd or West Suffolk Regiment (now the Manchesters) and received an order to join the depot of the regiment at the expiration of one month. Applications, under any circumstances, for a longer leave were refused by the authorities, and I perforce had to make all haste to be fitted with uniforms, purchase the clothing necessary for a severe climate, get together camp furniture, etc., and have all packed in the smallest space possible.

By the time my leave expired, I had managed to have my kit all complete, and after bidding good-bye to relatives and friends, a bright March morning early found me at the King's Bridge Terminus bound for Roscrea, from whence a ten-mile drive in an Irish jaunting-car brought me to Birr, the regiment's depot, where I duly reported myself to the officer commanding.



## CHAPTER II.

**Birr Barracks, Drill and Drill Instructors.** One of the Queen's "hard bargains" introduced. Trout fishing. Cricket and archery clubs. Lord Ross' telescope and the Mall. A draft of eighty men leave for Dublin. Embarkation in the ship "The Lilies." The voyage up the Mediterranean. Malta reached in sixteen days' sailing. The detachment at Fort Tigne. Rifle practice is taken up. *Papera prima donna* at the Opera House. Visit St. Paul's Bay. Gazetted to Lieutenancy. Leave Malta for Constantinople. A visit to Stamboul.



THE barracks situated about a mile and a half from the town of Birr are very large, and form three sides of a square. At the time I joined they held the depots of the 21st Royal North British Fusiliers, the 57th West Middlesex, and that of my regiment, the 63rd West Suffolk, which collectively numbered, I should say, about a thousand or twelve hundred men, of whom by far the greater number were recruits. One might term it a floating population, for the reason that as soon as officers and men had received as much drilling as could be imparted in two or three months, they were drafted on to the Crimea to their respective regiments, new men being continually added from recruiting districts.

The officers' mess was a very large one, about fifty or sixty officers sitting down to dinner each evening. Company drill was vigorously carried on for recruits from six o'clock in the morning until five o'clock in the afternoon, breakfast and dinner hours, of course, excepted. Young officers were instructed in the use of their swords and the men in that of their muskets and bayonets. We had no rifles, and the old manual and platoon exercise was then in vogue.

The Government had contracted for a very large number of the new Enfield rifles, but they were not served out at the depot and we did not get ours until we arrived at Malta on our way to join the service companies at the seat of war. Battalion drill, which was a full dress parade, was held every morning at 9.30 under the colonel commanding, whose name was Crutchley, and the adjutants' parade at half past two was for battalion drill also. So that we were all kept pretty sharply at work every day of the week but Saturday, which was an off day, except for the unfortunate recruit. In fact, it was an orderly bustle all day long to bring all ranks into as great a state of efficiency as the short period allowed would permit of. After a couple of months when drill had been pretty well acquired, we youngsters were able to get Saturday afternoons to enjoy in any way we liked.

Touching this daily instruction I may say that no distinction was made between officers and men newly joined, as far as "setting up" and "company drill" were concerned, we all fell in the ranks together.

One of the drill sergeants, Mayburn by name, of the 21st Regiment, under whose tuition I found myself placed, was noted as well for his eccentricities in expression, as for his capabilities in imparting instruction. His correction of a recruit for some glaring mistake frequently took the form of what was intended for withering sarcasm, which it was no easy matter to prevent, one's-self from laughing at outright, and nothing but the impropriety of setting so bad an example restrained.

We had one chap who sometimes stood next me in the ranks, a raw Irish boy, who was a perfect *Handy Andy* in the way of blundering. Words of command perhaps intelligently obeyed by the rest of the squad were almost sure to be construed by him, to our discomfiture, in quite another sense. For instance, when such an order as

"right face" or "right wheel" was given, it was quite usual for him to turn in the opposite direction, and bumping up against his next door neighbor with a staggering collision, jumble up the whole squad, and bring upon his head the ire of the exasperated instructor. At such times Mayburn would shout out fiercely: "Now then, now then Dooley, wherever re you a goin' to?" adding in an affected tone of commiseration: "But I don't blame *you*, I blame *the man that listed ye*." On another occasion, I remember, he caught one of the recruits looking on the ground, instead of straight before him as a soldier should when standing at attention. This was not allowed to pass unrebuked. "What are you looking down for No. 3 from the right?" he asked with pretended solicitude, "Are you thinking of your father? Look *up* my man, look *up*, *that's where you ought to expect to find him*." Mayburn's unveiled sarcasms and eccentricities never failed to be retailed each night at the mess table by the youngsters as belonging to the current events of the day.

I remember Graves—a Lieutenant in the King's Co. Militia, who was learning his drill with us—telling me once of his complaining to Mayburn that his washing which was done by Mrs. Mayburn was not satisfactory. He had called him aside and had said: "Oh by the by Sergeant Mayburn, I wish you would speak to your wife about my handkerchiefs. She sends them home looking as yellow as if she boiled puddings in them." At which Mayburn drew himself up and saluting replied: "That's a dish Mr. Graves that never smokes upon my humble board, especially when the head of the family don't care about 'em." And without another word he again raised his hand to his cap and marched off leaving Graves smiling, and wondering in what fashion, if at all, his remonstrances would be conveyed to the buxom Mrs. Mayburn.

After leaving Birr I never saw my old drill instructor again; but the redoubtable Dooley my next door neighbor in the recruit squad during those early days of the "goose step," I met again. After being kept at the depot at endless drills in the hope of making a soldier out of him, he turned up in a draft from thence, while we were in Halifax. He was not a badly built fellow so—the ironies of fate are sometimes very funny—the captain of the light company, the crack company of the regiment, who had first choice of recruits, attributing his somewhat *negligé* appearance solely to the inconveniences of ship-board, picked him out among several others.

In those days, I should mention, the right and left flank companies of a regiment in line were known as the "Grenadier" and "Light Company" respectively. The men composing the former being selected for their height especially, while the latter irrespective of size were chosen for smartness and activity, as they were expected to become experts at skirmishing in the field.

At the first parade poor Dooley was found fault with at inspection, for not being "properly dressed and clean." This was considered by his comrades the one unpardonable offence, reflecting upon them as a body that prided itself on holding the palm for neatness and soldierly appearance.

And so it came about that, parade being over, Dooley was arraigned and found guilty by the leading spirits in his barrack room. He was seized and held down over a table, while one of the number administered a round dozen with a waist belt as a preliminary measure. Next they lathered him with a plentiful supply of soap, and dipping his face in a bucket of water scrubbed him vigorously, finally forcing him to pipeclay his belts to a whiteness he never dreamt of, and to burnish his buttons and brasses until his face was reflected in them. Threats

to complain to the Colonel were treated with contemptuous ridicule and only drew from his monitors the unpleasant but emphatic assurance that, if he did so, much worse things would befall him.

All this I heard long afterwards. He never reported the matter, and though the lesson was a pretty forcible one, it had the desired effect of making a smarter soldier of him, and if he was, as some called him, "one of the Queen's hard bargains" he, at least, was never again found fault with for untidiness on parade.

Dooley's *Handy Andyisms*, which were many, were a lasting source of merriment among his room mates. I can recall one incident which seemed to me very laughable. I was paying the Company, and when Dooley's name was called and the money pushed towards him on the table by the sergeant, he hesitated to pick it up, and the following dialogue ensued between us:

"There is your money Dooley."

"I don't want to take it, sor."

"But you must take it, every man must take his own pay, that's the order."

"I don't want to take it sor, you keep it for me."

"No, I can't do that, take your money and keep it yourself."

"Sure sor," replied Dooley, "*av I'd keep it, I'd spend it,*" amid the smothered laughter of the whole room.

But to return to Birr. There was a good sized stream in the vicinity of the barracks, permission to fish which I had the good fortune to obtain, and on its banks I spent many an hour with a brother fisherman, exercising the gentle Isaac's art to lure the speckled beauties from its depths, and I was lucky enough to rarely return home quite empty handed. The trout in this little river, whose name I have forgotten, if I ever knew it, were at the time in excellent condition, of fair size, and greatly esteemed

for their fine flavor, and a raid on our baskets was often made by certain epicures among the senior officers who had an eye for a tasty breakfast, if they could catch us before we reached our rooms.

There were both c icket and archery clubs, who used the field adjoining the parade ground. In the latter club many lady members distinguished themselves as adepts with bow and arrow, the amiable wife of our second in command, Major Boyd, being especially clever at this pastime. The barracks possessed no billiard table, but the hotel in town boasted of a very fair one, which was much patronized. I think the recreations most enjoyed in and most popular were riding, driving, and long walks on the country roads. Once a week the band played for a couple of hours on the Mall, which brought young people together, and doubtless where there were so many pretty girls, flirtations were not wanting. Dances and dinners there were in plenty, for our civilian neighbors were extremely hospitable, and shortly before my leaving Birr, a return of civilities came from the barracks in the form of a grand tastefully got up ball which was largely attended and the dancing kept up until daylight was peeping through the windows.

Close to the Mall stood the entrance gates to the beautiful demesne of Lord Ross, whose grounds were open to the public on certain days in the week. Here, not far from the mansion itself, was erected his wonderful telescope, in those days considered a great curiosity. It was a stupendous structure, and an object of much interest to visitors.

But my stay in Birr, was after all, brief. At the commencement of June, a draft of eighty men of my regiment was ordered to proceed to Dublin to embark from Kingstown on board of the sailing transport "The Lilies" bound for Malta. Captain Gould was placed in

charge, and a brother ensign, De Lacy by name, and myself were detailed as subalterns under him.

We remained in Dublin a few days, enabling me to make a few farewell visits to friends and relatives there, and then we sailed away from the dear old city which, alas! I have never had an opportunity of seeing again.

On board "The Lilies" we had drafts from other regiments but we were by no means overcrowded. We did not touch at Gibraltar, but passed close by the big rock. The weather was magnificent, and so clear that with the aid of glasses we could make out the locality of Algiceras on the African coast opposite. Fair winds and clear weather favored us during the whole of our voyage up the Mediterranean. The sun shone each day in a bright blue sky, not a cloud dimming its brilliancy, and it was a novel experience to most of us to sail upon waters of such a cerulean hue. For myself, I had never seen so blue a sea, so utterly unlike the dark waves of the Atlantic or Bay of Biscay we had just crossed, and then the air was so deliciously balmy. A large awning overspread the deck, and daily beneath it, in every conceivable position we luxuriated in comfortable chairs or on rugs and cushions, while cards, chess, backgammon or an interesting book served to while the time away. In sixteen days from the date of sailing, we reached our destination.

Malta is an extremely interesting little island, its extent about 170 square miles. Valetta, the town, is built on two sides of a hill, the principal street, Strada Reale, stretching along its apex. Those streets that run at right angles to it on either side are quite narrow and of a steep incline, the sidewalks consisting of innumerable steps. An almost unbroken line of shops extends from one end of Strada Reale to the other where an endless variety of articles is sold. Lace of exquisite pattern and texture can be purchased here at very moderate prices.

Gloves I found remarkably cheap, and clothing could be bought at a less cost than in Dublin.

I had almost forgotten mentioning the delicately wrought filigree work in silver for which the Strada Reale is famous, and which every visitor is sure to lay in a certain supply of, according to the depth of his purse.

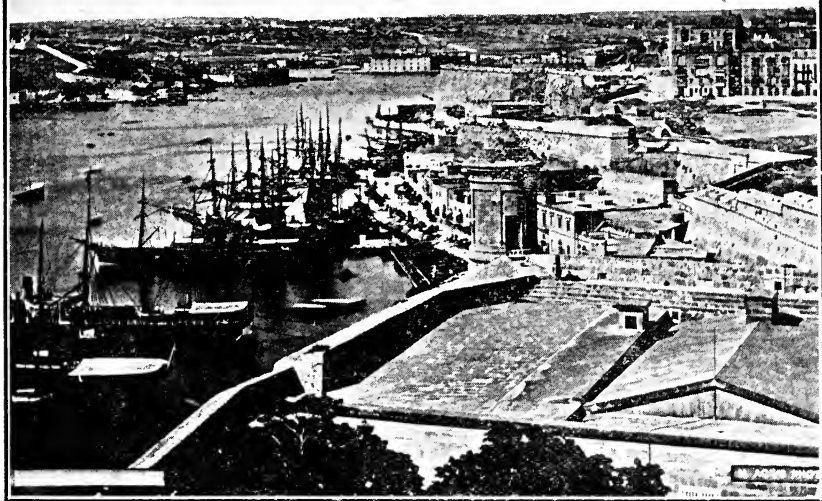
We disembarked on the same day we arrived, and were distributed at Florean Barracks, Fort Ricasoli and Fort Tigne. To the latter place I was sent in charge of twenty-five men, as were also Cokely of the 21st and Greive of the 46th, each with a similar number. We were very comfortable here, and our mess of three was well supplied by our caterer at inexpensive rates.

It is always excessively hot during the months of July and August, and a welcome addition to our daily fare was the profusion of fruit of various kinds with which our table was loaded. A remarkably nice light wine was also frequently in evidence with us, whether a native product or not, I do not know, but it resembled claret. When mixed with soda water, or better still fizzing lemonade with a lump of ice added, we found nothing better to allay that thirst which under a blazing sun was, as it is said of the poor, always with us. Each morning at five o'clock all hands bathed, and at six the fall in sounded for parade—a short affair by the by—consisting only of inspection and marching off the guard.

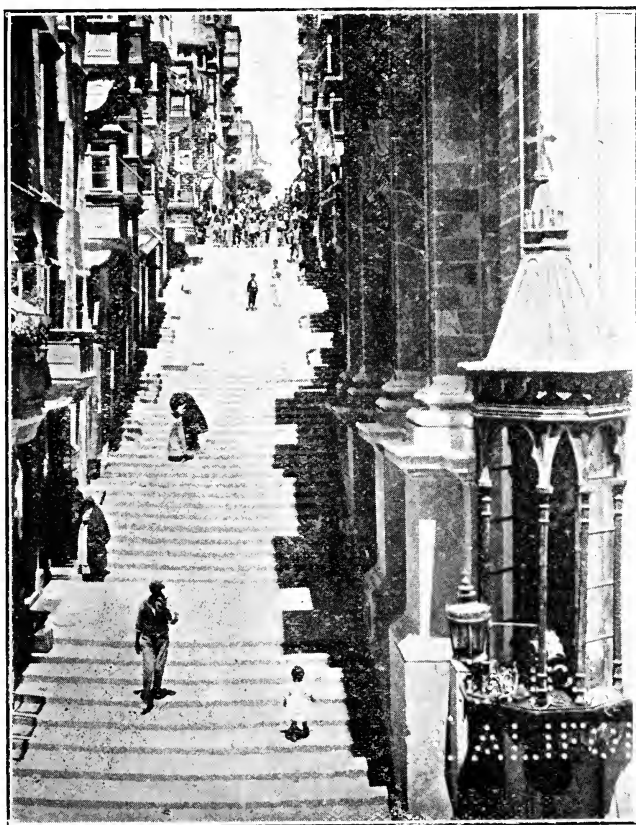
Thus for a time we had plenty of freedom until the Enfield rifle was served out to the men, and rifle practice began. Then work commenced in earnest.

One of us three, in our little garrison, was according to general orders to be found at his post at all times, so we took turns, one remaining on duty each day at the fort while the other two crossed over to Valetta to see friends, have a walk or ride in the country or perhaps dine at some other mess and go to the opera. The Opera House was a very large one, and well patronized during the season.





GRAND HARBOR, MALTA.



STREET OF ST. JOHN, MALTA.



ST. PAUL'S BAY, MALTA.



SALUTING BATTERY, MALTA.

Naples being not very far away, companies from there frequently occupied the stage in the Strada Teatro, and on the occasion of my first visit to the theatre I had an opportunity of hearing Perepa who had made her debut but a short time before. The opera I remember well was *Linda da Chamouni*, and her singing was very highly spoken of. I was too young to be at all capable of judging the quality of a *prima donna's* voice, but I was charmed with it, and as she was shortly to appear in London I thought she surely would have a brilliant success. But many months afterwards I read in an English paper that her opening night at Convent Garden had been a failure, and I recollect it was not for several seasons that she again appeared before a London audience, but this time it was a pronounced triumph.

I rode one day from Valetta to St. Paul's Bay, a very beautiful spot about nine miles from the town. Here everything was decidedly English. Such charming villas and surroundings that one might almost fancy one's-self back again in one of the best parts of London's suburbs. St. Paul's Bay is the scriptural scene of the Apostle Paul's shipwreck. Natives there will show you for a consideration the exact spot; but I would advise the visitor to accept this piece of information "*cum grano, etc.*"

During the whole time I was at Malta,—a little over a month—there was not a drop of rain. The sun shone brightly each day and the heat was excessive. The houses, walls and even the streets being all of a very light yellowish shade—the natural color of the stone used—made it very trying for the eyesight.

Many of our men soon after our arrival, suffered from a kind of ophthalmia, and were obliged to go to hospital; but the affection luckily was not of long duration, and the eyes soon became inured to the glare.

Our stay, however, was not permitted to be long an idle one. As soon as our men could be served out with

the new rifle, which took the place of the old "Brown Bess," target practice and judging distance drill were vigorously carried on under instructors sent out from the School of Musketry at Hythe, and all day long we were kept at it. Only a short time elapsed, however, before we were under orders to embark again, and were told our destination was to be the Crimea. Just as this news reached us I had the great pleasure of seeing in the Army and Navy Gazette, my promotion to a lieutenancy in the regiment on the 27th of July. I had only been an ensign five months.

Our voyage from Malta to Constantinople was uneventful.

We steamed by Crete, through the Ægean Sea, with its many islands, whose names I have forgotten completely, through the Dardanelles, crossed the Sea of Marmora, and so at length dropped anchor in the Bosphorus.

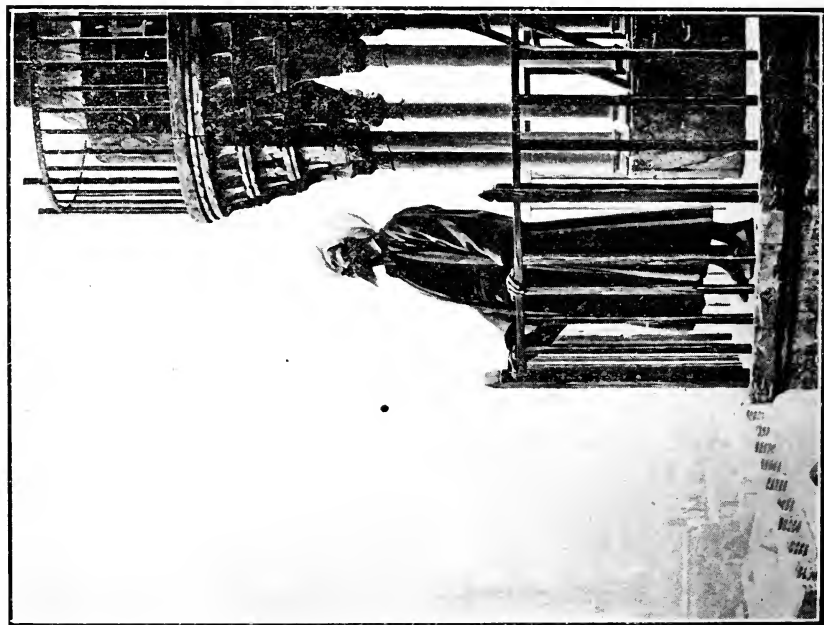
The appearance of Constantinople from the anchorage when the sun shines on it suggests the idea that it is built of silver. The roofs of the houses, the mosques and minarets in Stamboul, as the Turkish part of the city is called, are all sheathed with bright tin, and the effect is dazzling. It seemed fairy land itself as we looked at it from the troopers' deck, and I for one was impatient to get on shore, and see all its beauties more closely. Alas! one-half hour's walk dispelled the illusion. More filthy narrow streets could not be found in any other place in the world. There is not one of them in the Turkish quarter where two vehicles could pass each other; but they don't use such things there, donkeys with panniers on either side, and porters whose shouldering of immense loads is simply wonderful, do all the carrying. It has been said that the houses in Stamboul have not been repaired since the time of the Crusades. I don't vouch for this story, but at any rate I don't doubt they have not improved since then, to judge by their appearance, nor the streets either.



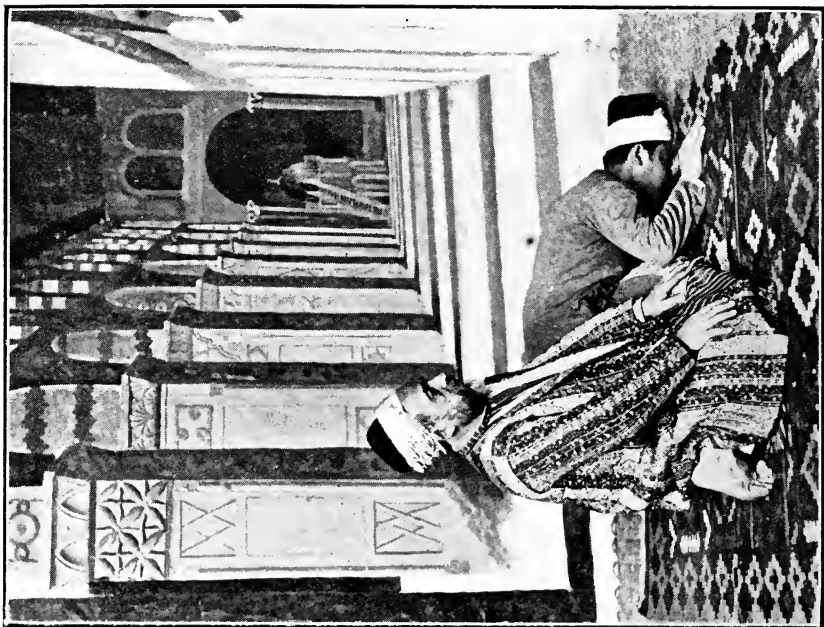
CONSTANTINOPLE.



THE BOSPHORUS.



THE MUEZZIN, CONSTANTINOPLE.



TURKS AT PRAYER, CONSTANTINOPLE.

### CHAPTER III.

Pera. The Bazaars of Stamboul. The Great Mosque of St. Sophia visited. The Turk at prayer. The new Palace of the Sultan explored. The French Theatre. The Corps damné. Passage through the beautiful Bosphorus. Black Sea crossed in rough weather. Unwelcome nightly visitors on board Transport. Harbor of Balaclava reached. Disembarkation of troops. The march to the "front" and sudden death of an old Sergeant. Camp before Sebastopol. View of the Russian defences from Cathcart's Hill. Oppenheims. Russians send round shot into camp. The three days' bombardment before the assault on Malakoff and Redan.



WE remained about a day and a half at Constantinople, which gave us an opportunity to see all that was to be seen about the principal streets, and to make a round of the finest of the mosques and bazaars. The Turks do not permit either Jews or Christians to reside in their community, each have their own distinct locality. Within the city there are beside the Turkish, both the Frankish or Christian and Jewish quarters as they are respectively termed; but the better class of Europeans lives in the suburbs at a place called Pera, which contains many nice houses and handsome villas, with tastefully laid out grounds. It is a very pretty place.

With a brother officer I visited some of the principal bazaars which greatly interested us. In these could be purchased curios of every description. Pottery, dishes in hammered brass or in the more precious metals, costly Persian rugs, Cashmere and Turkish shawls, guns, swords, pistols and daggers, some inlaid in either gold, silver or ivory, others studded with precious stones, and an endless

variety of ladies' slippers richly embroidered in gold or silver thread. Pipes there were of all shapes and dimensions for sale from the common clay with straight stem to the hubble-bubble, narghili, or superbly mounted hookah.

We made a few trifling purchases as mementos, and wandering along at length found ourselves at the great Mosque of St. Sophia. At the door of this temple we were stopped, and signs made to us to take off our boots.

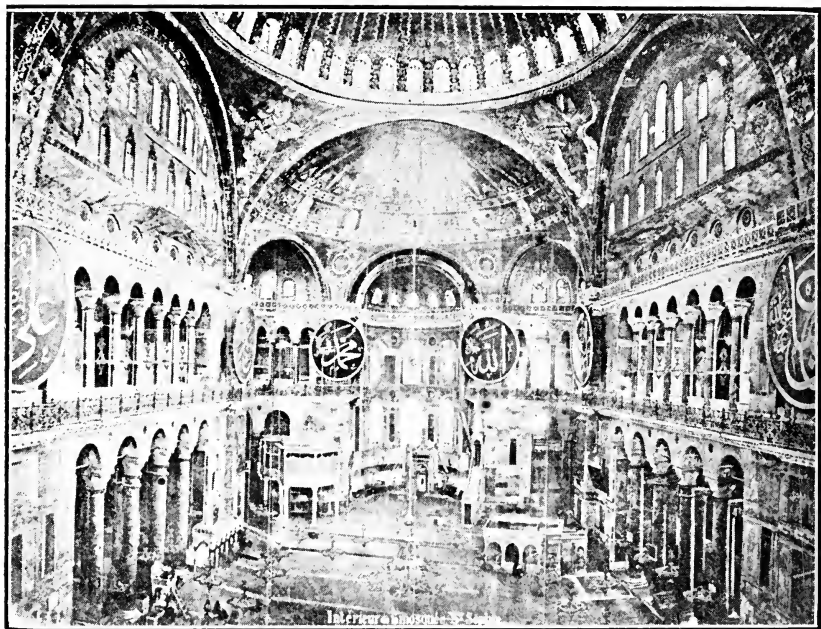
The Turk, it will be remembered, when he enters his house of prayer, always removes from his feet what he wears in the street, and dons a pair of slippers. We were offered some of these by an attendant at the door who kept a number for hire, but we declined, the thought of putting on one's feet such public property was not an agreeable one, so we compromised with *bachsheesh* and went inside in our stocking feet.

The attendant had signified his willingness to take care of our boots for us; but as these were indispensable on our leaving the Mosque, and might not be forthcoming, we considered it advisable to keep them in our possession, and so carried them in our hands.

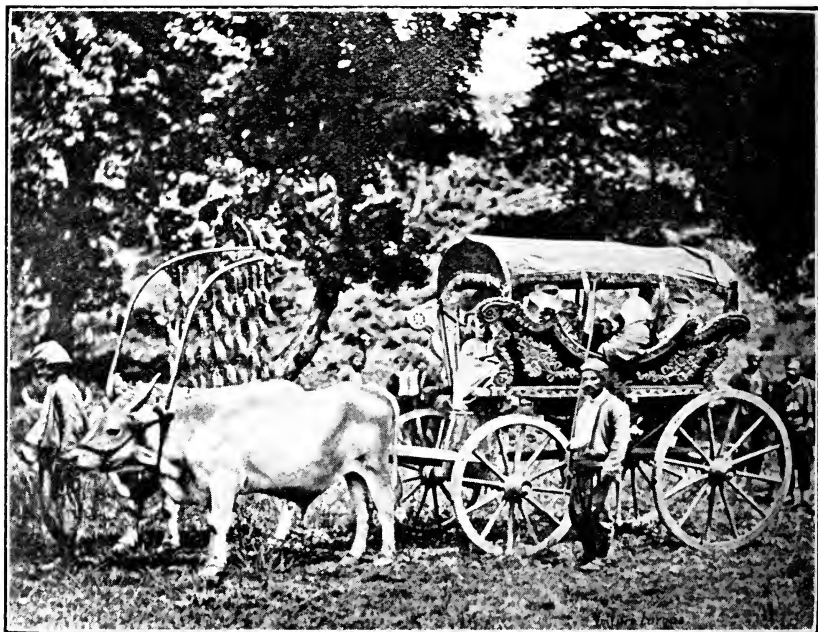
The Mosque of St. Sophia has so often been written about, that a minute description of its architectural features would be superfluous. Its beauty has already been described from various points of view by many visitors to the Golden Horn, in fitter language than I could find. But never in its history was a stranger sight seen within than that our eyes beheld on entering. There is no wooden or stone flooring, nothing but the bare earth itself, pressed as hard and smooth as a ship's deck from the tread for centuries of the many thousand feet of Mohamed's faithful followers. Over this floor among the various little squares of carpet on which the Turcoman sat and prayed, strolled in their stockings some score or







INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE.



A TURKISH EQUIPAGE, CONSTANTINOPLE.

two of British officers of different grades, in scarlet or blue uniforms, each carrying in one hand a forage cap and in the other a pair of boots. It was a mirth provoking spectacle, but having the fear of expulsion from the Mosque before our eyes, we checked the almost irresistible inclination to burst out into hearty laughter, and so with sober faces we joined the multitude.

There are no seats or pews, all is empty space beneath the enormous dome; but at one side we perceived an immense open book placed on a carved wooden rest. This we thought must be the Alcoran, but as the attendant standing by could speak neither French nor English, and we no Turkish, our curiosity remained unsatisfied.

At the hours of prayer, which are proclaimed by dervishes from galleries which run round the minarets throughout the city, with great shouting and beating of gongs or cymbals, the faithful enter the Mosque, each carrying a square of carpet or rug or having it carried for him by a servant. This he places on the ground and sitting crosslegged upon it with his face to the East, he invokes the aid of Mohamed, the only change from this position being his reaching over at intervals, on his hands, and touching the earth with his forehead.

We were allowed to see the interior also of the new Seraglio for the Sultan, then about being completed. The building was of vast proportions, and the rooms lofty and spacious. The work of furnishing in all the gorgeous splendour of the East was in progress in the Sultan's own private apartments, and in the harem. Hangings, couches, cushions, divans, etc., in the costliest of silks, satin and velvet, with a profusion of ornamentation in gold and silver, and precious rugs and priceless carpets of many brilliant hues, met the eye everywhere. It was the personification of luxury.

Seats in the French Theatre after a good dinner at

the *Hotel de l'Europe* to witness a play in that language wound up a day of strange and most interesting sight-seeing.

On deck next morning, while watching the boatmen in their caiques (which much resemble canoes, only that they were propelled by oars, in lieu of paddles), and the larger craft rigged with lateen sails, moving about the bay, I observed flocks of some species of aquatic birds I had never before seen anywhere flitting swiftly past the vessel, and after flying for some distance over the water, turning and flying back again. This movement was repeated over and over again. They never alighted, but kept up a perpetual hurried flight until I tired watching them. The ship's officer on deck could give me no information as to the class in natural history to which they belonged. He told me, however, the tradition concerning them which was that, they were called the "*corps damné*" and were the souls of unfaithful wives, who, as is customary in such cases, on detection were tied hand and foot in sacks and thrown into the Bosphorus, and that they were condemned forever for their sins to ceaseless motion. I afterwards learned that this was in reality believed by the Turks. On resuming our journey, we had a very delightful trip through the Bosphorus to the entrance of the Black Sea. At places, the passage was so narrow and we passed so close to land, that the proverbial biscuit could have been almost thrown on shore. Palm trees, and various others, the names of which I did not learn, studded either side, and a luxurious vegetation with flowers of the brightest hues stretched down to the very water's edge.

The Black Sea reached, and all these tropical beauties left behind us, the voyage assumed a much more disagreeable aspect, for scarcely were we fairly launched upon its inhospitable bosom, when we encountered a keen

north wind directly in our teeth; raising a heavy sea that knocked us about in a most uncomfortable manner, and caused many vacant places at the dinner table, but luckily the breeze was not of very long duration.

I have not hitherto said anything about the steamer in which we had left Malta. She was an old vessel, and it was said had at one time been engaged in the fruit trade. The master and officers did all in their power to make us comfortable, and the food was all that could be desired and well served. But our sleeping accommodation was deplorable, not as regards space, for each cabin had ample room for its two occupants; but on account of unwelcome visitors at night. I think that vessel could boast of the largest cockroaches, blackbeetles and rats that mortal eye ever saw. We could keep out the latter by shutting the cabin door, but no remedy could be found to ward off the nightly infliction of the torture caused by these other crawling creatures. They literally swarmed out of every crevice as soon as the bugle had sounded "lights out," and as no lamps or candles were allowed after eleven o'clock p.m., in the cabins under any circumstances, rest was impossible. The heat of the place would not allow of one's face being covered, and when exposed it became a favorite playground for the cockroaches to gambol over. I found the only refuge was on deck, where, on a rug spread in some corner I could escape my tormentors, and manage to slumber in peace.

It was early morning on the 26th August that we dropped anchor in Balaklava harbour among a vast number of other craft of various rigs and denominations, engaged like our own in carrying troops, provisions, clothing and munitions of war. On shore all appeared to be haste and activity. A large body of men, in various garbs, were busily engaged in hoisting out, and taking to the store-houses, the different cargoes from the vessels packed

close together at the wharves, and officers in uniform bustled about among the motley crowd, giving directions, and evidently trying to preserve something like order out of all this confusion. The harbour of Balaklava has a very narrow entrance, but that once passed, a spacious bay opens out with hills on either side, at that time devoid of bush or tree, and covered with a scanty vegetation sun dried to a brownish tint. We were not kept long in suspense as to our movements. The day after arrival, our trooper was warped alongside the jetty, the several drafts of the 21st, 46th, 57th, 30th and 63rd Regiments paraded on shore, and after inspection received each the order to march to the headquarters of its respective corps.

Cathcart's Hill, where the Fourth Division was encamped,—of which my Regiment was a unit,—was about six and a half miles distant from Balaklava, and in a couple of hours we found ourselves being introduced to our brother officers whom we had never before met, and receiving hearty handshakes, and a genuine welcome from the colonel to the junior subaltern present.

I regret to have to mention a very sad occurrence that took place on our march up. I happened to be walking beside an old sergeant of the 21st Regiment, a splendid specimen of a man, tall and muscularly built, and who looked the thorough soldier he was from head to foot. He was relating to me some of his experiences of nearly twenty years before, when suddenly without any warning and in the middle of a sentence, he stopped, and without a cry fell forward on his face. The assistant surgeon who accompanied us rushed forward, and at once pronounced him dead. It was a very pathetic scene, and depressed us all for a long time afterwards.

A respite of a few days at least from trench and guard duties, and other heavy work, was we found, customary on a draft joining the colors, in order that the men might

recuperate a little after the confinement on board ship, and my chum Lacy and myself took advantage of this privilege to wander about and see all that was to be seen as far as Camp regulations permitted us to go.

From Cathcart's Hill a fine view could be had of the town of Sebastopol lying below us three miles away. To the extreme right rose up the Mamelon then in the possession of our Allies, and following the line of Russian batteries from that point north westerly, one could see by the aid of glasses, in succession, the Little Redan, the Malakoff, and the Great Redan, then the batteries of the French line of attack, the Bastion du Mât, the Bastion Centrale and others stretching away to the left towards Kasatch Bay. We could make out also the line of our parallels and batteries in front of the Russian fortifications. Just below our Camp lay that of the 4th and 18th Regiments, behind us the 46th and 68th, and further to the right the 17th and other Regiments that made up the Fourth Division.

Between our division and the Third stood a large wooden building. This was the shop or store of Mr. Oppenheim, one of the largest sutlers with the Army, where groceries and provisions of all kinds, as well as wines and liquors, etc., could be purchased very cheaply, considering the distance all these things had to be freighted. Here also was the rendez-vous of officers off duty in the afternoon to smoke and chat over the news and gossip of the day. Near the flagstaff on Cathcart's Hill was another great resort of both men and officers, to while away an idle hour in watching the firing from our own and the enemy's batteries.

On Sundays, those of each Division who were Protestants were paraded, and formed into a hollow square facing inwards, the officers being in front. A regimental big drum was placed in the centre, and by this stood one of the chaplains, who read the morning service of the Church of Eng-

land. The Roman Catholics under their own chaplain also attended Mass in a somewhat similar manner.

Although three miles away, the Russians reminded us occasionally of their presence in anything but an agreeable manner. On the first night I slept in a tent in our camp, a huge round shot from one of their batteries fired at a great elevation struck the tent of the captain of my company which was adjacent to mine—luckily at the time not occupied—smashing a new saddle, fresh from England, that stood on a rest within, demolishing sundry articles of furniture, and splitting and knocking the tent over.

On Wednesday, the 5th September, at daybreak, the whole line of the Allies' batteries, from those before the Malakoff to the extreme left of the French near Kamiesch, commenced a furious bombardment on the town and Russian defences. It was a veritable pandemonium let loose, and was kept up the whole day and part of the night. The booming of the great guns and mortars, the whistling of shells, and roaring of Congreve rockets as they sped through the air, on the Russian defences, and pounded away until sunset with was, as may be imagined, a novel experience to a lad like myself not so very long released from the schoolroom.

During the night one of the Russian men-of-war in Sebastopol harbour was set on fire by one of our rockets and burned to the water's edge. The conflagration was so immense that it lighted up the houses in the town, and even the forts on the north side were plainly visible in the glare.

At 5.30 the following morning the batteries again opened but one or two intervals of rest to allow the guns to cool. And again the night was made hideous by the awful din.

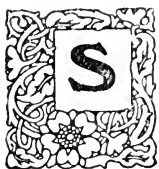
Both day and night on the third day (7th September) this tremendous bombarding continued and the terrible effect of the Allies salvos on the enemy's breastworks and on the buildings in the town could be easily seen with a telescope from Cathcart's Hill. **Many** fires were raging too and several explosions took place.



During that afternoon the French and English generals held a council, and soon the news flew about like wildfire that an assault was to be made on the following day. This was confirmed later by general orders, and we knew a mighty effort was to be made to drive the Russians out of the strongholds they had occupied so long.

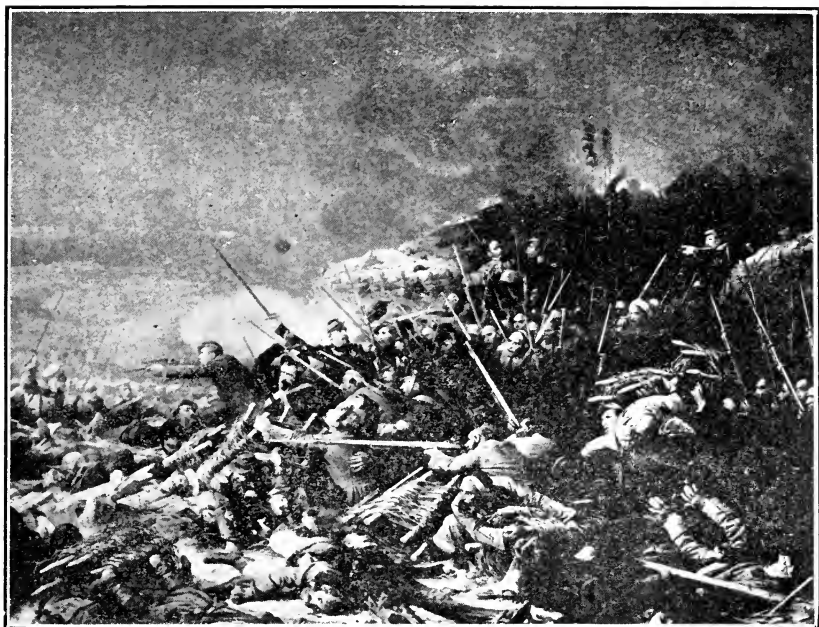
## CHAPTER IV.

Assault on 8th September of Malakoff and Redan. Malakoff taken by the French and held. Repeated attacks by Russians repulsed. Assault of the Redan by British. The fearful slaughter of storming party, and almost annihilation of the support. Ladders not destroyed by Russian grape found too short. Men climb the ramparts of the Redan. Fierce struggle inside between British and Russians. Colonel Windham's gallant behavior. Our Regiment moved on to the Naval Brigade Battery. Colonel Lyndsay wounded, and carried back to our hospital. British forced out of Redan, and it is retaken by the Russians. Many dead and wounded carried through the trenches. Strange freak of a stray bullet. Fourth Division and Highland Brigade to renew attack next day. Redan visited by volunteers during the night and discovered Russians had evacuated it. Russian forts blown up early on Sunday morning. Russians cross to north side on bridge of boats at daylight, leaving the whole of south side in hands of the Allies. Tired troops march back to camp to sleep.



SATURDAY, the 8th September, was an eventful day. Perhaps the most eventful since the Allies landed at Old Fort a year before, for before midnight the fierce struggle that had been going on for eleven months to take Sebastopol, had ended, and the town was in our hands. But alas! at what a cost in valuable lives. Late on Friday afternoon orders were received in camp that the Second Brigade of the Fourth Division to which we belonged was to parade in light marching order on Cathcart's Hill at nine o'clock next morning.

The day was fine and bright, though somewhat chilly, for a keen north wind blew with considerable force. We had had no rain for some time, and the heavy breeze raised the dust in clouds, and fairly blinded us at times. Inspection of



STORMING OF THE MALAKOFF.



THE CURTAIN OF THE MALAKOFF.

10. 11. 11.  
11. 11. 11.

the companies was soon over, and our march to the first parallel on the Woronzoff road began. The Light and Second Divisions had already preceded us to the trenches, as well as our First Brigade, while the Third Division remained in reserve, under arms, within their own camp lines.

Our first halt was made in the ravine near the entrance to No. 1 parallel, and we lay there for some time waiting for orders to move on, protected by the rising ground from the round shot and shell which were flying about us. One of the latter exploded on the opposite hillside, luckily injuring no one, though a huge fragment passed so unpleasantly close to my head that I could feel the wind from its passage through the air, in my face.

At length we heard the sound of distant cheering that was soon taken up by the men in the trench nearest us, as an Aid-de-Camp came quickly through, announcing as he went: "The Malakoff's taken, the tricolor is flying on the Korniloff bastion," a feat that I afterwards learned was gloriously accomplished by the French in a few minutes. It was thus described by Dr. W. Russell of the "Times."

"At 12 o'clock precisely the attacking force, consisting of about 3,000 of their own men, supported by 5,000 Sardinians in reserve (the latter coming up from the Tchernaya during the night), had swarmed out of the advanced trenches, and taken the defenders of that formidable stronghold, the Malakoff, by complete surprise, and to their honor be it said, they stubbornly held it against all the forces the Russian General brought against them, never wavering even when their opponents were reinforced again and again by large bodies of fresh troops. The slaughter here was terrible on both sides, though the Russians suffered most, and the fighting continued all the afternoon until sundown. The enemy tried repeatedly in the pluckiest manner to retake the fortress, but the French troops repulsed every attempt."

The tricolor run up on the Malakoff had been agreed

upon as the signal for our troops to make an attack on the Great Redan, and when this commenced we were moved on from our position to the second parallel, and as we marched through the trenches and zigzags the enemy's fire became very heavy, and the ping ping of the rifle bullets, varied by the roar of the 32 inch round shot over our heads was incessant. The first wounded men that passed us on their way to the temporary hospitals in the rear were two officers of the 97th Regiment. One, with his head and face tied up, was being led along by his companion, who had been wounded in the shoulder. These were closely followed by a man of the 90th that had been shot in the leg, which I saw was bandaged. He could hobble along unassisted, and was carrying his rifle under his arm, his right hand supporting his left, the fingers of which had been just carried away by a grape shot as he came through the trench. "Hard luck, sir," was his only comment as he showed me his mutilated hand, and he pluckily continued his way through the parallel to get further treatment at the nearest field hospital.

By degrees we were moved forward until we reached the Battery of the Naval Brigade, and then halted. The number of wounded now being carried past us on stretchers became greater, and the firing heavier, and we knew the fight at the Redan was then at its fiercest. In the Battery where we lay, the almost incessant roar from the mortars throwing thirteen inch shells into the Redan was deafening, and in the brief intervals between the discharges, the high wind carried to us the continuous sharp rattle of the rifles in our front.

The Russians were not slow in returning our fire. Over the parapet above our heads round shot, grape and rifle bullets whirred and whistled, and shells were exploding all around us. Occasionally a big shot from the Redan dashed into the earth works sending earth and stones flying, and often injuring the men firing the mortars. Once a stone struck me a violent blow on the head,

but the band of my forage cap saved me from being cut. Still it was a sufficiently hard knock to make me feel dizzy for a moment or two. Not so fortunate was our Colonel (Lyndsay). The same shot that had skimmed the parapet, grazed his body as he stood sideways to it, tearing his jacket open, and hurling him to the ground. On examination the Surgeon found his chest had been seriously injured by the windage of the great missile, and he was obliged to be taken to the rear. His difficulty in breathing was very great, and though suffering intensely, he still thought of his men, and managed as they were placing him on a stretcher to say in painful gasps to the senior Major who bent over him: "Don't forget if you remain in the trenches to-night to send for the men's great coats." That was the only serious casualty among our officers that day and fortunately not a fatal one.

What had actually occurred while we remained in the Naval Brigade Battery was this:

The Light and Second Divisions had led the attack. On the tricolor being seen on the Malakoff flagstaff, four rockets in succession were fired from "Chapman's Battery," which was the signal for the assault to begin on the Redan, and in a moment the mighty struggle for its possession commenced. True, it was a conflict that lasted but a scant two hours, yet in that short time it lost to the British Army the lives of a large number of some of the bravest and best soldiers it ever possessed, and caused many a tear and heartache in homes in the old land far away when the dread tidings reached it.

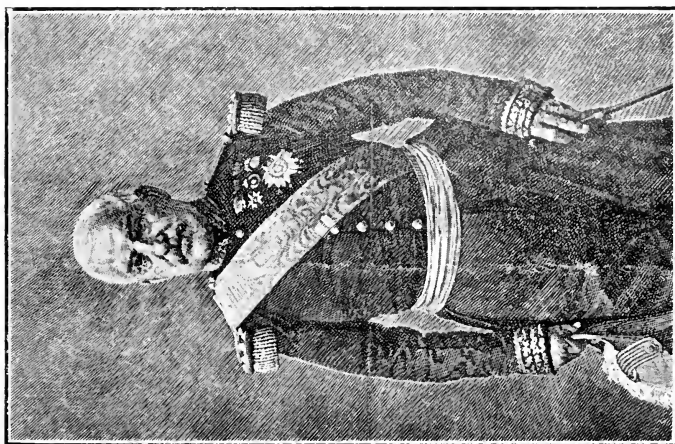
The ladder, and storming parties and their supports I afterwards learned, consisted of the following: The 3rd Buffs 520 men, the Rifle Brigade 100, the 97th Regiment 160, the 41st Regiment 400, the 62nd Regiment 200, the 77th Regiment 360 and 90th Regiment 100, besides parties from the 88th Regiment, the 23rd Regiment and the 19th Regi-

ment. There was also a party of Sappers and Miners. The 47th and 49th Regiments, composing Colonel Windham's Brigade, were in reserve in the trenches with Warner's Brigade, the 30th and 55th Regiments; the latter were afterwards called into action, as well as part of the 88th Regiment.

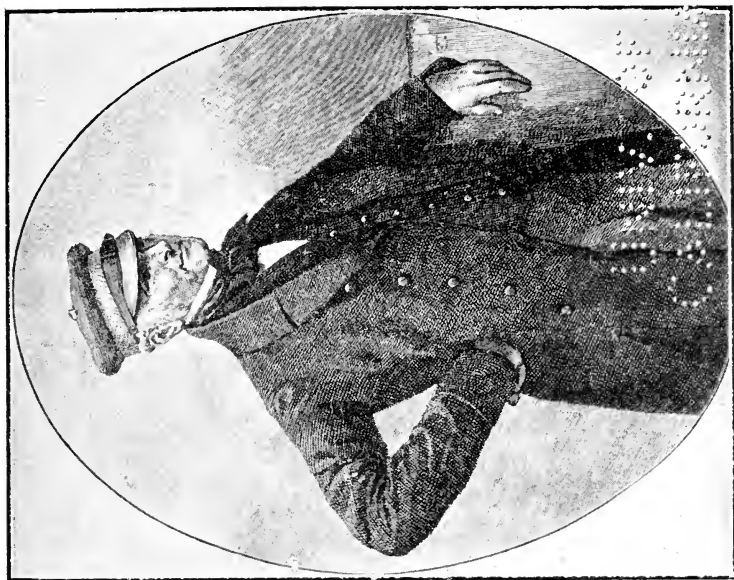
It was said that "When the ladder and storming parties of the 90th, 97th and 77th Regiments rushed out of the advance parallel, they had about two hundred yards to run across the open space that separated them from the Redan. They were preceded by one hundred men of the Rifle Brigade and a number of Sappers and Miners, who were to destroy the *abattis* in front of the fort. These were immediately followed by parties of the 3rd Buffs, the 41st and 62nd Regiments, about fifteen hundred men in all. But alas! not two-thirds of them succeeded in reaching the embrasures. As they ran, the enemy opened a fire of grape upon them from the faces of the Redan, on either side of the salient angle, mowing them down as one sees grass falling before a scythe. Those that first arrived at the *abattis* tore it aside and reached the ditch, which was about fifteen feet deep. Here further misfortune overtook them: the ladders they carried—then only some half dozen—were found to be too short. They had started out with twenty, having eight men told off to each ladder, and all but these few were left on the field, smashed to pieces, with the poor fellows who carried them, from the furious fire of the Redan guns. Then officers and men jumped into the ditch, and scrambled up the face of the fortress as best they could, and so over the parapet into the Redan."

At first, there was little resistance, the Russians on our storming party's approach retiring behind the traverses and breastwork. Doctor Russell, the Times correspondent, whose information was obtained from those actually engaged in the assault, says: "Instead of charging with the bayonet, as their officers were urging them to

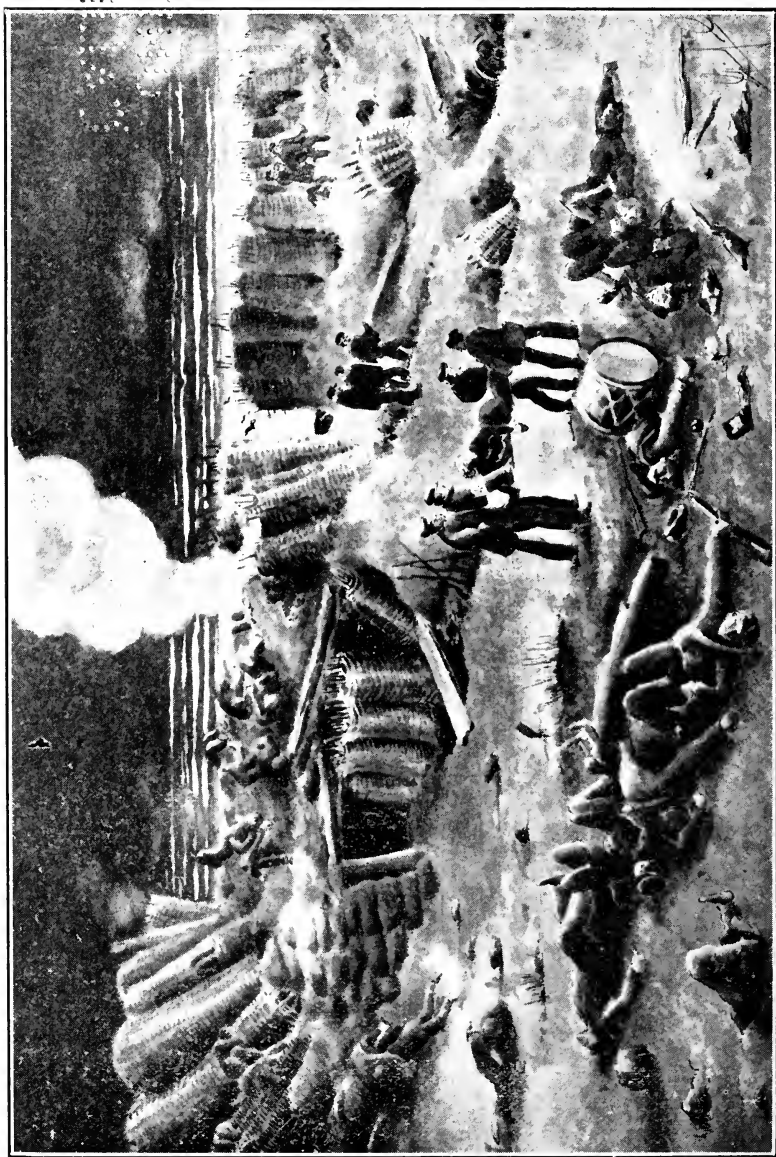




MARSHALL PELISSIER.  
Commander in Chief of French Forces  
in Crimea.



LIEUT.-GENERAL SIMPSON.  
Commander in Chief of British Forces in Crimea.



THE MORNING AFTER THE ASSAULT: THE REDAN AT SUNRISE.  
*From a Sketch of their Special Artist.*

*By permission of the Illustrated London News.*

do, our men persisted in remaining stationary and file firing, and in the meantime the enemy's force was being largely added to by bodies of troops from the Barracks below the Redan, and by those driven out of the Malakoff. Shortly there were gathered some thousands, charging our scattered men with the bayonet, or standing on the breastwork shooting them down. Supports were sent out from the trenches, but were not in anything like formation when they reached the Redan. So cut up were they by grape and cannister that, arriving as they did, in small parties, they only added to the confusion then existing. Colonel Windham, who bore a charmed life that day—for he escaped injury altogether—had been indefatigable in urging on the men inside the fortress. Seeing now how matters were trending, as our men were dropping fast, he determined to go himself to General Codrington, and ask for additional assistance. He had already despatched three officers on this errand to the General, but each had been stopped on the way by a Russian bullet, so, telling an officer close by (Captain Crealock of the 90th) where he was going, and for what purpose, he got over the parapet of the Redan, again recrossed the intervening space to the fifth parallel through a storm of bullets, and reached it unhurt." It is a matter of history what followed. Doctor Russell goes on to say: "Standing on the top of the parapet, he again asked Sir Edward for support. The General asked him if he thought he really could do anything with such supports as he could afford, and said if he thought so, he might take the Royals (1st Regiment), who were then in the parallel. 'Let the officers come out in front, let us advance in order, and if the men keep the formation, the Redan is ours' was the Colonel's reply; but he spoke too late, for at that very moment our men were seen leaping into the ditch or running down the parapet of the salient, and through the embrasures out of the work into the ditch, while the Russians followed them with the bayonet and

heavy musketry," and so the attempt to hold the Redan after we had actually got in was a failure.

But to return to my own Regiment. It was now three o'clock in the afternoon, and we had moved farther in advance. The dead and wounded were being carried in a continuous stream past us in the trench. Those of the attacking parties who survived also came through on their way back to camp for the night. Lieutenant Dundas, of the 62nd Regiment, was one of the first officers with whom I was acquainted, but for a moment I did not recognize him when he spoke to me, so begrimed with powder and dust was his face. He had been through the thick of the fight, and had not received even a scratch, he told me.

For a time the trench was crowded to the utmost with the retiring companies, and as they vacated the advance parallels, the Highlanders and our Brigade were ordered forward to occupy them.

Here a singular incident occurred. The sun was almost set, and it was becoming colder. Stewart, the Captain of my company, produced a small flask of spirits, and suggested our taking a nip. We called to Color Sergeant Overy to come over and give us some water from the little regulation wooden keg slung round him, and while we three were grouped together and he was in the act of pouring the water out, plump into the keg came a rifle bullet, and knocked it out of his hands. Where the bullet was fired from puzzled us. From the position in which we stood it had unquestionably come from our left flank, that is, from the French attack, but whether from accident or some one discharging his piece in a fit of enthusiasm we never knew. Overy never parted with that water keg. I saw it in his house twenty years afterwards.

During the night orders were received that the Highland Brigade and our own were to storm the Redan in the morning. The men had got together materials to make a fire or

two, and we sat round chatting and singing far into the night. Some attempted to snatch a little sleep, but it was so chilly that it was impossible to do so except for a brief moment. We were not disturbed by the Russians in any way, not a shot was fired, nor a sortie made, and as hour after hour passed, remarks began to be passed about how still everything was in the Redan. Some of the officers, and a number of men too, volunteered to go and find out the reason, and finally creeping over the parapet they set out. They came back after a time and reported that they could hear nothing inside the fortress except the groans of the unfortunate wounded and dying, and that they did not believe there was a living Russian in the place. They had not penetrated, they told us, far into the interior, for fear the place might be mined, and this, as it afterwards turned out, proved to be a fact.

About four o'clock in the morning I was standing on the top of the parapet, looking towards the Redan, which the dawn was just revealing in outline, when a terrific explosion behind it took place, followed by others close by. In the midst of flame and smoke ascending skywards, one could see vast numbers of shells, which exploded in the air, stones, earth, logs of wood, and no doubt many bodies of our own and the enemy's dead and dying went up with this mighty upheaval. It was a terrible sight. Fire and dense smoke now began to spread thickly in the town below the Redan, and it was evident that the whole place was being destroyed by the Russians themselves before abandoning it. As it grew lighter, a Battery near our trench began to shell the bridge of boats, over which now, by the aid of field glasses, the enemy could be observed crossing in great numbers. While we were watching these, the Bastion du Mât and the Garden Batteries on our left opposite the French attack were blown into the air, and later the forts Quarantine and Alexander went

up, followed by explosions in the city itself, which was now burning fiercely in places. In a word, Sebastopol and its defences were fast becoming nothing but ruins, and the Russian forces had safely retreated to the north side of the Harbour.

Before eight o'clock that morning the whole of our trenches and batteries, the scenes of so much bloodshed and loss of life, were becoming empty, save of litter bearers, and the troops that had filled them overnight were on their way home to their respective camps, to sleep and rest.

## CHAPTER V.

The day after the assault. Bringing the dead and wounded into camp. The effect of a half spent bullet. A visit to the Redan and town. Making preparations for another winter before Sebastopol, and erection of new batteries by the Allies. Regimental races. Corporal punishment inflicted for drunkenness.



NO person without a pass from headquarters was allowed to go into Sebastopol for several days after its evacuation by the Russians. There was a very positive order to that effect. French sentries were posted all through the town, and it was said that General Pelissier had issued instructions that his sentries were to shoot any persons who might be found there in disobedience of the injunction. This was done, no doubt, to intimidate camp followers and others who wanted to get into the town for purposes of looting. But so far as our own officers and men were concerned, the General Commanding in Chief thought it unadvisable to let them enter as there was no knowing how much of the place might still be mined.

The transportation to hospital of all the wounded including the enemy's, had begun immediately on the return of the troops to camp on Sunday morning. The mule litters and ambulances came and went in a continuous stream, all day long. As fast as one had crept slowly up to camp, laden with as many of the poor fellows as it could comfortably hold, it was galloped back for more. The bodies of the officers who had fallen were brought up for interment in the cemetery at Cathcart's Hill, and large fatigue parties were employed in burying the dead about the Redan, while the French were similarly engaged at the Malakoff, and at their left

attack before the Central and Flagstaff batteries. In fact all along the line where the fighting had been, burying parties were busy.

Our Regiment had suffered very slightly, one man was killed during the assault and one officer (the Colonel), and four men wounded. Among the killed on that eventful Saturday I learned with great regret that Major Welsford (a Nova Scotian) of the 97th Regiment, was one. He led the ladder party when the first rush was made for the Redan, and his head was blown off as he entered one of the embrasures. Major Welsford was a great friend of my father's and I remembered very well, when I was a boy, seeing him frequently at our house when his Regiment was stationed at Halifax. Captain Parker, too, of the 77th Regiment, another Nova Scotian, was shot dead. Poor Wilmer—a Lieutenant of the 90th who had been a chum of mine in Dublin—was also killed with others in different regiments with whom I had a slight acquaintance. Many that I knew were wounded, some of whom unhappily succumbed to their injuries. Writing of the wounded reminds me that I have omitted relating the curious freak of a spent bullet. The incident occurred while on our way through the trenches during the attack. I was close to Sergeant Gilhooley of my company when he suddenly stopped, and leaning against the side of the zigzag trench, exclaimed that he was shot. Dr. Odell, our Assistant Surgeon, came to his rescue, and asked him where he was hit. Gilhooley, gasping, pointed to his breast where a hole was visible in his cross belt. Pulling open the man's tunic and groping with his finger, Dr. Odell in a moment drew out the bullet, but the extraordinary thing was that, it had only penetrated the pouch belt and cloth of his coat, and gone no further. Though it had not pierced his flesh, the blow he received was most severe. He afterwards, while in hospital, showed me his chest, where there was a circular black patch some six or



seven inches in diameter, surrounding the spot where the bullet had struck.

On the Tuesday following the memorable assault, a violent storm of wind, followed by rain, hail, thunder and lightning, raged. The water poured upon the camp as if a second deluge were in progress. It resembled more the upsetting upon us of some millions or so of water hogsheads than a rainfall. Never had I witnessed such a downpour before. The fires which had been fiercely burning in many parts of the town had perforce to succumb to this, and were soon extinguished altogether. This storm, though abating somewhat at intervals, continued for six or seven hours, leaving the ground about the tents several inches deep in mud. Walking was a difficult matter as each boot carried with it pounds of the stickiest clay, and this carried on the feet inside the tents made things most uncomfortable for the men who slept on the floorings.

A day or two after, Bruce and I got a pass, and on the way down to the town fell in with, I remember, Sutherland of the Commissariat whom I knew, and who introduced us to Dr. Russell, with whom he was riding, and the Chaplain of the Third Division. It was the first time I had seen the *Times* Correspondent and we paid together the long wished for visit to the ruins of the fortress that had baffled our Generals so long.

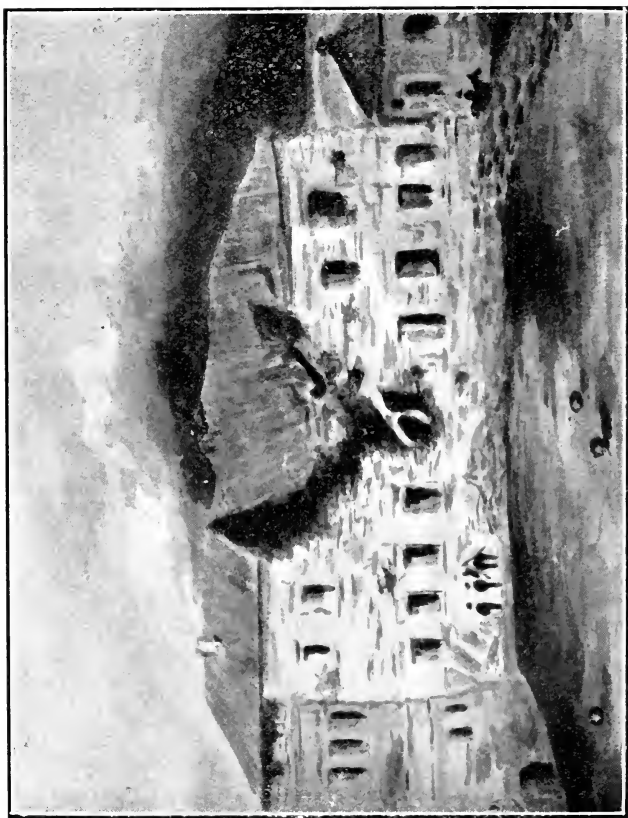
A roughly made road across our trenches led into the Redan, part of the ditch had been filled up, and the gabions of an embrasure taken away so that one could ride through the fort into the town below. Everywhere about could be seen holes made by exploding shells, and round shot and fragments of iron lay thick on all sides. Part of the fortification still remained intact; but about the face of the salient angle, and inside it, the ground was strewn with broken timber and gabions. Further in the rear was a worse spectacle if possible, for here the

great explosions had taken place which I had seen on the Sunday morning previous. All about the path down to the town were scattered shot and broken shells, great stones, wood in splinters and *debris* of all descriptions, making it difficult to guide the horses' steps through it. In the houses below one saw great shot holes, walls pounded down, roofless buildings with broken chimneys, garden railings of iron wrenched and twisted into the most fantastic shapes, and streets pitted with deep holes. A large church with dismantled steeple and shattered walls stood on one side of what had been a handsome street, and looking in I saw pews in fragments, the chancel and altar half burned, and filled with broken plaster, masonry and rubbish. At another church or public building of some kind which had a clock tower, a round shot had gone clean through the clock itself, and one side had fallen out. All the houses that had escaped being burned, bore signs of our bombardment and were shot pierced and wrecked.

Riding over to the large public cemetery we saw monuments chipped and broken, iron railings and tombstones demolished and lying in heaps, while round shot and fragments of shells overspread the graves. Our guns and mortars seemed to have searched out every spot, and dealt waste and destruction broadcast.

On the way back, and passing up one of the principal streets, directly opposite the Star Fort on the other side of the harbor, I stopped behind for a minute or two to look at the new earthworks that the enemy were constructing over there to strengthen their position, but my curiosity and temerity in openly doing this were speedily resented by the gentlemen opposite, for soon a puff of smoke rolled out from one of the embrasures of the Star Fort, two thousand yards away, and presently a shell dropped into a house close by and exploding, sent wood, splinters and mortar flying into the air. The shot was repeated with a better aim as a minute





THE HOSPITAL IN SEBASTOPOL AFTER THE EVACUATION OF THE TOWN.

*By permission of the Illustrated London News.*

later I rode up the hill, for the missile—a round shot, not a shell—struck the sidewalk within a few yards of me; so finding these little attentions were becoming intrusive I put spurs to my pony and rounding a corner got out of sight, and caught up to the rest of the party.

We knew soon that another winter was to be passed by the Allies in the Crimea, and roadmaking, and bettering our condition generally, was the order of the day. Tents were trenched round, tent poles strengthened, and storm ropes adjusted, for autumn and winter gales in this region are by no means to be treated with impunity, and had been known previously to lay whole camps bare of standing canvas in their sport. Many fatigue parties were employed making a good road for transporting stores from Balaklava to the front, some of which had now taken the form of huts in sections, afterwards to be put together for winter occupation, and we learned with great satisfaction that bales of warm clothing for the men would soon reach us, the gifts of the ladies of Ireland, West Suffolk, and the Vale of Grassmere, which in addition to the Government underclothing would make them very comfortable.

The previous winter had been one of great suffering for want of such articles, and good care was taken there would be no repetition of such distress among the troops. There were sad stories of gross mismanagement during that time. It was said that men had gone down to the trenches on guard duty in the severe frost and snow with their feet covered with wrappings of bagging in lieu of socks, in boots worn out, broken and useless, for there were no others procurable to give them. No wonder diarrhoea and dysentery claimed more victims that winter than did Russian bullets, if all reports be true?

Besides roadmaking and transporting stores, we had pickets to furnish in the town; but there were so many men

at hand for this duty in each Division, that any one regiment's turn did not come round so frequently as to be at all hard upon it.

I have mentioned the enemy strengthening their position on their side of Sebastopol harbor, and on our's definite measures were not neglected. Several batteries had been designed and at this time were being constructed, and our Allies were similarly engaged. One evening I was ordered to parade with a **fatigue party** of twenty-five men at a little before sunset on Cathcart's Hill. There I found on arrival other subalterns, each with a similar number, as well as a company of Sappers and Miners—the whole party of about two hundred and fifty men being in command of a Major of Engineers.

We marched down to Sebastopol, making our way through the town to the water's edge almost, and here among some of the houses proceeded to build the breastwork and platform for a ten gun battery. Some houses stood directly in front of the spot chosen, and these served to prevent our lanterns being seen by the enemy on the opposite shore. As our coming and going would, if it were daylight, expose us to the fire of the forts opposite, our orders were to work all night, **leaving off before dawn in time to reach safe shelter before we could be observed.** The noise of dismantling the houses, knocking asunder timbers and boards with axes and sledge hammers, could not be prevented from being heard across the harbor; but our precise locality they could not quite make out.

All night they kept on sending shell after shell in our direction, but they went over us and did us no injury, and working steadily on we managed to complete the platform for the guns, and timbered up a breastwork with embrasures ready to be finished with earth filled gabions later on. By day dawn we were passing unobserved through the Redan on our way back to Camp. I might say here,

however, that this battery was never used. Before the guns were placed in it the Armistice was proclaimed, followed soon after by the Peace which ended the war.

A continuance of fine weather in September prompted the sporting men in the different corps to get up Regimental races. Every officer serving in the Crimea had, according to regulations emanating from home, to provide himself with a pony, forage to feed which was provided by Government. He was also to have a pack saddle in order that in the event of a march inland, facilities for carrying baggage would be assured. Hence it was that every Regiment had a number of nags, and to amuse the men as much as anything else, racing became for a while a popular pastime. We had several very good ones in our camp, and no difficulty was experienced in laying out a course for both hurdle and flat races—for the former the obstacles were made of old bagging stretched on wooden frames.

Previous to the date fixed, training of course was in order. We had a jumping bar erected at a convenient place near by, and great were the exertions to get the ponies in trim, involving some very amusing scenes with sometimes an occasional tumble or two. On the afternoon settled upon our men turned out in full force, and ranged themselves round the course, which was a quarter of a mile long. Others came from the adjoining camps, and altogether there was a good gathering of spectators.

Every officer as he appeared on his mount, rigged in as near an approach to a racing costume as he could manage—usually consisting of riding breeches and colored shirt—provoked a cheer from the men of the company to which he belonged, and bets of a trifling nature were freely offered and accepted on him, with rival companies.

I had entered my pony for the hurdle race and felt tolerably sure of winning as he was about the best fencer in camp, and fast. But, alas! "the best laid plans of mice

and men gang aft agley." There were five of us started and at the pistol shot got well away together. At the first hurdle, mine and two others took it together side by side, but at the second my pony, who had a fearfully hard mouth by the by, and was pulling my arms off in his excitement, took it into his head to bolt, and before I could bring him back on the course all the other riders had gone on and the race was virtually over. But to punish him I made him take every hurdle after them and then ensued such volleys of chaff. "Go on, sir, you'll win yet." "Whip him up, never mind if he has lost a shoe." "You'll get there in time," etc., etc., and they cheered me amid roars of laughter on all sides. I was laughing so myself I could scarcely stick on, but the race from the amount of fun it created was *the* one of the afternoon. However, I had the satisfaction of winning the Consolation Stakes at the end of it all. Taking it altogether our men enjoyed the whole affair greatly. It was a break in the monotony of their daily lives, and I placated my company for my fiasco in the hurdle race by giving what I had won to the color sergeant to be spent among them as he thought best.

There were few, if any, means out there for our men having any innocent recreation when off duty. While a fair percentage of steady men saved most of their pay by entrusting it to their officers, or the pay sergeant for safe keeping, there was always a certain number who cared for nothing but spending it in grog, and though excessive drinking entailed a very severe punishment, it failed as a deterrent. The penalty for the crime of habitual drunkenness in those days was flogging (thank Heaven it is now a thing of the past). Nothing I believe could be devised that would more degrade a man and be more likely to make him a brute than to tie him up to be lashed on the bare back with the cat o' nine tails in the presence



of the whole regiment. It was always a revolting sight. Once having undergone corporal punishment the man often became utterly reckless, and seldom was out of trouble.

I remember a splendidly made fellow in our Grenadier Company considerably over six feet in height and powerfully built—a terrible chap when he got liquor, but a good soldier otherwise—that I saw twice flogged within a very short time. I think his name was Killeen. I sat on his Court Martial as a junior member and felt very sorry for him, but the circumstances of his case were such that there was no alternative when the charges were proved but to sentence him to be flogged.

Punishment parade was always held early in the morning and on this occasion the air was frosty, and a keen wind was blowing as the grenadier was stripped of his shirt, his wrists and ankles tied to the triangle of stretcher poles, and his bare back exposed. A drummer plied the cat o' nine tails and the drum major counted the strokes. The man received fifty lashes, and he took them without a murmur, though the blood came before he had received them all.

After it was over, and he was released, he pulled down his shirt, adjusted his stock, buttoned up his tunic, and saluting the Colonel who stood by, said "*That's a warm breakfast you gave me, your honor, this morning,*" and again saluting, faced about and was marched away to hospital.

Fifty lashes was a severe punishment, but what of the flogging in former days? I have heard both my father and Captain Chearnley say that in their time in the 8th Foot, they had known of men being sentenced to receive as many as *five hundred* lashes and during their infliction should the poor wretch collapse, and the attendant Surgeon advise a discontinuance when only a portion of the sentence had been carried out, the unfortunate cul-

prit was released, and marched to hospital. But it was a brief respite. On being discharged from there, when his back had healed he was again tied up to the triangle to receive the remainder of the lashes awarded him by the Court Martial.

These severe punishments without doubt brutalized the men. A story was told to me of two bad characters of the 8th who were flogged over and over again for crimes committed, until the number of lashes each had received ran into the thousands; but instead of reforming them, the punishment seemed only to make them more depraved, in fact they became incorrigible. At last there was nothing for it but to get rid of them, and both were "drummed out" of the regiment in the same town, as being of no use in His Majesty's service (George the Fourth).

It was said that these two worthies met one day at a tavern, and each was bragging about the number of times he had been flogged or as he termed it "had his back scratched." One boasted of having received four thousand lashes, while the other could only manage to claim three thousand six hundred and fifty. But said he, "av I'd known a flatfoot like you wor ahead o' me *I'd have downed the Colonel, and led ye by a hundred and fifty.*"

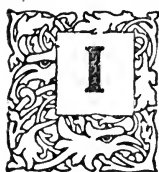
Just a parting word about Killeen who—as well as I remember—was the right hand man of the Grenadier Company and the tallest in the Regiment. This giant, for he was little less, came from the County Kerry Militia to us, and was ever boasting of his old corps. I recollect on one occasion being on guard at the Queen's wharf in Halifax, and overhearing a conversation between him, and some of the others in the guard room which amused me very much. I should explain that the officers' and men's rooms were side by side under one roof, a partition separating the two, and in order that repairs could be made to this dividing wall, some of the old plaster had been

knocked out to be afterwards replaced by fresh mortar; but the job at the time was in an unfinished state, and one could hear quite plainly in one room what was being said in the other. The subject of conversation appeared to be enlisting, and some one asked Killeen where it was he took the shilling. "Well," he replied, "I wasn't resurrected in the purloins av Dublin anyway" (our Regiment had recruited some rather indifferent characters I believe in Dublin before the war broke out). A pause, then the other voice was heard again. "Yer a big man Mick." "Big, is it?" rejoined the grenadier, "sure I'm ownly six feet foive and a haf in me stockin vamps." A-a-h! yez oughter see the First Kerry Militia. Faith, thim wuz min. Why man aloive whin we wor in line, I was ownly the *cinthre man av the rare rank*." At this there was a loud guffaw from the whole room. It was tantamount to the humble admission that he—huge fellow that he was—was considered the shortest man in that Regiment.

## CHAPTER VI.

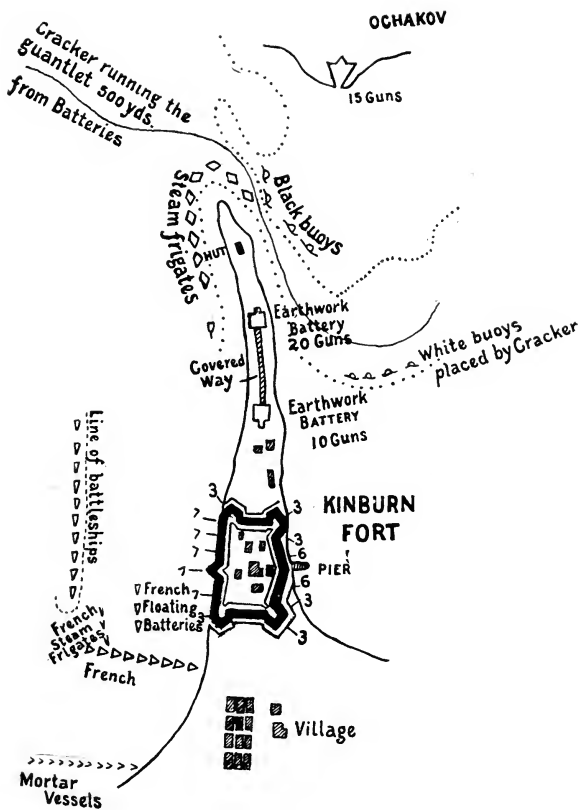
Russians on the north side resent our taking lumber from the town.

We prepare for an expedition to Kinburn. Embarkation of troops takes place on 4th October. Description of the Allied Fleet and Expeditionary force. Arrival at Odessa. The Fleet delayed there by stress of weather. Arrived at Kinburn 14th October, and troops landed.



IN the beginning of October, rumours were floating about of an Expedition, but where to, and for what purpose, remained a secret just then. But meanwhile the preparations for passing the winter before Sebastopol went bravely on. The work of demolishing the houses for wood, breaking up gabions for fuel, and building huts was day after day continued, and everything that could be turned to any use was appropriated and brought into camp. Doors, windows, hinges, nails, screws, boards and planking were eagerly sought after, and carried away on extemporized carts or on ponies' backs. But it was not always that we were permitted to carry on this foraging with impunity. Lacy, Bruce and myself contemplated erecting a comfortable shanty, and had made sundry expeditions into the suburbs of the town, returning with a goodly quantity of the necessary materials without being molested by the batteries opposite.

One day, though, while some other parties as well as our own were so engaged, and we were toiling up a hill in full view of the Star Fort across the harbor, fire was opened upon us. A shell exploded close by, killing one pony and inflicting wounds, luckily not serious ones, upon Severn of the party. We hurried on as fast as we could,



KINBURN FORT  
Plan of Attack of the Allied Fleet



THE SPIT BATTERY, KINBURN.

but they followed us up with several round shot, and finally compelled us to take shelter in some of the houses. I think I rode my pony into what had been a drawing room, while a mule laden with window sashes stood in the hall. We waited some time, and then one made a bolt from his hiding place, and galloped up the hill, a shot hastening his movements perceptibly as we cheered him on.

After a consultation it was suggested that it would be best to leave the laden animals until dusk. This we did, and finally all got away safely.

Very shortly after the above occurrence our shanty building had to be abandoned, for a time at least.

We received orders to pack up and march to Kamiesch, there to join the much talked of Expedition, the destination of which we were still profoundly ignorant of. No one seemed to know where and for what purpose it was going, unless perhaps General Spencer who was in command. The reason no doubt was to prevent the possibility of any information reaching the Russians through some spy in the camps, for there were *thousands* of sutlers and camp followers of whom we knew nothing whatever, and communication with the enemy was by no means an impossible matter.

We marched to Kamiesch on the morning of the 4th October, and the whole of the men of the Expeditionary Force embarked the same day.

To give a better idea of what the Allied Fleet consisted of, I subjoin the following statement which was afterwards made public. The French had four line of battle ships, several steam frigates, a number of gun boats and mortar boats, besides three floating steam batteries, twelve ports a side and carrying twenty-two fifty pounders (French) each. They were crowded with men as also were the other vessels.

The English portion was constituted as follows:

*Line of Battleships.*

Royal Albert, 121 guns, having on board Brigadier General Spencer (in command), the 17th Regiment, 800 men and 80 marines.

Hannibal, 90 guns, 21st Regiment, 670 men and 80 marines.

Algiers, 90 guns, 20th Regiment, 500 men and 80 marines.

St. Jean d'Acre, 101 guns and 1,030 marines.

Princess Royal, 91 guns, 63rd Regiment, 700 men and 80 marines.

*Steam Frigates, Sloops, etc.*

Curacoa,	20	guns.	
Dauntless,	30	"	
Firebrand,	6	"	
Furious,	16	"	
Gladiator,	6	"	
Leopard,	18	"	with left wing of 57th Regiment, 370 men and reserve ammunition.
Odin,	16	"	
Sidon,	22	"	with right wing of 57th Regiment, 390 men and reserve ammunition.
Sphinx,	6	"	
Spiteful,	6	"	
Spitfire,	5	"	
Stromboli,	6	"	
Terrible,	21	"	
Trenton,	3	"	
Vulcan,	6	"	
Tribune,	31	"	
Valorous,	16	"	



*Smaller Vessels.*

Arrow,	4 guns.	Clinker,	1 gun.
Cracker,	1 "	Fancy,	1 "
Moslem,	1 "	Lynx,	4 "
Viper,	4 "	Wrangler,	4 "
Beagle,	4 "	Snake,	4 "

*Mortar Vessels.*

Firm.	Hardy,	Camel,
Flamer,	Magnet,	Raven.

*Steam Tenders.*

Banshee,	Danube,	Brenda.
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*Transports.*

Prince Alfred, with	Royal Artillery and freight.
Arabia, "	Royal Artillery and freight.
Orient, "	Medical Staff, hospital ship.
Lady Alice Lambton,	Stores.
Durham,	
Indian, "	Commissariat Staff.
Charity, "	Land Transport Corps and stores.
Colombo, "	Shot and shell, etc.
Zebra, "	Fuel.
Arthur Gordon, "	Stores.

This was the combined fleet of the Allies and their freight, alive and otherwise, that left Kasatch and Kamiesch at 11 o'clock on the 7th October, 1855, and steered slowly for Odessa, which was the rendezvous agreed upon. From the Royal Albert Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons signalled that the speed was not to exceed four miles an hour, the reason being that most of the large men of war had heavy boats in tow. Both men and officers were very comfortable on board the Princess Royal

and the weather being all that it should be, we reached and anchored off Odessa on Monday afternoon, the 8th October.

The French and English squadrons dropped anchor about three or four miles from the town, causing intense excitement and alarm to its occupants.

As the setting sun shone brightly, lighting up the scene, we could see telegraphs or semaphores working outside the city and along the coast, Cossacks galloped furiously from place to place, and then presently a large body of men, whose bayonets glittered in the sun's ray's, accompanied by a number of mounted officers, were discovered by the field glass to be marching from a hillside on the north towards the town. Hundreds of people gathered at different favourable points to get a good view of the assemblage of armed vessels. What they dreaded might easily be imagined, when before their astonished gaze there stretched from end to end, for quite five miles an array of warships that could, with the utmost ease, pound their fine city into fragments, leaving homeless those of them who might escape the inevitable bloodshed.

But no such devastation was contemplated by those in command. It would have been senseless barbarity, no less, for although we might destroy, we certainly could not hold the place. This demonstration was merely a *ruse* to draw off, if possible, what forces the Russians might have at Nicholaieff and Cherson and so leave us freer to attack Kinburn, which place—a strong fort at the extremity of a long sand-spit below the confluence of the rivers Bug and Ingul—we learn, for the first time to-day is our destination.

Odessa seen from the deck through a telescope appeared a beautiful city. What it really is, I must leave to other pens to describe, for I never had an opportunity of being nearer than I then was, when four good miles lay

between. Perhaps I should have been disillusioned, as I was with Constantinople, on a more intimate acquaintance. Be that as it may, what I then saw was a large city pleasantly situated on the slope of a hill, with wide streets lined with trees, handsome buildings, great churches with lofty spires and stately mansions, protected on its water front by casemated batteries. Wharves there were also, and landing places where a number of small craft lay moored. Further in the rear were other edifices, surmounted with cupolas, others with large pillars supporting massive roofs, and again structures having gilt or colored domes. At one side sprang into view an extensive wood, and near by many fine houses with gardens and shrubberies about. An esplanade of ample proportions showed in the centre of the town, where numbers of people could be seen moving about or standing in groups watching with grave apprehension, most likely, every movement of their formidable opponents.

Church bells were heard ringing as the sun dipped behind the hill, and the city looked very peaceful; but just then a heavy fog came swiftly down and shut out everything, even our companion ships, from view. Next morning (the 9th), I found on reaching deck that the dense fog still enveloped us. It lifted somewhat at noon when we caught glimpses, at intervals, of the shore. Troops and Artillery were gathered on the heights and the same activity continued with the semaphores and at the signal station, and Cossack orderlies rushed from place to place. But again down came the fog and closed everything from our sight.

Wednesday (the 10th), broke dull and foggy and continued so till night fall, when the lights in Odessa could again be seen, and we went to sleep hoping for better weather on the morrow.

On Thursday (the 11th), the sun peeped out as the

bugle call sounded for breakfast, and that repast disposed of, the deck was sought again in anticipation of our last view of Odessa which looked brighter and more pleasing in the morning sunshine than before. Everyone thought "we will surely sail to-day," but when steam was being got up, the wind got up too, and an ugly sea soon ran heavily.

Hour after hour passed with no abatement, a signal from the flagship announcing at last the postponement of our departure, pending better weather.

Next day it was much the same and it was not until Saturday morning the 14th, that the Allied Fleet got under weigh and we bade a long farewell to Odessa. That afternoon we again dropped anchor in full view of Kinburn.

During the night, under cover of the darkness, a number of the French and our own vessels crept past and found their way into Cherson Bay, anchoring above the Fort.

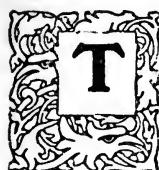
Next morning the fleet moved closer in and a landing of the troops was successfully made without opposition from the enemy, and in spite of a nasty surf upon the beach.

An exciting race was run between the boats filled with men of the different regiments, each striving to touch land first. Those containing my Regiment and the 17th led the van, and every nerve was strained as the sand beach got nearer and nearer.

I was the subaltern that day carrying the Queen's Color, Lacy, my chum, having the Regimental one. Scarcely had the boat touched, when grasping the staff, I jumped into the water and wading on shore drove the end of the staff into the sand, letting the color float on the breeze. It has been said that a boat of the 17th Regiment landed first, but the fact remains that the Queen's Color of the 63rd Regiment was the first British flag on the soil of Russia proper.

## CHAPTER VII.

We construct trenches five miles below Kinburn Fort. Necessary stores are landed. The attack on, and surrender of the fortress. A reconnaissance into the interior. Sad accident to Captain Fraser. The return to Kinburn Fort. Capture of two rafts of oak timber by our sailors. Private Ives of the Grenadier Company causes a sensation.



THE first work to which the landed forces were put was in constructing two trenches. We were between four and five miles distant from Fort Kinburn, and here the sand-spit was about one mile across. The trench facing the fort was to be occupied by the French, that looking the reverse way, or towards the open country in the direction of Cherson, our troops were to hold. These trenches were half a mile apart. The soil being sandy, the labor of cutting was less arduous than if earth and stone had to be shovelled, and progress was rapid.

We bivouaced under the stars, but fuel was obtainable and the night fine, so we were tolerably comfortable. Sentries were posted both in our front and rear, but we were not molested in any way. All next day trench digging and arranging for field gun batteries went on, and stores were landed in spite of a heavy surf which rolled in on the shore, making this difficult without things getting wet. Paddle box boats were brought into requisition as being more spacious and drawing less water. These were towed by the launches and pinnaces of the men of war.

The following morning (the 17th), was clear and still, and soon after eight o'clock we could see by the smoke that the line of ships in a semi-circle were getting up steam in order to close in and attack, and about half past nine a terrible bombardment of the fort commenced; replied to bravely by the Russian garrison. In about three hours the place was made a wreck, fires were started in several places caused by our shells and rockets, and at length the cannonading ceased altogether and we knew a surrender had been made.

Nearly 1,200 prisoners of war were marched out, headed by the Governor, who we heard, had thrown his sword at the feet of the French General who advanced to meet him, but perhaps that was a *canard*. The men were ordered to pile their arms, which they did sullenly and with evident mortification in their faces. They were all sent on board different transports and sailed for Constantinople the same evening.

I visited the fort next day to see the result of our fire. How they held out as long as they did seemed a marvel, when one looked around the interior. The fortifications were literally pounded into fragments, heavy guns broken, gun carriages in splinters or overturned and destruction was spread everywhere. The Russian flag had been shot away, flagstaff and all, and it was said they would have surrendered before they did, but that the fire was so severe and continuous no man could be got to go up and show a white flag of truce.

Between our lines and the fort was a small village, with a neat chapel in its midst; but though it was sufficiently far from our shot to escape much damage, the residents had fled before the troops landed leaving all their goods and chattels behind. As nothing remained but the bare walls, when I entered one or two of the cottages, I recognized the conspicuous activity of our Ally in confiscating everything portable.



THE RETURN FROM THE RECONNAISSANCE.

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We had pitched our tents now a short distance from the fort, and our baggage having reached us, we were as snug as possible. The rations were excellent, evidently the "powers that be" had taken care that any illness among the men should not be caused by bad food.

But we were not to remain inactive long. Orders came next day that on the following morning, the 20th, the Regiment was to form part of a large *reconnaissance* party under command of General Spencer himself, to proceed in the direction of Cherson, in order to find out if the report had any foundation that a body of the enemy, said to number somewhere about 20,000 men under the famous General Leprandi, was in our vicinity, with a view to sweeping down upon our little band.

Rash and venturesome as this officer was reported to be, it was not thought seriously that he would contemplate, even with a superior force at his back, an attack upon us in our position.

And for this reason. On either side of the narrow spit of sand our eighty war vessels had access, and their powerful guns would sweep it clear of any advancing army no matter how formidable in number.

Our expedition consisted of about 4,500 men and nearly 300 horses. The marching was very heavy, as the sand under our feet gave way at each step. Each man carried besides his knapsack, great coat and rifle, sixty rounds of ball cartridge, and his rations for three days in his haversack. Personally I found it hard enough, for in addition to my rations (each officer carried his own), I had my great coat, and the Queen's Color in its heavy oil skin covering—no light weight in itself. We marched only about ten miles that day and then bivouaced for the night. We passed many houses deserted but recently. In some, the fire on the hearths was scarcely cold. The cabbage gardens, poultry, etc., I need not say became

public property wherever we halted. On the second day we sent out scouts of cavalry while the infantry remained inactive, and on the third day we reached a village called, I think, Petrouski, and there rested. As the owners were not present to enter a protest, the gardens were here very shortly cleared of vegetables, and the pigs, geese, ducks and poultry captured and apportioned. During the night one of our men drove in a bullock which was soon despatched with a rifle.

The cavalry scouts reported on their rejoining the force that a body of Cossacks, estimated at a couple of hundred was slowly retreating before our advance, but watching our every movement. Sentries were doubled on the advance picket guards and we were under arms before daylight; but we were not molested, and parade was dismissed.

A very sad accident occurred the last morning before the return march was begun. Fraser of our Regiment was sitting after breakfast cleaning the sand out of the revolving chambers of his pistol, when he accidentally discharged it, the bullet entering below or rather under the knee cap. The surgeons were unable to extract it, and he was carried back as soon as possible, put on board ship and placed in hospital. Some time afterwards some complication set in and it was decided at a consultation of the leading surgeons at Balaklava, where he had been removed, that his leg would have to be amputated, to which finally he gave his consent, when told it was the only possible way of saving his life. Captain Fraser was getting on nicely after the operation, when one night, during a gale, the side of the hospital in which he was, blew in, and in his weak condition he caught a cold that speedily developed into pneumonia and he died in a few hours. He was a great favorite in the Regiment and his loss was deeply regretted by us all from the senior officer to the youngest drummer

boy. Poor fellow, great things had been predicted of him. He was high spirited and courageous to a degree, and was considered to have had wonderful luck in being but two years in the service and having become a Captain when barely of age.

During our march on this *reconnaissance*, it must not be understood that we were quite unprotected. Gun boats had been detailed to steam, *pari passu*, with the expedition, and though from the lay of the country we could see nothing of them, they made their presence known to the band of Cossacks already mentioned, by sending occasionally a shell or two in their midst and hastening their retreat. We were, of course, glad to know that they were there to assist us with their armament in case of our being attacked by a superior force.

We did not discover any great storage of either grain or fodder, and what we did find we burned according to our instructions. However, the French contingent, 2,200 strong, which led the force left us little to do in this way.

The vacated houses we passed were those of the poorest class of peasants, none of the buildings containing anything of value. In one were found an old man and his wife, too old and feeble to get away with the rest. They were terribly frightened, and fell on their knees, I believe, expecting to be done to death at once, and I think were much surprised when our men went on, leaving them with their poor little stock of goods and chattels undisturbed.

There may perhaps have been some truth in the statement of the deserter who had given information as to there being quantities of fodder, etc., further up country towards Cherson, for we saw immense volumes of smoke in that direction. In all probability these fires were made by the Cossacks that we knew were in front of us, and whatever had been stored was being burnt up by them.

But on the other hand, the story might have been a device to lead us into an ambushade. However, the General decided nothing was to be gained by a further advance, and we were marched back to our encampment near Fort Kinburn.

While we were away—so we were afterwards told—a squadron of French and English under Admiral Sir Houston Stewart and the French Admiral Pelion had gone on a *reconnaissance* up Cherson bay towards Nicholaeiff. Previously, however, our mortar batteries had been practicing at Fort Nicolaev, opposite Kinburn, directly below the town of Oczakoff. Seeing that our shells could reach it, the Russians blew it up to prevent us doing that for them. There was a considerable force of the enemy in infantry and cavalry about that town (according to another deserter from there who had crossed the bay in a small boat), as well at at Nicholaeiff, which is situated some three miles from the confluence of the Bug and Ingul rivers, about ten or fifteen miles from Kinburn Fort. They exchanged a few compliments on the way with the enemy's forts, but did not venture into the Ingul. As the expedition was merely to discover the force of the enemy, they returned at length to their former anchorage. It was said Admiral Lyons had pressed Marshal Pelissier for 20,000 men, and this, with a force of our own and the aid of the combined fleet, would have been sufficient to capture Nicholaeiff; but as we could not have held it against such a force as would be brought against us afterwards, the scheme was abandoned.

It was on the evening of the fourth day of our expedition that we returned to our former location near Kinburn, very tired and dirty, and cold though the water was at this season of the year, many made a trip to the beach and had a dip in the sea. Some of the residents of the little village who had taken shelter somewhere in the

fort during the bombardment, now finding that the Allies had no intention of taking them prisoners, resumed their former occupation of fishing. They hawked through the camp quantities of a species of herring that they netted, which found ready purchasers. The fish were an agreeable adjunct to our beef and biscuits dinners.

Two valuable rafts of oak timber were captured by some of the gunboats as they were being floated down. Evidently it was intended when they were started down the Dneiper that they were to be met at its mouth by a Russian steamer to tow them up to Nicholaeiff, but not being secured there, they had drifted down with the current and thus became a prize to our gunboats below. The value of each raft was estimated by technical ship's officers to be about £20,000 sterling each, that is, they would be worth that in an English dockyard, as they contained about 45,000 cubic feet each.

How the men who took the rafts and expected a pot of prize money liked Admiral Lyon's decision of one of them being presented to the French, I have no means of knowing, but it was generally admitted that it was only fair as we were working together. I have some doubts though, had our Allies made the capture, whether we should have seen a stick of that timber.

But I must not omit the telling of an amusing incident that occurred one night while we were encamped below the captured fortress. I was on the quarter guard, and was sitting in the tent allotted the officer told off for that duty, smoking a pipe for company, and trying by the aid of a Government dip to decipher the much worn pages of an old book I had borrowed, when I heard the sentry challenge. After some confused noises came another call, which I took to be "guard turn out." Jumping quickly up and buckling on my sword belt—wondering the while what could be the matter as "grand rounds" had already made

his visit—I hurried out and found the men had not fallen in under arms as I expected, but the sentry on No. 1 post, which was near, had shouted for the sergeant of the guard. As this was somewhat mystifying, I accompanied the latter over to see what was amiss. On reaching the sentry we found there a sergeant of Marines, carrying a lantern, with six of his men standing by a long, slim, motionless body lying upon the ground.

"One of your men, sir," said the Marine sergeant saluting.

"Is he dead?" I asked.

"No sir," he replied, "only dead drunk."

"Show me the lantern, sergeant, let me see if I know him. Why, it's Ives," I said, after the light had been thrown on his face, "one of our Grenadier company."

Ives was one of the tallest men we had, and was I think, the right hand man but one of the Regiment when in line. He stood six feet four or five inches in height, and without exaggeration could not have measured more than eighteen inches across the tops of his shoulders, and certainly was the slimmest man one would meet in a day's march.

"Where did you find him?" I asked—I remembered that Ives had been reported absent at tattoo.

"Our picket picked him up, sir, lying asleep in a ditch near our camp," replied the sergeant.

"But where could he have got any liquor about here?" I inquired.

"Can't say, sir" answered the sergeant, "we haven't a drop in our camp except what the Quarter Master has under lock and key, more's the pity," he added, *sotto voce*. "This man was too drunk to stand, sir, so the officer of the picket Mr. — (I forget the name he mentioned) ordered me to have him carried to his regiment. He sent his compliments, sir," went on the sergeant, "and told me

to say that he had taken the precaution to send six men to carry him, usually four are enough, but in this case Mr. ——— said he sent six, as *the man was so d—d long he was afraid with less he would break in two.*"

There was a smothered laugh among the men at this satirical allusion to Ives's length, which I could scarcely refrain from joining heartily in.

I do not remember what punishment was dealt out to the offender when he became sober, but my servant afterwards told me that Ives had boasted that he had bamboozled one of the peasant fishermen, living near the village, out of a bottle of "raki;" but in what way he managed that I did not learn. It's extremely probable that for want of a boon companion to join him he had absorbed the whole of it unaided, and hard headed as he enjoyed the reputation in his company of being, he was forced to succumb in double quick time to the stupifying effects of the fiery fluid he had stolen. and imbibed.

In recalling this about Ives, I am reminded of the definition he once gave in the witness box, of when a man might be said to be drunk.

I will omit details and only say that it was in a Civil Court, and much depended on the answer of the witness, whether he could declare the prisoner, then being tried, was drunk or sober at the time the offence was committed. After much cross examining by a gentleman of the long robe, and much evasion on the part of Ives, for he was friendly disposed towards the occupier of the dock, the following question was put by the lawyer.

"Now, sir, will you tell the Court when you consider a man drunk?"

To which he made this memorable reply.

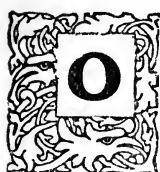
"When do I consider a man drunk? Why, I call 'im drunk when 'e 'as to *lay down to it*," which answer created much ill concealed delight among certain jovial spirits in the mixed crowd that filled the Court room.

Before we sailed for Kamiesch, Kinburn fort was being repaired, and we learned that a force of French and English were to garrison it during the winter, protected by a formidable squadron of our ships. It may be easily imagined that we hailed with delight the intelligence that our Regiment was not detailed for this work.



## CHAPTER VIII.

We re-embark for the front. Rumours of a further expedition to Kaffa. Expedition abandoned and we return to our old camp on the heights. Road making and hut building continued. A winter tent. An interesting ride over old battlefields. The blowing up of the French Artillery Park. The celebrated Mrs. Seacole appears on the scene. The French commandant of the Artillery Park having escaped the explosion is beheaded by a Russian round shot.



ON the 29th of October, the order came that we were to embark the following day, and on the 30th we bade adieu to Kinburn and sailed back to Kamiesch direct. We ran into high winds and a heavy sea before we were gone many hours, and the little mortar boat we had in tow had a very rough time of it, though in such a large vessel as the Princess Royal we did not suffer any inconvenience ourselves. We arrived at Kamiesch next day and here a surprise awaited us—we were not to disembark. The expedition, it was said, had more work to do, and Kaffa was to be our destination.

Then we heard that the Generals and Admirals had diversified opinions regarding this movement. It appeared that though the Commanders in Chief of both fleets were in favor of the expedition starting at once, General Pelissier was averse to detaching any of his troops from the Tchernaya defences and would not let them go unless ordered to do so by his superiors in France, at least that is what we heard. At any rate the matter had to be referred home. Pending a reply we were to remain on board ship. The weather was beautiful, and we could have sailed to Kaffa, captured it, destroyed the

stores and been back again at our moorings during the time the answer from home was waited for. When it did come, after we had been nine days on board, we were ordered to disembark and return to our former encampments. The expedition had been abandoned.

Back at the front once more preparations for the winter were resumed, and our hut building went on as before.

The road to Balaklava was now in fine order. Two engines were employed on the railway to Kadakoi in drawing up stores and sections of huts. Ours were soon erected, first for the men and finally we had a large room reserved in one of the others in which were placed stoves, tables, some benches and chairs, and it constituted a capital reading room.

Lacy and myself decided to winter together in my tent, as the hut we had built was found too cramped for four, so I took charge of the contemplated improvements.

As it may be interesting I will describe my operations in detail, which were cleverly carried out by a couple of men of my company.

First, I secured a piece of stout scantling, of course from Sebastopol, to take the place of the fragile regulation pole. Then I had the whole of the interior excavated to the depth of four feet, and laid down a flooring of boards on the bottom. In the centre I sank one end of my scantling and pointed the top to receive the tent upon it. Then I dug a fire place in the earthen wall and led from it a covered trench for eight feet and at its end built my chimney, composed mostly of mud plastered stones, and graced the top with a nail keg. Pieces of iron, old bolts I picked up in the Redan, formed the grate and then the construction of my fireplace and chimney was *un fait accompli*.

My cupboards consisted of small packing cases par-

tioned with shelves and let into the wall on either side of the grate, and now all this being done my tent was raised on top of my new pole, another tent placed over it and both pegged firmly down. Four stout storm ropes were next fastened to the top secured to heavy stakes driven well into the ground. Lastly I had a ditch dug all round the outside to carry off surface water, and our domicile in which we were to pass a Crimean winter, was complete and ready for occupation.

There was only one hitch in the whole of my contrivances, and that was the draught of my chimney, as we found out to our cost afterwards. When the wind was southerly and the air outside mild, my flue drew magnificently; but with a northerly breeze and the mercury at times down to the cipher, the smoke, instead of going out at the top of the chimney, poured in volumes into the tent, and necessitated the putting out of the fire altogether.

It certainly was a calamity, but there was no help for it, and we suffered with the cold accordingly.

But I am anticipating. The time of which I am writing was the middle of November, and no rain had fallen for a fortnight. We were in the midst of what in Canada would be called the "Indian Summer" and long rides and walks could be taken in the exhilarating air with a pleasure born of good health. I was now the possessor of another pony. He had been originally captured by a man of war sailor in Sebastopol and came into my hands for a small consideration, and many a mile "Jack" carried me in my explorings of the country round about, wherever it was not forbidden to venture.

With a brother officer who had himself been through the fierce conflicts at Alma and Inkermann I rode to the latter place, and then went down the hills overlooking the plain of Balaklava where the Light Brigade made their ill-fated charge. What a different spectacle I now beheld

to what those fields once saw. Then a mighty battle raged and men's blood poured out like water upon the wild flowers, when the iron hail struck them down, and the air was stirred with the thunder of heavy ordnance, varied by the crash of the bursting shell, and musketry rattle, and the ground was strewn with dead and dying heroic men, and gallant chargers. Now as we rode along all was peaceful, and no sound broke the stillness that calm Sunday afternoon, but the rustle of the horses' feet among the fading leaves of grass, or the whirr of a startled quail's wings as it hurriedly flew before us.

Pleasant rides we had to St. George's Monastery situated on a cliff above the sea, between Balaklava and Kamiesch, and to Kamiesch itself, and back along the old French line of attack from Kasatch bay. Tons upon tons of shot and shell lay over the country near there, all of which was to be gathered, though little in that way had at this time been done by our troops about the Redan, while our Allies were collecting quantities daily in the vicinity of their disused batteries.

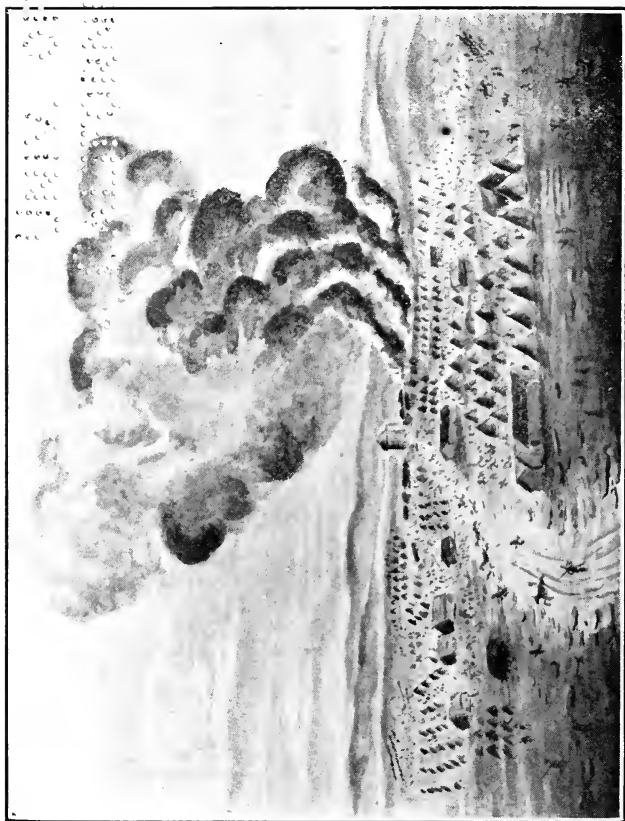
Seldom is a shot fired now on either side. Both Armies seem to have a common idea, viz.: that of making preparations to meet the winter, and neither apparently has any intention of attacking or wasting ammunition.

But November, our unlucky month, was not destined to make its exit without leaving us saddened by a terrible catastrophe.

The day was the 13th, and a more lovely one at this season of the year could not be imagined. I had intended getting leave and going down to Balaklava to see a review of Artillery that morning by our new Commander in Chief, General Codrington, who had succeeded General Simpson, but some duty prevented my going.

However, early in the afternoon I got out my nag and made my way through the lines to the camp of the





EXPLOSION OF THE MAGAZINES OF THE FRENCH SIEGE TRAIN NEAR  
INKERMANN MILL.

*By permission of the Illustrated London News. From a Sketch by their Special Artist,*

goth Regiment, to call upon a friend and to ask him to join me in my ride. He was on duty, however, and after spending a half hour chatting in their mess hut I jumped on again and went away. I had been riding about ten or fifteen minutes in the direction of our own camp, uncertain whether I would abandon or not my contemplated trip to Kadakoi to make a few purchases, when I was almost startled out of my saddle by the most awful noise I ever heard in my life, the roar of a terrific explosion which seemed to shake the ground beneath me. Holding the frightened horse in check I glanced over my shoulder and then beheld a spectacle that paralyzed every nerve in my body. From the earth to the clouds above had risen what looked like a vast wall of smoke, flames and lurid vapour, whirling through which could be seen myriads of shapeless objects. A most appalling sight to break abruptly on one's vision without one second's warning. Then high in air, and on all sides of this terrible upheaval came rapidly the reports of bursting shells, and I knew then the great magazine of the French Artillery Park, near the Division I had just come from, had blown up.

And now from all points officers and men came rushing to the scene. Ambulances were got out and every available surgeon lent his aid. It was a sickening sight, one that would move even the coldest and most unsympathetic heart, for scattered among the ruined huts and hospitals and blown into the adjoining camp were trunks, arms and legs and fragments of human flesh, and men lay dead and mutilated beyond description. It was terrible.

But of this heartrending spectacle I refrain from writing further. In all, between the Light Division and the Right Siege train, some thirty men were reported dead or missing and nearly a hundred wounded were carried away in ambulances and litters to various hospitals. An

officer of the Commissariat was killed. Several officers of the Artillery were wounded; but I am glad to say they recovered as time went on.

The French Artillery loss was very heavy, their tents being all within the walls of the Park, and amounted to no less than six officers and sixty-five men killed and thirteen officers and one hundred men wounded. Many of these died shortly afterwards.

The exact cause of this fearful catastrophe will, I believe, never be known, for it is more than likely that the man who brought it about, either by accident or recklessness, was blown to pieces.

Various reasons were spread abroad. One, that it was done by a Russian spy. Whether this reached the ears of the Commander in Chief or not I cannot tell; but the whole of the forces were under arms the next morning by his order, before daybreak, and remained so until it was quite light, in case the Russians meditated another attack by way of Mackenzie's farm on the French right.

Another report was that, in moving powder, a man dropped a stone he found in one of the cases upon a piece of iron among some loose grains, creating a spark which ignited it.

A third came from an artillery man, who said he saw fire in a French tent near some shells. But to this day the precise cause of the accident, if accident it was, has never so far as I know been publicly stated.

Returning from the scene of the disaster, I met hastening thither in her cart, a very well known woman. This was Mrs. Seacole who lived near the railway below Kadakoi, and kept a sort of general store. She was a wonderful woman, a native of the West Indies and had travelled over half the world. All the men swore by her, and in case of any malady would seek her advice and use her herbal medicines, in preference to reporting themselves to



their own doctors. That she did effect some cures is beyond doubt, and her never failing presence among the wounded after a battle and assisting them made her beloved by the rank and file of the whole army. What became of her after we all sailed from the Crimea I never heard, but she carried away many a blessing with her wherever she may have gone.

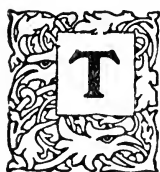
To give an idea of the magnitude of the explosion I may say that it became known next day that the quantity of powder blown up was upwards of 250,000 lbs., of which about 1,700 barrels were Russian, recovered by the Allies from some of the Sebastopol magazines and brought up to the Park. In addition there were 800 barrels of French powder, besides vast piles of live shells, and rockets and cases of rifle cartridges, and these again ignited quantities of shells and rockets in our own Artillery Park adjoining. It was said the concussion reached the ships at anchor at Balaklava, Kasatch, and Kamiesch, causing even the largest line of battle ships to rock perceptibly.

A most singular incident was reported to have occurred the very afternoon of the foregoing disaster. The French Commandant had been in the Park that blew up and escaped injury, and after a time, when all was quiet, rode off to visit the French batteries in Sebastopol, which the Russians, exulting over the explosion were then furiously cannonading. As he approached one of these, a round shot from the enemy swept his head completely off his body. On his horse galloping back to camp with an empty saddle a search party was immediately despatched and his remains being found were brought up to the French lines for interment. He had the reputation of being a brave and zealous officer, and his loss was much regretted.

It seemed such irony of fate for a man to have miraculously escaped entirely uninjured in the midst of so many dead and dying, only to have his life taken by a chance shot in his direction two hours afterwards.

## CHAPTER IX.

Winter preparations. Christmas Day in camp. The Fourth Division "Symposium" is established. Theatricals at the front. The Kadakoi dance. The Docks in Sebastopol, the White Buildings, Fort Nicholas and Fort Alexander are blown up by our Engineers. Grand Review of troops before Sir Wm. Codrington and Marshal Pelissier.



THE month of December was ushered in by violent storms of rain, and the heavy gusts of wind at times made sad havoc among tents not properly secured. Were it not for the mud, which I could not avoid dragging into my staunch canvas covered parlor-bedroom, I should have enjoyed its comfort more, as with a rainy wind, that is one from the south, my fire burned brilliantly. Thanks to the good road we had now from Balaklava to the front, large quantities of stores were brought up, and fuel rations of coal, coke and wood issued. This proved a special boon during such weather as we experienced.

I had built a snug stable for my pony "Jack," just sufficiently large for him to feed and lie down in, and no more, nailed bagging all round the sides, covered the roof with canvas and coated it with tar (secured as a great favor in Balaklava) and fitted a *parlour door* and hinges, that the pony had carried up on his back from a Sebastopol house. Forage we had in sufficient quantities.

About this time huge bales of warm clothing arrived for the Regiment—a present from the ladies of Dublin—and in the share allotted me was a heavy blanket. This, as I was amply provided in that way for my own bed, I

made a present to the pony, so that altogether few horses in camp were more comfortable than he.

I did not forget a strong padlock for my stable door, for a system of petty thefts had been going on for some time, and several sets of horse clothing had been stolen, as well as a number of other articles. It was thought the camp followers were the perpetrators. However, when the Provost Marshal took the matter in hand these annoyances to a great extent ceased. That his task was no easy one may be imagined, considering the number of these people. It was estimated that the British forces alone had 25,000 camp followers, to say nothing of those who attached themselves to the French and Sardinian Armies. Many of these were sutlers who owned large shops and stores, and were well to do; but how the riffraff—and their name was legion—managed to live, was a mystery. Some of the petty sutlers were owners of donkeys or mules and carried their wares for sale in panniers; but the greater number peddled on foot their small stock, consisting generally of eggs, matches, tobacco, buttons, needles and thread *et hoc genus omne*, and I regret to say that few of them had that delightfully open countenance that would warrant one leaving him alone for five minutes inside the tent. They represented many nationalities, prominent among them being Turks, Greeks, Maltese and Jews, for the most part ill fed, and wretchedly clothed.

Christmas Day was duly celebrated by the whole Army. The men took especial delight in adorning their huts. Fatigue parties were permitted to go out under the charge of a sergeant to cut evergreens. Nails and tacks were easily procured at the bazaar in rear of the third Division where everything imaginable in small articles was for sale, and great was the rivalry between the occupants of each hut in elaborate decoration.

In my company was a handy fellow who was ex-

tremely good at making artificial flowers of colored tissue paper, and as the bazaar could furnish this also, we bought a quantity of it for him.

It was really surprising, on going round on Christmas Day, to see how very prettily they had ornamented the interior of the huts. Festoons of spruce and fir branches hung overhead and on the walls, looped up here and there with bows of bright calico and a bunch of very real looking roses, and their tables decorated with artificial flowers of varied hues in homemade vases (in reality empty meat tins covered with some green material). At every table the company's officers were presented with a tumbler containing something of a warming nature, which it would have been uncourteous to refuse, at least a sip of, in wishing them all a "Merry Christmas."

The officers had no mess, but clubbed together in little parties, each one producing his stock of good things either purchased at Oppenheim's store or received from home.

From my home in Halifax came safely, all those thousands of miles, a tremendously large pound cake, which must have weighed fifteen or twenty pounds. This was a great treat but, as may be imagined, was too good to last very long.

In order to enliven the long winter evenings and render them less wearisome, a bright idea was developed by some of the seniors of our Division. Each officer was asked for a subscription to defray expenses, and a large building, originally intended for a provision store, was hired from one of the sutlers. This was fitted with tables and benches, and one evening each week we met in our "Symposium" as it was called. Songs were sung, pipes smoked and glasses of hot stuff disposed of, winding up with an ample supper. These meetings were attended by all grades of officers from the Generals of Brigades downwards, and among such a number some excellent voices

were of course found. Sentimental ditties were interspersed with comic ones, and in the latter class Lacy of my Regiment eclipsed everything. He had brought with him his costumes and stage pigments, and each night, amid uproarious laughter, he gave us in inimitable style, worthy of the famous Sam Cowell, at Evans's in London, *Lord Lovell*, *Billy Barlow*, *Alonzo the Brave*, and other well known songs. Lacy was a born actor, and he became a member of the Dramatic Club which was shortly after the opening of the "Symposium," to be a feature in our winter amusements. The performances were given frequently during January and February of '56. With so many willing hands it did not taken long to convert a disused building into a very fair theatre, and as the management was fortunate enough to secure the services, as scene painter, of Lieut. John Shaw of the 1st Royals, a clever amateur artist, the stage was speedily fitted with an act drop and some very good scenery. The whole of the arrangements were very well managed. There was no lack of actors to choose from for male parts; but for the other sex on the stage it was a more difficult matter, and as young subalterns with smooth faces had to be utilized for the ladies in the pieces, farces were alone attempted. The leading performers were Major Lord Russell of the Rifle Brigade, Capt. Earle, who was A. D. C. to General Garrett, and Lieut. Lacy, of my Regiment; but many others were very good too, and I doubt if such pieces as "The Mustache Movement," "Going to the Derby," "To Paris and back for Five Pounds," and "Betsy Baker," were ever better played by amateurs. At any rate, they created a vast deal of merriment, and judging by the roars of laughter and hearty applause their efforts were highly appreciated.

As the performance began at seven o'clock and was over before ten, there was always time for a bit of supper at

the "Symposium," and a pipe and chat afterwards, before turning in for the night, making a capital wind up to a very enjoyable evening. "What a contrast all this is to our winter of last year," once remarked a brother officer to me as we walked home together—he had been with the colors from the time the Army landed at Old Fort—"when we were half clad, half starved, and instead of sitting in a jolly warm little theatre were crouching in the snow in the trenches wholly frozen. I can scarcely believe it all to be true." It was a wonderful change indeed from the misery and suffering of those days.

I remember Lacy going to a dance given by some French officers at Kadakoi, and creating a great sensation by being the only *lady* present. He went in a dress belonging to the theatrical wardrobe, in which he had played a female part, and used to relate afterwards in the most humorous way, his experiences at that ball. He was so well made up that many did not know whether or not he was—what Artemus Ward called—of the "female persuasion," and his hand was squeezed and kisses asked for in the most tender manner. However, as he confessed to having been half the time convulsed with laughter, I doubt if his representation of a coy, demure damsel was very successful.

In February (1856), the magnificent Docks in Sebastopol were blown up by our Engineers. Fort Nicholas was also demolished as well as Fort Alexander, on the harbor front. This we did with the Russians own powder, which had been unearthed in various places. Then the White Buildings were detailed as the next to go. These buildings formed two sides of a square, the third side being but a wall, and the fourth never erected. They had been used for barracks, it was said, and were very extensive. The mining under them took a considerable time, and it was late in the month when they were destroyed.

On the day appointed crowds of spectators assembled on Cathcart's Hill, at the Redan, Picket House hill and other places that commanded a view of the doomed buildings. I went over to the Division ground at the former place before half past three—the hour named—but it was by no means a pleasant day for sightseeing. The wind was very cold and penetrating, and the ground being covered with snow, slush and mud, some inches deep, made it a difficult matter to keep one's feet from becoming benumbed while standing still. Four o'clock came and no explosion. So did half past, and I felt I could stand being gradually frozen no longer and turned to go back, when just then an officer of Engineers whom I knew, rode up and told us something had gone wrong with a fuse, which would be made all right presently. Almost as he spoke I saw a great puff of smoke, then came a rumbling noise like an earthquake, and stones were shot up into the air. This was followed by several other explosions, and a great mass of smoke, which when cleared away by the breeze, revealed the walls still standing, but the interior had all been destroyed. I confess to having been considerably disappointed—it was by no means the grand sight I had anticipated, and seemed tame after having seen the French Artillery Park go up and the explosions at the Redan.

On Sunday afternoon, three days before this affair, Church parade being over and the men's dinners finished, a grand review was held by the Commander in Chief Sir William Codrington, of the greater portion of our infantry forces, on what was known as Telegraph hill near the Tchernaya, and not very far from Inkermann. I say the greater portion because we learned afterwards neither General Warren's Brigade at Balaklava nor the 72nd Highlanders and the two battalions at Kamara, were called out.

Russell of the *Times*, whom by the way I knew very well, and met frequently, says that forty-six regiments were present, numbering in all something over 25,000 men. There were no Cavalry except a part of the 11th Huzzars that formed the Commander in Chief's escort, and no Artillery took part. An immense body of spectators came upon the spot—everybody in fact, who was able to go, was there to see. A mixed company they were, of officers of all grades and various nationalities, Artillery officers, Commissariat officers, those of the Army Works Corps, French and Sardinian officers, and civilians. The whole of General Codrington's staff accompanied him and a number of foreign officers as well, while his escort of Huzzars kept the ground as well as they could. Marshal Péliissier, the French Commander of the Forces, who was somewhat corpulent and disliked riding on horseback, came in a "much the worse for wear" carriage with artillery men in uniform for postilions, seated on rough looking horses, and accompanying him were a handful of Chasseurs as escort. We were soon in position in a line of regiments, in column with six paces between each. On the extreme right stood the Guards and the other battalions of the 1st Division, then the Highland Brigade, next the 2nd, 3rd and 4th Divisions in rotation, with the Light Division on the extreme left. The Commander in Chief, on the completion of the formation, rode down the line with all his retinue behind him and then returning took up a position on an eminence to the left of the line. The regiments in succession, beginning with the right, then wheeled and came marching past him in open column. From our position in the line I had an excellent chance of seeing the marching of the men of the regiments preceding our own. I thought that of the Highlanders by far the best, each company moving like a piece of machinery, so steady were they, stepping in perfect time to the bag-



pipes. Next best were the Guards, who carried themselves well, and the Rifles in marching ran them very close, and stepped briskly with rifles at the trail. How our own Brigade showed I could not tell as we were performers ourselves, but I believe we acquitted ourselves satisfactorily.

When we had all passed the General, we branched off, each Division to its own camp.

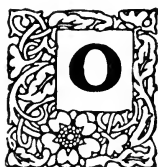
The weather was cold, and the sky clouded, though at one time during the review the sun did try and show itself for a few minutes. At any rate we were all glad to be back again and dismissed, to get life into our feet and fingers.

Next day we heard that General Codrington had been highly complimented by Marshal Pélissier on the splendid appearance of the troops, and their imposing and soldierly bearing.

Now every Regiment heard of this compliment of Marshal Pélissier's, yet it never appeared in General Orders, and it would be absurd to imagine that the Commander in Chief sent for every Commanding officer, and told him personally of it. How did it get about is a puzzle? Gossip spread like wild fire in the Crimea. I believe if on parade at Cathcart's Hill the horse of a Colonel of a regiment stumbled, the troops in Kamara miles away would have known about it next day. Every little incident became public property, I suppose because fresh topics of conversation were few and far between, and everybody hard up for something new to make conversation with. But how stories had such a wide circulation was always considered, as *Dundreary* would say, "One of those things that no fella could understand."

## CHAPTER X.

An Armistice is arranged. Meeting of the Generals at the side of the Tchernaya river. Snipe shooting under difficulties. Steeple chasing in the Tchernaya valley. Grand Sebastopol Spring Meeting. Peace proclaimed with salutes from the Allies' batteries and the Fleet at Kamiesch bay. Russians refuse to salute. Expeditions into the Russian lines. A ride towards Bakshiserai. A costly luncheon in a Crimean village.

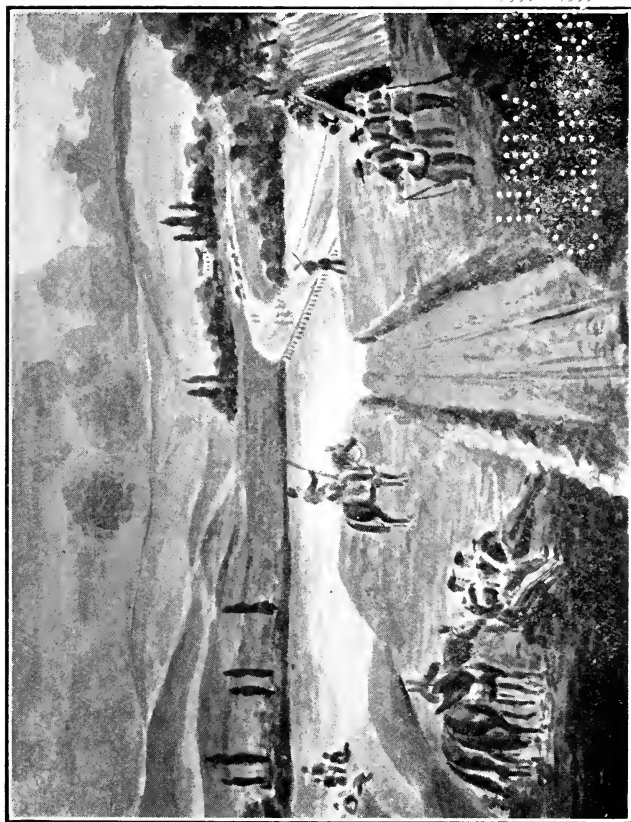


ON the morning of the 28th February, the news came that an armistice had been arranged, pending the discussion of peace proposals at Paris.

It spread like wildfire through the Divisional Camps, and we also learned that day that a meeting between the Generals, on both sides was to take place at ten o'clock on the following morning at the Traktir bridge over the Tchernaya. Unfortunately duty in camp prevented my being a spectator on the occasion; but all who could go went out of curiosity. Of course, we knew all about it afterwards.

A large tent with a white flag flying was pitched on the Russian side of the Tchernaya river, and punctually at 10 a.m. the Russian General Timoeff, chief of the Staff of the 4th Corps, rode down, escorted by a body of Cossacks, and followed by a large number of Russian officers. Almost at the same moment, General Windham, Chief of the Staff of our forces, General Martimprey of the French, and Colonel Count Petitti of the Sardinian army arrived, each with his respective staff and a number of other officers.

After a lengthy interview, the proposed terms of the Armistice were put in the hands of the Russian General,



TRAKTIR BRIDGE OVER THE TCHERNAYA, NEAR WHERE THE ARMISTICE WAS ARRANGED  
*By permission of the Illustrated London News. From a Sketch by their Special Artist.*



to be laid by him before their commander, General Luders. Then the conclave was broken up amid much bowing and doffing of cocked hats and plumes, and as somebody afterwards remarked, was chiefly notable for the great mutilation of three languages, English, French and Russian.

After the signing of the Armistice some days later, the Tchernaya river was fixed as the boundary to be observed by each army, and sentries were placed to prevent any one crossing. As may be supposed, the Traktir bridge became a great rendez-vous, and an exchange of small articles went on among the men. Medals were greatly prized by the Russian officers as mementos, and readily purchased, and one of our sergeants told me one day that, our men made a good thing out of *florins*, which when pierced and fastened to a piece of colored ribbon, were palmed off upon the unsuspecting as the veritable article. However, be this as it may, bartering went on daily amid exclamations of "bono Russe," "bono Anglais," "bono Francais"—these apparently being the expressions mutually agreed upon as best capable of being understood as intensely friendly.

But I must not forget to mention an incident that occurred between the first meeting of the Generals on both sides, and the actual signing of the Armistice. Grey, a Lieutenant in the regiment, with a companion, took it for granted that the Tchernaya valley along the river was free to shoot over, and as there were snipe and wild ducks in abundance, they went down, tethered their ponies and proceeded to blaze away. But hardly had they proceeded very far, when the Russian sentries on the other side began taking pot shots at them with their rifles, and the bullets came buzzing round their heads like bees. However, they retreated out of shot as quickly as they could, fortunately without being hit. Of course, they had no right there at all until the Armistice had been finally arranged, and proclaimed on both sides.

In March the valley of the Tchernaya was a scene of great activity. For some time, the stewards of the "Great Sebastopol Spring Meeting," as it was called, had been busy laying out the course for the proposed steeple chase and flat races. Fatigue parties were levelling trenches, constructing stone walls and fences, digging deep ditches for the water jumps, etc. The ground chosen was not far from that historic plain where the memorable charge of the "Six Hundred" was made in the month of October seven-teen months before, and was laid out on the lines of the Liverpool course. It was acknowledged, when finished to be a stiff one.

There were many good amateur jockeys among such a multitude of officers both French and English, and lots of good horses that were clever jumpers.

The day of the great event was a glorious one, with bright sunshine and a pleasant breeze, and the race course and the eminences above it, covered as they were with red and blue uniforms, made a brilliant spectacle.

The heights across the Tchernaya river were also peopled by a vast concourse of Russians, gathered out of curiosity to witness this novel sight, on ground which but a short time before had been swept by the fierce fire of their batteries. There was not a regiment of the Allied Armies but furnished its quota of officers, and men, either mounted or on foot, for this was counted high holiday after the monotonous dragging out of the dreary winter months of snow and frost.

It was a hard task imposed upon the stewards of the course to keep it clear. It would have been an impossibility but for the assistance of volunteers, who helped in pressing back the mass of horsemen who lined it.

Nothing went wrong of any consequence in the four mile steeplechase. A few of the riders came to grief as usual, some at the stone walls, others at the water jump, though no one was seriously hurt. But accidents innumer-



BEFORE THE RACE.



THE WATER JUMP.



THE FINISH.



able took place when the horsemen who were spectators, and there were some thousands, insisted upon rushing across from the starting side of the track to the finishing one, while a race was in progress. Some of them, both men and horses, were badly kicked, and hurt by being thrown down. There was but one fatal accident, and it happened in this way.

While a flat race was being run in which Grey of my regiment—the same one, by the bye, whom I have mentioned as being fired at while shooting snipe—who was riding his own mare, was leading well at the finish, a mounted French cavalryman, who was intoxicated, attempted to cross the course just in front of the incoming racers. Grey's speed was such that he could not avoid him and his mare struck the other horse with terrible force, bowling him over, straining her own shoulder and killing the cavalryman instantly—his neck was broken. Grey, who was a magnificent rider, never lost his seat; but he had to dismount and lead his mare hobbling on three legs to the judges' stand, where he claimed the race. But the judges could not accede to this. They might perhaps have allowed the race to be run over again; but Grey's mare was disabled and so he lost it.

It was a marvel there were not more fatal accidents, considering the reckless way in which outsiders crowded on the track.

I kept myself out of the crowd as much as I could; but even then did not escape scot free. At one time during the day, a man pushed his horse directly in front of mine, intent like myself upon the issue of the race then being run, when suddenly his horse lashed out with both feet and one of his iron shod hoofs struck the edge of my stirrup—luckily not my leg—a terrible blow, giving my ankle a wrench, and leaving it numb for the rest of the day. However, the whole affair was pronounced a great success, and the crowd dispersed well satisfied with their day's outing. A grand

dinner that night, when some two hundred sat down to table, ended the Grand Sebastopol Spring Meeting of 1856.

And now I have to write of the happiest event of the whole war. Peace was proclaimed on Wednesday, the 2nd April. The news arrived in the morning, and soon after midday salutes from all our own, and the French and Sardinian batteries awoke the echoes in the shattered town below, and resounded along the Tchernaya valley. The Fleet of the Allies at Kamiesch and Kasatch bay, decked in holiday attire with many colored flags, thundered out their welcome of the joyful event. Even the merchant vessels in Balaklava harbour sent up aloft what stock of bunting they possessed to do honor to the occasion. A genuine gladness spread everywhere, with one marked exception, not a gun was discharged by our late enemies by way of salute, not an extra flag did they display, and though one would have thought that they, most of all, would have had reason for rejoicing—for had not the proposals for peace emanated from their own government—yet along the whole line of their defences they preserved a sullen silence.

And now that peace had become a settled thing, preparations for our leaving began from Kamara to Kasatch. Picket duties ceased, but all available men in each Division were put to work to pick up Russian shot, not previously gathered and piled. The Land Transport Corps conveyed these by means of teams and drays to the railway, which in turn carried them to Balaklava, from whence they were to be shipped to England. But while this work was in progress leave was easily obtained for brief periods. Many parties were made up to cross to the Russian lines and ride up to Bakshiserai, Yalta, Simpheropol, the Alma river, where the first battle was fought, and other places. Passes were procurable for these expeditions; but to go over to the north side none were required by officers in uniform.

I rode with a brother officer, Lieut. Beamish, I think, over Traktir bridge one day, and visited all the Russian defences down to the very mouth of the harbor where stands Fort Constantine, one of the strongest and largest stone forts in the world. I should much have liked to have gone over the interior of this magnificent structure, but admission was denied us here, as well as to all the other fortifications.

In the rear of some of these, several regiments were quartered, not under canvas but in rude huts, many living in what were simply holes dug in the face of the hill. Most of the men we met did not strike us as having very prepossessing countenances. Many were fine looking chaps and well built, but to me they seemed to have a downcast look as if their lot was not a happy one by any means. Lots of them wanted us to buy from them small articles as relics, or begged tobacco. One small fellow with a merry face—a singular contrast to the others—amused us very much. Even the group of his morose looking comrades about him caught the infection and actually laughed. Having enlisted our attention, he proceeded to indicate in clever pantomime the relative value of the marksmanship of a Russian, a French, a Turk and a British soldier. Throwing his arms and legs into the attitude taken in firing a rifle, he exclaimed “Russ”—then “bang” or some word for it. We were to understand this to mean a Russian had discharged his piece. Shielding his eyes with his hand, he looked as if to see the effect of his shot, finally shaking his head and gesticulating to show us the Russian had missed his object. These manœuvres he repeated as a Turk, and Frenchman firing, prefixing “Turcos” and “Français” in each case. But when he described in pantomime an Englishman shooting at a Russian, he fell on his back and closed his eyes to represent the fatal effect of the English bullet. It was a very grotesque performance, his mimicry and expression being capital, and we could not help laugh-

ing heartily at his sly way of trying to get a tip out of us. He succeeded.

On another occasion we took a much longer trip, following the road leading towards Bakshiserai, reaching after several hours riding a good sized village, the name of which has escaped my memory. A rather decent place of entertainment stood by the roadside, and this we entered and had our horses put up. In the common room were both French and Russian officers smoking and drinking together. The Russian officers were good looking fellows, all wearing the long great coat similar to that of the men, but having the insignia of their rank worked in gold on the collar and shoulder straps.

My chum suggested biscuit and cheese, washed down with London porter, bottles of which to our surprise we saw on a shelf, for we had come a long way, and both the nags and ourselves were in need of refreshment—the former we had already seen to. As the proprietor could speak a little French, we managed to make our wants known, and presently our lunch appeared on the table. We had finished one bottle and were engaged with our second, for we were both thirsty souls, when I noticed two Russian officers who sat at an adjoining table drinking porter also, but not as we were doing out of tumblers. Instead they used small wine glasses. I drew my chum's attention to this and we both thought it funny, until the bill was brought to us, when we found that we were charged an equivalent in English money to *twelve shillings and sixpence sterling a bottle* for the stout. We did not think it at all odd then that they drank it in wine glasses. In our own camp we bought the same article for one shilling a bottle. Out of curiosity we asked the price of a bottle of champagne and were told it was *forty-five francs* (\$9.00). We did not purchase any.

I translate into English the bill which we paid at this place for ourselves and horses.

½ lb. of cheese.	. . . . .	5	francs.
1 lb. of biscuit	: . . . .	6	"
2 bottles of porter.	. . . . .	30	"
Hay and oats for 2 horses—1 feed each.	8	8	"

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Total.	. . . . .	49	"
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or about \$9.75 Canadian money.

## CHAPTER XI.

Grand review of the whole of the Allied forces before the Russian General Luders. Russian band plays each day near Mackenzie farm. The sunken Black Sea Fleet in Sebastopol harbor. Removal of the siege guns to Balaklava for transportation home. Shot gathering. Farewell visits to the cemeteries. A curious epitaph.



FOR the benefit of our late adversary, General Luders, we had a special attraction during the month of April in the shape of a grand review of the whole of the Allied forces. It was a sight that the many lookers-on would never see in their lives again. A line of regiments of infantry, squadrons of cavalry, and batteries of field artillery, that stretched along for eight or nine miles, was certainly an uncommon and imposing spectacle. Of course, the Russian General was much pleased, at least he said so in a very complimentary speech.

Farewell rides over the old familiar routes, as well as visits to the north side, were now our principal recreation, as well as a health promoting exercise. Spring was advancing with rapid strides, bringing with it a very perceptible verdure over hill and plain, and the air was balmy and sweet.

Antagonisms were for the time apparently forgotten, if one might judge by the hospitality extended on both sides. A large Russian band composed of quite 150 or 160 performers played each fine afternoon not far from the old Mackenzie farm across from Inkerman, which became a favorite place of gathering for Russian, French

and British officers. Competent judges declared the selections were remarkably well rendered, and a pretty compliment was often paid us, when on the band playing "God Save the Queen," all the Russians present removed their headgear.

One afternoon, after a long ride through the Russian lines, I found myself above Fort Constantine overlooking the harbor. As I sat in my saddle I counted the sunken ships there—the once formidable Black Sea Fleet—the topmasts of which the rays of the then declining sun were gilding. In the outer line, that is from Fort Constantine across the mouth of the harbor, I counted seven line of battle ships, in the second row were five, next came a bridge of boats from Fort Nicholas to Fort St. Michael. Inside this again were nine more vessels, large and small, and further up lay, also submerged, several other craft near the north side. I counted in all twenty-nine sunken ships. The great bombardment had destroyed two of the fleet, but all these had been scuttled by the Russians themselves, when they evacuated the town, as a block against the entry of our ships. Besides these barriers, for additional security, large booms of heavy timber chained together extended between the vessels, but part of these I noticed had been disconnected and swung apart, the effect probably of our shot and shell.

Russian officers in our camps were a common feature now. Our solid, well built road to Balaklava, as well as the railway, appeared to excite their admiration greatly. Indeed the great benefit accruing from both was never felt in a greater degree than at this time, when the heavy siege guns, weighing two or three tons each, which had been taken out of the batteries, were being transported over it by the Artillery and Land Transport Corps.

Looking on at this work, so rapidly being executed, I could not help contrasting it with the Herculean task, it

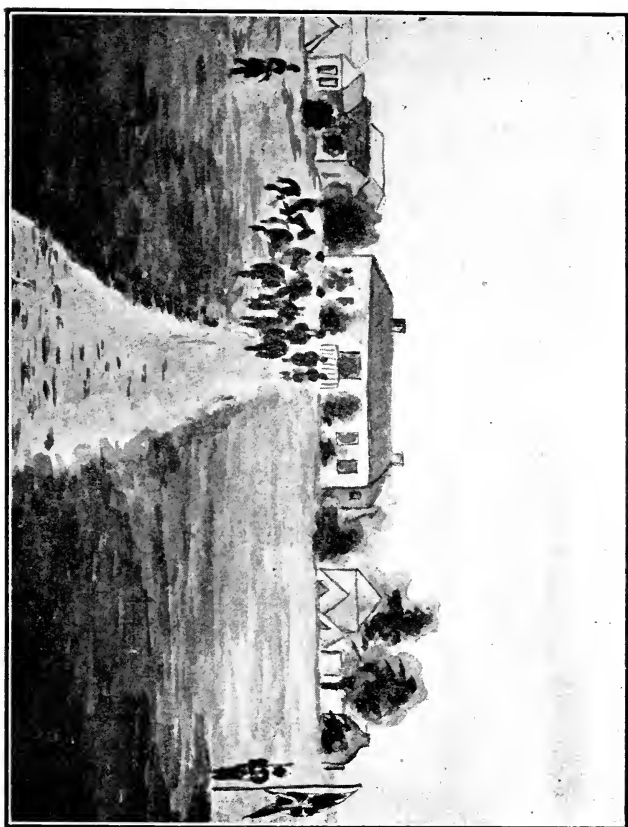
is recorded, the poor fellows had in 1854 in getting guns, munitions of war, etc., to the front. Then, men unsuitably clad and poorly fed, with horses and mules in such a wretched condition that they dropped by the wayside through weakness, struggled day after day dragging gun carriages heavily weighted down, and makeshift drays or carts through mud, slush and snow, often up to the hubs of the wheels.

Some idea may be arrived at of the magnitude of that task, when the fact is remembered that, in the winter of 1854, the armament in our batteries before Sebastopol was reported as consisting of thirty 13 inch mortars, seventeen 10 inch, and eight 8 inch, forty-nine 32 pounder guns, forty-six 8 pounders, eight 10 pounders, and eight 63 pounders, and that all these had to be dragged up hill for quite six miles, from Balaklava to the level on which the camps stood, before they could be taken down to the trenches. How this was accomplished under such adverse circumstances seems wonderful now, and stands out as a proof of what British pluck and perseverance will do.

At Kadakoi in full view of passers by, a smooth faced oblong stone was let into the rock on one side of the road, on which is engraved in deeply cut letters the following—"This road was made by the British Army assisted by the Army Works Corps under the direction of Mr. Doyne, C.E., 1855." Perhaps it remains unmolested to this day.

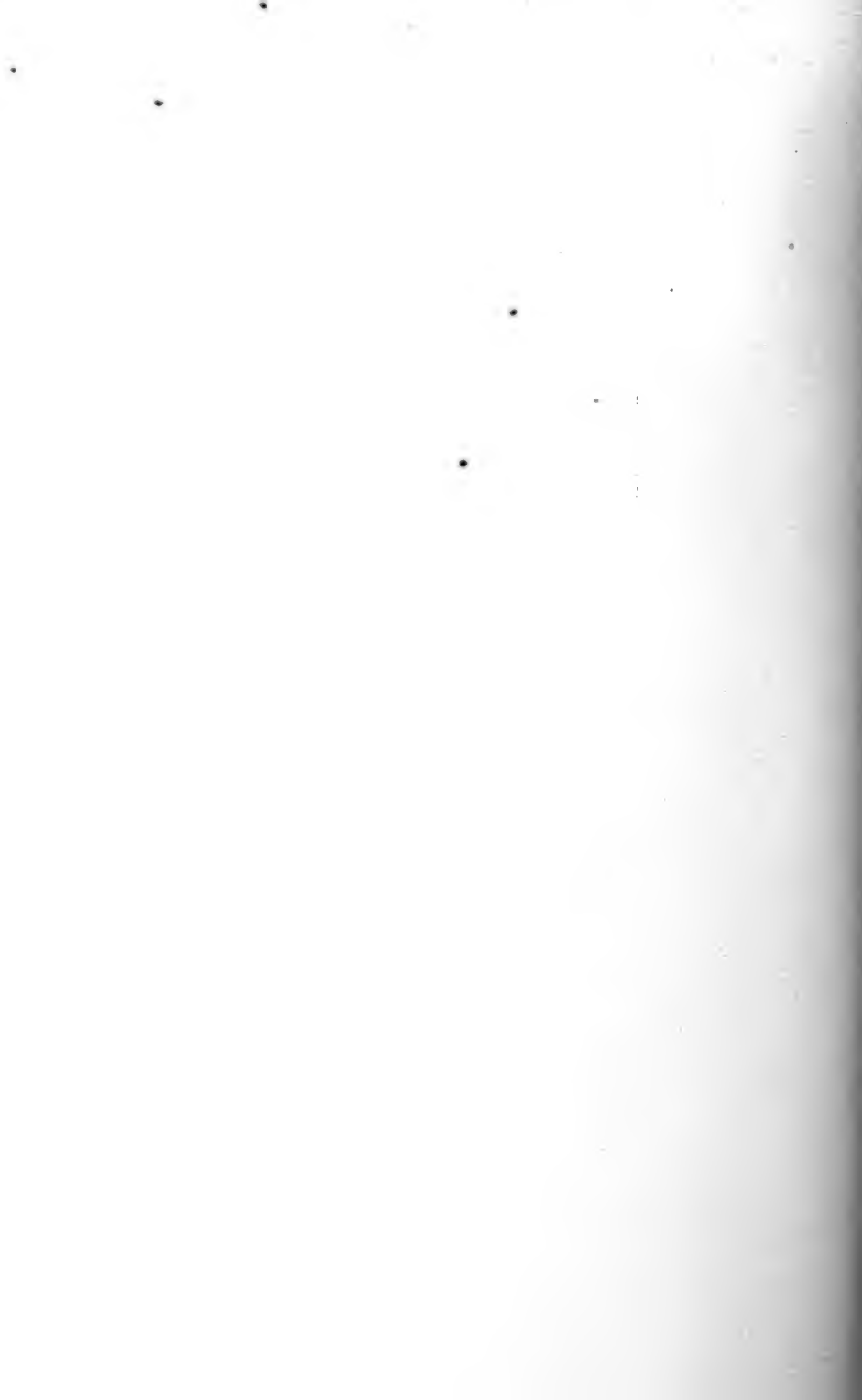
Picking up all the Russian shot and shell in rear of the French attack could not have been very thoroughly done. If it had, a bad accident would have been avoided, the result of which I accidentally witnessed. I had ridden over to Kamiesch one day, and while there, saw a sailor belonging to one of the vessels being carried down to the beach to be taken on board a man of war, "to have his wounds attended to" as a bystander informed me. On further inquiry, I learned that this man and his mate had





GENERAL SIMPSON'S HEAD QUARTERS.

*By permission of Illustrated London News.*



come on shore, on leave, to have a nearer look at Sebastopol, and on their way thither came across a thirteen inch shell. Rolling it over, they found it still full of powder, some of which spilled over the place. They then for amusement proceeded to make a "squib" (as boys call it) by damping a portion of the powder and forming it into a cone. This they set fire to, perfectly regardless of the still partly charged shell close by, with the result that the scattered grains were ignited, and reaching the shell instantly exploded it, shattering the leg of one of them, terribly lacerating the other leg and inflicting a bad wound on his head. The other man was not so severely injured, but received several nasty cuts. An officer of the Fleet told me afterwards that the Naval surgeon was obliged to amputate the shattered limb to save the man's life.

On my return journey to camp I passed by what was known as Headquarters, the little farm house occupied by General Codrington which Lord Raglan had selected for his quarters in 1854, and where he died. The small graveyard near attracted my attention, and fastening my pony I went in to look at the graves. There were several, but only two tombstones. One was placed to the memory of Major General I. Bucknall Estcourt, Adjutant General of the British Army, the other to a Mr. Catley who was interpreter on Lord Raglan's staff. Both had died of cholera in the previous summer. I had been told of another, Colonel Vico, a French gentleman who was attached to the Headquarters staff, who had died there also of cholera, but I saw no monument to his memory. Perhaps his body had been removed to one of the French cemeteries, or had been sent home to France.

Not very far from this spot and near where the Turkish camp once stood I passed a solitary grave. It was enclosed by a neat stone wall and on the white tombstone at the head I read the following: "Sacred to the memory of

Colonel Balfour Ogilby, who died July 12, 1855. This stone is erected as a mark of respect by his brother officers."

It seemed so sad; this lonely resting place of one who had so distinguished himself. He had taken service in the Turkish Army, and after brilliant exploits at Silistria and Eupatoria had returned with the Ottoman troops only to succumb to the same direful sickness which swept off so many gallant fellows who had escaped the showers of Russian bullets at Alma and Inkermann.

It was stipulated at the Peace Conference that the Allies were to vacate the Crimea within six months from the date of signing; but the preparations for leaving had progressed so favorably that now, in the middle of April, the authorities could reckon on a much less time being required. Many regiments had received orders to be ready to embark at a brief notice, the 63rd among the number. Getting rid of our ponies was a matter of difficulty, nobody wanting to buy them, and we could not take them with us. Luckily I managed to find a purchaser in the 14th Regiment for "Jack," but before sending him over to their camp I took a farewell ride to visit what it was hardly probable I should ever see again, the cemeteries of our dead. Alas! they numbered many thousand graves scattered over hill and plain, but whenever possible, interment had been made in one selected spot by each Division, for its own officers and men who fell. At Cathcart's Hill, the large burial ground of the 4th Division, where Sir George Cathcart himself was buried, a substantial wall of stones had been built all round, about five feet in height, having a neat entrance gate in the centre of the south side. Here lie Colonel Swyny, Major Harrison, Lieutenant Clutterbuck, Lieutenant Twysden, and many non-commissioned officers and men of the 63rd. The Light, 2nd, and 3rd Divisions also had each enclosed the squares that contained all that was mortal of their comrades, and, as at Cathcart's Hill, had

placed an inscription in Russian, asking that their graves might be respected. Numbers of monuments and tombstones, sent out by sorrowing relatives and friends in the "Old Country," had already been erected, to mark the last resting place of their loved ones, who died for the honor of that country so many miles away.

Many graves were nameless, but at most of them a white stone or a rude cross had been set in the earth. At the Malakoff there rose a huge mound which covered the ditch where were buried those gallant Frenchmen who lost their lives in the brilliant attack there on the 8th September, and at its head stands a high black cross of wood on which was painted, in white letters, the following inscription :

"Unis pour la victoire  
Réunis par la mort  
Du soldat c'est la gloire  
Du brave c'est le sort."

In front of the Redan, near the ditch at the salient angle, a beautiful white obelisk of stone is erected, bearing upon its sides the names of those who fell during the memorable assaults upon that formidable earthwork. At Inkermann I saw several monuments, among others, a handsome tablet to the Colonel and several of the officers of the 41st Regiment, who here died leading on their men in one of the bravest charges made during that never to be forgotten battle on the 5th November, 1854.

Near here also, the 30th Regiment suffered most that day, and a large enclosed space on the slope of a hill is studded with those little mounds, whose shape tells so plainly what lies beneath. A great number too, which are unmarked, are scattered over other portions of this historic ground.

At one place I had pointed out to me by my companion Bowles, one of our senior Lieutenants who was

riding with me, who had himself been in charge of a company that day at Inkermann, a hillock near which, he thought, must have been the spot where Twysden, a brother officer, cut in two by a cannon shot fell dead, and almost immediately after, Clutterbuck pierced by a dozen bullets, dropped, to rise no more, upon the Queen's Colour he was carrying, crimsoning it with his blood. Both these poor fellows lie interred on Cathcart's Hill.

The Naval Brigade had also enclosed their cemetery, which was situated near the Woronsoff road, in a ravine close by the little plain on which their camps were pitched. This contained many graves, to some of which were affixed tombstones, or tablets of planking, painted black or white, having on them the names of the officers or "bluejackets" that lay beneath. On one of these I read this inscription—"Erected to the memory of J. Tobin, who died of wounds received in action," and underneath was painted in small letters the following distich:

"I am anchored here below, with many of the Fleet,  
But once again, I shall set sail, our Admiral Christ to meet."

It is a singular fact in connection with this, that I saw the very same lines on a seaman's tombstone, in the Naval burying ground below Admiralty House in Halifax, some years before when a schoolboy—our old homestead being quite near there. The quaintness of the lines I had never forgotten and seeing them again in the Crimea, word for word, was naturally a surprise. Perhaps the verse is more commonly used by sailors as an appropriate epitaph over a shipmate's grave than I had imagined.\*

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Since writing the above I accidentally came upon the following paragraph in a Canadian paper, copied from an English one, in reference to the late destruction by fire of the Abbey of Selby in Yorkshire in which—strangely enough, this curious epitaph is mentioned.

There are two graveyards to be seen on the road leading from our camp to Balaklava, one of them belonging to the Army Works Corps, the other that of the Land Transport Corps, filled with monuments to their dead who perished through sickness. Another large cemetery I visited was that of the Brigade of Guards. It showed that much labor had been expended upon it and was without doubt the neatest of all those I had seen. The enclosing wall was very carefully built, and on entering the double gate (composed of wood and hoop iron painted, and hinged on two stone pillars, on each of which is placed a round shot), one sees just in front a tall stone cross mounted on blocks also of stone. On one face of these was engraved "Grenadier, Coldstreams, Fusilier Guards, A.D. 1856." On the reverse face is the following—"To the non-commissioned officers and men of the Brigade of Guards who fell in the Crimea, this

#### QUAINT VERSES ON TOMB OF MARINER.

The destruction by fire of the historic and beautiful Abbey of Selby not only deprives Yorkshire of its most perfect monastic church, but robs the country of a national relic of surpassing interest. Few churches possess the architectural interest of Selby Abbey. It owes its foundation in 1068 to William the Conqueror, whose son Henry, afterwards Henry I., is traditionally supposed to have been born in Selby.

One of the most curious epitaphs in the Abbey of Selby was in the reredos on the east side. It read:

"Tho' Boreas with his Blustering blasts,  
Has tos't me to and fro,  
Yet by the handiwork of God  
I'm here enclosed below.

"And in this Silent Bay I lie  
With many of our Fleet,  
Until the day that I set sail  
My Admiral Christ to meet.

"John Johnson, Master and Mariner, 1737."

Was this the original, I wonder?

F. H. D. V.

cross was erected by their surviving comrades, A.D. 1856." It contained over two hundred graves, a number having headstones and some simply of wood. Others were marked out with small stones whitened, with the initials in smaller ones of the poor fellow who lay beneath.

This was a sad round of visits, but one I felt constrained to make, in saying adieu to the scene of so much bloodshed, suffering and hardships, the remembrance of which, even the proud knowledge of victories gained can never wholly efface.



## CHAPTER XII.

The departure from the Crimea of the Sisters of Charity. Packing up the order of the day. Orders received for the Regiment's proceeding to Halifax. The march from Cathcart's Hill to Balaklava, and embarkation on the "Jura." The Regiment is transferred with the 62nd Regiment to the "Himalaya" at Malta. Water sports seen there. After short stoppage at Gibraltar Halifax is reached. An epidemic in grand balls soon after arrival. Bad news from Australia. The tragedy in my brother's regiment, the 40th Foot.



I have mentioned that the cemeteries had inscriptions placed on them in the Russian language asking that the graves might be respected; but what the Russians themselves thought of our having used two of their churches as storehouses I have not the means of knowing. The one at Kadakoi, about three miles from Balaklava, before my regiment left the Crimea, held large quantities of barley and other grain, and the other at Balaklava had, ever since the place fell into our hands, been utilized as a receptacle for medical stores.

An army chaplain at one time asked the Commander in Chief, so I was told, to allow him to have it to conduct the Sunday services for the troops in, but his request was not granted. However, he did succeed in getting a building, for with the aid of some good friends, he erected one which was used for a church all through the war.

I do not remember hearing since of the Russians resenting the use we made of these churches by any retaliatory measures, such as making hearthstones and fireplaces of our tombstones. Perhaps as we left them

many other good buildings and good roads, they condoned our offence. While in Balaklava, a short time before we marched from the front *en route* for Nova Scotia, I saw a number of Sisters of Charity being conveyed on board the steamship "Cleopatra." They were returning home. These estimable women, regardless of the sufferings and privations they themselves had to endure in such a climate, had been indefatigable throughout the war in their good work, and when the men on the wharves gave them a ringing cheer on their leaving, they meant it as expressing their heartiest thanks and appreciation of the unswerving devotion of these good Sisters to the sick and wounded among their comrades.

The time came when, as I could not take him with me, I had to say good-bye to my stout little nag "Jack," the companion of so many pleasant hours. I was glad to know afterwards "his lines had fallen in pleasant places," for his new owner became very much attached to him, and after a brief sojourn at Malta, took him to England, where, on account of his having been a Sebastopol pony, as well as for his many good qualities, he became a pet.

Packing up was the constant occupation now. We were only allowed a certain weight of baggage; but in addition to my clothing, camp bedstead and bedding and other articles I had brought from Dublin, I managed to take with me my riding saddle and bridle, and a lot of mementos of Sebastopol and the Redan. My pack saddle and all the paraphernalia pertaining thereto I left on the ground for anyone who found it to appropriate to his own use. I fancy many other officers did the same. We could not take them with us without sacrificing other things we valued more. I know lots of ponies were turned loose in the different camps, their owners not being able to do anything else with them. I suppose these were

all picked up by the sutlers and camp followers after we had gone.

When the order came that we were to proceed to Malta and thence to Halifax, it also stated that the regiment was to be reduced to a peace footing, and specified how many of each rank were to proceed with the colors. I was then the junior Lieutenant, and according to the regulations governing the strength of a regiment in time of peace, was just one below the number authorized, consequently, as the Adjutant informed me, I was debarred from going to Nova Scotia with the Regiment, and would be sent to the Depot. I was dismayed at this intelligence, for I naturally wanted to see my people again in Halifax, and in my dilemma I consulted the senior Major, who advised me to call upon General Garrett, then commanding our Division, and explain the circumstances and ask him to let me go. This I did, and was delighted to find he had no objection to granting my request, and the order for me to continue with the colors as a supernumerary was made out at once.

It was a lovely morning when we paraded for the last time on Cathcart's Hill, and took our farewell look at Sebastopol and the lines of fortification so familiar now to us all. Everybody was glad to leave the scene of that memorable siege which was so prolonged, and which cost so many valuable lives. We were among the first regiments to move away, and very hearty good-byes were said and cheers given, as we marched through the Division camps on our way down to Balaklava. Everything had been prepared beforehand, and no time was lost in getting on board the steamship "Jura," which was to take us to Malta. Many of my brother officers present at this embarking, had landed at Old Fort more than eighteen months before, when Alma was fought, and had passed two winters in the Crimea, while my stay had been

but half that time. Still I could enter very fully into their feeling of satisfaction, at seeing the shores of that dreary country fade gradually from view.

The passage across the Euxine was a smoother one than we had made ten months before, and within four days of the time of starting we dropped anchor in the Bosphorus. Here we remained sufficiently long to give all who wished it ample time to revisit Constantinople. I joined a party of four, and we strolled through the Bazaars, bought a few mementos, lunched at the *Hotel de L'Europe*, which was full of British and French officers, and came off to dinner on board the "trooper," at six o'clock, having had quite enough of the Silver City. The second visit had not for us the interest of the first, the gilt had worn off the gingerbread.

When we reached Malta, we learned that we were to be transferred to the troopship "Himalaya" and were to have the 62nd Regiment with us, as they, too, had been ordered to Halifax. I took the opportunity while here to go out one afternoon to Slima where a festival of some sort was being held—in whose honor I cannot now recall; but among other games I witnessed, there was one that created a vast deal of fun. A small vessel was drawn close to the beach with her bowsprit—stripped of sails and rigging—pointing outwards over the water. This was made very slippery with a plentiful coating of grease, and at its end, tied to a short upright staff, was a small flag. A pig was the prize to be given to anyone who walked or ran to the end of the spar, seized the flag and brought it to shore. There were some twenty contestants, active young fellows in bathing suits of various colors. All were capital swimmers and each, of course, was in his bare feet. The first to make a trial had not advanced a yard on the bowsprit before he tumbled head over heels into the water and the second followed with a like result.



GIBRALTAR.



[illegible]

The third made a quick run for two-thirds of the distance before coming to grief, and so in succession each had a try, but all failed to reach the flag, the spar was too slippery. Of course, during all this, a running fire of chaff greeted every competitor, and yells of derision invariably accompanied each downfall. I remember one little chap managed to preserve his footing nearly to the end, but on stretching out his hand to grasp the flag, while his admirers' plaudits were ringing in his ears, alas, defeat smote him and he pitched headlong into the water, leaving the tantalizing little bit of bunting still in its place. The large numbers of lookers on, both men and women, enjoyed this spectacle greatly, judging by the hearty peals of laughter. The water in the harbor of Malta, during the greater part of the year, is almost tepid, and one can remain in it for a long time without feeling chilly. This temperature is probably owing to there being no tides, and the effect of the sun's rays not being diminished by a daily influx of colder water, as it is on the Atlantic and other coasts.

At length the "Himalaya" put to sea, all for Halifax being safely on board. We touched at Gibraltar and stayed a day and a half to coal, advantage of which was taken by everyone who could, to spend as much time as possible on shore.

The town, situated on the sloping side of the big rock, is very neat and clean, with pretty dwelling houses and nice surroundings. The band of one of the regiments stationed there plays each afternoon on the Esplanade, and all the rank and fashion attend in their best bibs and tuckers. The Spanish ladies do not wear bonnets or use parasols, or dress in colors when walking in the street. From a high comb at the back of the head falls a long black lace veil, while as a protection against the sun they use a large fan, which they hold over the

head in a particularly graceful manner. The out of doors costume of the Maltese ladies is also black, although it seems a strange colour to choose for a climate where the sun beats down so fiercely almost every month in the year. They do not use parasols or sunshades either, at least I do not remember seeing such a thing being carried; but in lieu of such protection, a loose broad silk scarf is worn hood-fashion over the head. One cannot call the costume a becoming one.

I rode across the well known Neutral Ground into Spain one afternoon, and out to a little village called St. Roché. The road was very picturesque, and on either side of a portion of it I noticed in lieu of fences or walls bordering it, there grew a hedge of the giant cactus planted so closely together that it barred all access. Nothing could pass those terrible spines, either biped or quadruped, and the highway was transformed into a beautiful avenue.

From Gibraltar we came on towards our final destination. We had a very jolly mess, and, including the ship's officers, must have sat down to dinner close upon a hundred strong. The voyage across the Atlantic was uneventful, and in the beginning of June, a little over one month from the day we embarked in Balaklava harbor, we were made fast to one of the dockyard wharves at Halifax.

As soon as I could manage to get leave I went on shore, and walking up through the old familiar streets found myself after an absence of three years once more at home.

The town had altered little during my three years' absence. The 76th Regiment, who had been the guardians of the place during the late war, were still there when we arrived. After our disembarkation, their band and that of the Royal Artillery and Engineers played the 62nd



and ourselves to barracks. The good people of the city turned out in numbers, actuated I fancy a good deal by curiosity to see what we, just from the Crimea, looked like. I am afraid we did not present a very smart appearance for all our clothing was worn, discolored and shabby. We had no shakos to sport, and delapidated forage caps were strongly in evidence. As to clean pipeclayed belts and bright rifles, they were things we did not possess. Everyone had tried to present as respectable and soldierly an appearance as possible, but roughing it in the trenches had left these articles in such a state, it was well nigh impossible to make them presentable. However, shabby as we were, we were given a hearty welcome. The 62nd Regiment marched to the Citadel while my regiment was assigned to the old South Barracks.

The Halifax Hotel had been rented by the Government, for a time, to serve as officers' quarters. The 62nd mess was in the Citadel, and as many officers as could had rooms there too. The remainder were quartered with us at the Halifax Hotel. Pending some changes in the interior of this building, we were obliged for a short time to mess at the old Masons' Hall, afterwards using the large room at the "Halifax" for that purpose.

We had scarcely settled down when a grand ball was given by the old garrison to the new, followed by the Citizens' ball in our honor. This was a very large affair, very elaborately got up and capitally managed. The hospitality extended was profuse and unbounded. It appeared just then as if a perfect epidemic in balls had broken out, for shortly afterwards the 62nd Regiment gave their return one, and later we followed suit in a similar manner.

General Sir Gaspard Le Marchant was at this time both Lieutenant Governor and General Commanding the

Troops, and there were many pleasant functions at Government House, and as everybody in the new garrison was rapidly getting to know everybody else, dinners and dancing parties became of almost nightly occurrence.

As may be imagined there were numbers among us who were devotees of the cricket field, and a garrison cricket club sprang quickly into existence, while to the racquet court, under the care of an old veteran, Carney Woods by name, many new subscribers were added. Fishermen there were too, and as tackle of all kinds was procurable at Mr. John Symons' shop in Granville street, lovers of the gentle art had ample opportunities—when leave could be obtained—of gratifying their piscatorial inclinations by jaunts to Hubley's lake, Terrance Bay Runs, Chezetcook or Ponhook, for lake trout, while the more ambitious sportsman hied him to the Indian, Ingram or the Nine Mile River in quest of the lordly salmon.

Drill was now taken up in all earnestness, and the refitting of the men in new clothing—by no means before it was wanted—was undertaken as rapidly as possible, so that in a very short time our Regiment began to have a very much smarter appearance, than it had presented to the spectators who had witnessed our landing from the troopship.

We had been some months in Halifax, when, one morning, on taking up a newly arrived copy of the Army and Navy Gazette which lay on the ante-room table, I was very much shocked by reading a brief announcement of the serious wounding of my brother, then an Ensign in the 40th Regiment at Melbourne, Australia, by a brother officer who had suddenly become insane. No details whatever were given. This unhappy intelligence I had of course to carry home, and the fortnight which must elapse before we could receive additional news by mail from England was one of great anxiety to us all. The

time seemed as if it would never pass. The next mail, however, relieved our suspense. A paper was received from Australia, and in it, to our great joy, we read that my brother was favorably recovering from his wound.

The paper sent—the *Melbourne Herald*—gave the particulars of the tragedy in the 40th Regiment at the Prince's Barracks as follows:

"Ensign Pennefather, who had been on the sick list for some days, and was in consequence absent from the inspection of the regiment held, suddenly entered Ensign R. H. Vieth's room with a revolver. Mr. Vieth asked him whom he was going to shoot, and he replied "Wait until Lucas," another Ensign in the 40th, "comes in." Immediately afterwards he levelled the revolver at Mr. Vieth and fired, the ball taking effect in the lower part of the face of the latter, and issuing at the neck. Mr. Pennefather then rushed through to the back of the house, and meeting Ensign Lucas fired at him, and wounded him severely, also, in the jaw and neck. The unhappy maniac then called out 'Now for Macauley' (the Assistant Surgeon of the regiment), and rushing round to where that gentleman, who had only a short time previously sustained severe injuries by falling out of the window of the Royal Hotel, was sitting in an easy chair, shot him dead. He then looked round as if in search of another victim, and uttering a wild laugh, discharged the revolver at his own head, the contents of the barrel passing through the brain and shattering the skull. The unhappy man lingered for nine hours and then expired. A coroner's inquest was held the next day, and a verdict declaring that Ensign Pennefather had committed the fearful act under temporary insanity was returned. Nothing transpired at the inquest to lead to the conclusion that the deeds were done while the perpetrator was under the guidance of his proper reason. The remains of both

gentlemen were interred on the following Friday with the usual military observances. Ensigns R. H. Vieth and De N. Lucas are now progressing favorably to recovery."

We received shortly afterwards a letter from my brother himself, which gave a more detailed account than that published, some extracts from which may not be uninteresting. They were unable, he said, to account for Pennefather's derangement further than it was remembered that he had experienced a slight sunstroke a short time previously, and had acted queerly on occasions, so much so that Macauley, the Assistant Surgeon, whose life he took in his madness, had said to him jokingly one day—"See here Pennefather, if you don't keep yourself quiet and do as you are advised by your doctors to do, you'll find yourself sent up the Yarra Yarra some day." The lunatic asylum is built on a bank of this river. Perhaps the thought of going there preyed on his mind. Nobody really knew what had disturbed his reason, but the maniacal desire to take life came upon him very suddenly. He had hitherto given no indications of an absolutely unbalanced mind. My brother, Lucas, Macauley, and me, were all the greatest friends. On this fateful day the former had gone into his room as soon as parade was dismissed, and was in the act of taking off his uniform coat, when Pennefather appeared at the open door with the revolver in his hand—his question and the maniac's reply are correctly given in the newspaper account—and he then instantly thrust the revolver in my brother's face, the muzzle pressing against it. The feeling of cold iron against his cheek made him start back, and just then the trigger was pulled, the bullet entering the flesh just above the jawbone and traversed the cheek round to the back of the neck, where the surgeons found it protruding under the skin. The madman then rushed out shouting "Now for Lucas," whom he met at the

passage entrance, and instantly shot him through the mouth. Lucas fell in such a way that my brother who had not yet lost consciousness, and had heard Pennefather's cry of "Now for Macauley," could not open the door to give the alarm. Poor Macauley was temporarily a cripple. He had fallen with others at the theatre a short time before, when a portion of the gallery had given way (not from a window as described in the newspaper), and could not move without assistance, and was shot dead where he sat in the barrack square, and then the unfortunate madman took his own life.

The affair cast a gloom over the whole city of Melbourne. On the day of interment flags were hoisted half mast high, the shops in the street through which the funeral cortege passed were closed, while a vast number of the citizens, of all classes, followed the remains of the demented slayer and his victim to their graves in the Military Cemetery.

## CHAPTER XIII.

House of Assembly meets on 5th February, 1857. Vote of want of confidence moved by Hon. Mr. Johnston. Hon. Mr. Howe attacked for his letter in Morning Chronicle of 27th December, 1856 on "Railway Riots and Catholic Commentators." The "Foreign Legion." Interesting debates by leaders of the Government and Opposition. Extract from Hon. Doctor Tupper's speech on the principle of equal rights to all denominations. Cabinet censured for partiality. Extract from Hon. Mr. Howe's brilliant defence of the Government and himself. After a struggle of twelve days the Government is defeated and a new Ministry formed. Death of Archbishop Walsh.



E arrived in Halifax as I have before mentioned, in the month of June, and the Prorogation of the Provincial House of Parliament had taken place two months before, so it was not until the following February, when it again met, that an opportunity presented itself of my seeing it in session and listening to the debates.

At this particular time these were of more than ordinary importance, and were daily exciting the close attention of the community.

The Hon. Mr. Howe, that eminent statesman, long the idol of the people, was virtually the leader of the Liberal party, which was then in power, although the Hon. Mr. Young was nominally so (it was termed the "Young Administration"), while at the head of the Opposition stood the Hon. Mr. Johnston, a gentleman possessed of brilliant attainments, combined with a winning eloquence and political acumen of a very high order. Of Mr. Howe's intellectual capabilities it would

be absurdly superfluous for me to say a word here. All the world knows of his genius, his marvellous oratory and untiring energy.

Each of these political chiefs had singularly gifted lieutenants, distinguished in the body-guard of the former being Messrs. Young and Annand, while Dr. Tupper and Mr. Martin Wilkins most ably fought at Mr. Johnston's right hand. There were others who were clever speakers and sound debaters; but those I have mentioned were conspicuous during this brief session (it only lasted twelve days) in bearing the brunt of these grand political combats. It was not only a pleasure to sit and listen at such a time—it was an education.

I have said the debates were of more than ordinary interest; but there was not a word in the Speech from the Throne to incite them. That proposed no project objectionable to the Opposition, for it referred only to matters in connection with the railway, commercial interests at home and abroad, the customary assertion of the pronounced prosperity of the country and of brighter expectations in store for it. But it was because at the very commencement of this session of 1857, on the initial day in fact, the Honourable Mr. Johnston, the leader of the Opposition had proposed a vote of want of confidence in the Government. In Mr. Johnston's speech, which began the battle, his assault upon the Administration was made in very dignified language, laying bare all their reputed failings and shortcomings, and eloquently representing the grievances of the country and general dissatisfaction at the existing methods of conducting public affairs.

But before going further it is necessary I should recall certain matters that had been given due publicity by the press, and had engaged public attention during the latter place at the Gourlay shanties on the line of the railway part of the previous year. A drunken riot had taken place at the Gourlay shanties on the line of the railway

between Halifax and Windsor, among some Scotch Protestant and Irish Catholic workmen there employed. A man had been brutally handled by some of the Irishmen and there were other deplorable happenings there.

A fierce and unwise attack upon Catholics and Catholicism generally, appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* soon after. Mr. Howe himself—taunted, it was afterwards said, beyond his usual self-control—wrote a very outspoken letter on “Railway Riots and Catholic Commentators” and this gave such deep offence to the Catholic community that the matter was quickly taken up by the *Halifax Catholic*, and a very hot and useless controversy between that paper and the *Morning Chronicle* ensued.

Then again the Government was accused of gross partiality. It was asserted that a Mr. Condon, who was a Catholic, had been discharged from office for some political offence while a Protestant similarly guilty had been retained.

There was another matter, too, out of which much capital was made in the Opposition press against Mr. Howe, and that was the bringing to Halifax of about 150 men, mostly Irishmen, presumably to work on the railway, but in reality to be sent to join the Allied Forces before Sebastopol. They were called the “Foreign Legion.” Whether they would have been accepted by the British Government, and have been themselves willing to go I believe was by no means a certainty; but in any case it was too late to form this “Legion,” the time had gone by for such a purpose for the curtain was even then descending on the final scene of the war with Russia. Failure to procure employment when the scheme was abandoned caused a great deal of suffering among these men, and comments strongly condemnatory of Mr. Howe’s action were by no means wanting. One letter especially which appeared in a newspaper of the day, written by a



young lawyer, himself an Irish Catholic, boldly resented the shameful misleading of these men (as it stated) and denounced Mr. Howe and the Government in no uncertain terms.

Those, however, who knew Mr. Howe well, knew also that if any deception had been practiced on these men, it must have been done by his agents, unknown to him. He, himself, of all men, was above such treachery and deception as dragging them from their homes under such false pretenses as were alleged. Yet, as I before said, much political capital was made of it at the time. But to return to the debate.

The member for Annapolis (Mr. Johnston) was followed by Mr. Young, the nominal leader of the Government, in a speech remarkable for its force of argument and incisive sarcasm, and then Dr. Tupper next rose in his seat to address the House. He was at that time about thirty-five years of age and in the plenitude of health and intellectual vigor. Two years previously he had entered politics, boldly choosing for his initial campaign the County of Cumberland where Mr. Howe, who had represented it for some years, was again a candidate for election. In the most energetic manner Dr. Tupper had thrown himself into the fight and succeeded in defeating his powerful antagonist. But sixteen, however, of all the Conservative candidates besides himself were elected, and the Liberal party was returned to power with a majority of thirty-six, Mr. Howe accepting a constituency offered in Sydney.

Of Dr. Tupper's speech on this occasion one press notice runs thus: "He was eloquent, satirical, unmerciful. The faults of the ministry, their want of principle, their uncertainty, and weaknesses, were reviewed in a manner that demanded admiration. He reproached them with acts of injustice and error. Then impetuously reverting

to the existing religious discords and sectional quarrels, he spoke of the tolerance that was due to all dwellers in our land who held opinions and religious views differing from our own, and argued that the people were tired of these quarrels, and that their continuance could only result in perpetuating a state of affairs ruinous to the country. Dr. Tupper concluded his admirable oratorical effort in the following words:

'Sir. I have no wish to mingle in what a large portion of the country regards as a purely personal quarrel between an individual and his former friends; yet we cannot disguise the fact that a question has been raised in recent exciting newspaper discussions involving principles of religious and civil liberty. On the threshold of this discussion I have no hesitation in boldly asserting that as a dissenter, a Baptist and a Liberal I shall ever maintain the cardinal principle of civil and religious liberty—justice to all without respect to sect or creed. (Hear and cheers). And, sir, had I been in the House when a struggle took place against the undue ascendancy of the Church of England, I should have been found battling side by side with those who sought to uphold the principles and maintain the right of other denominations to exercise as large an amount of influence and consideration as was enjoyed by it. I deem it to be the duty of every good citizen to contend against the undue ascendancy of any man or class of men, whether Catholic or Protestant. The administration that entertains, or acts upon a contrary opinion requires that its supporters should ignore that fundamental principle of equal justice to all.'"

This speech received the sympathy of a number of members who sat to the right of the speaker, as after events proved. It was thought Mr. Howe would reply to it, but he remained silent. Others now on either side took up the cudgels. The Honourable Mr. Henry, who was

the Solicitor General at the time, with bold front fought as in duty bound for Mr. Howe and his other colleagues; but it was said that his defensive arguments lacked the force necessary to carry conviction with them, though he seemed very much in earnest and spoke with energy and at some length. Mr. Marshall, who had been the seconder of Mr. Johnston's resolution of want of confidence followed in a speech somewhat brief but telling.

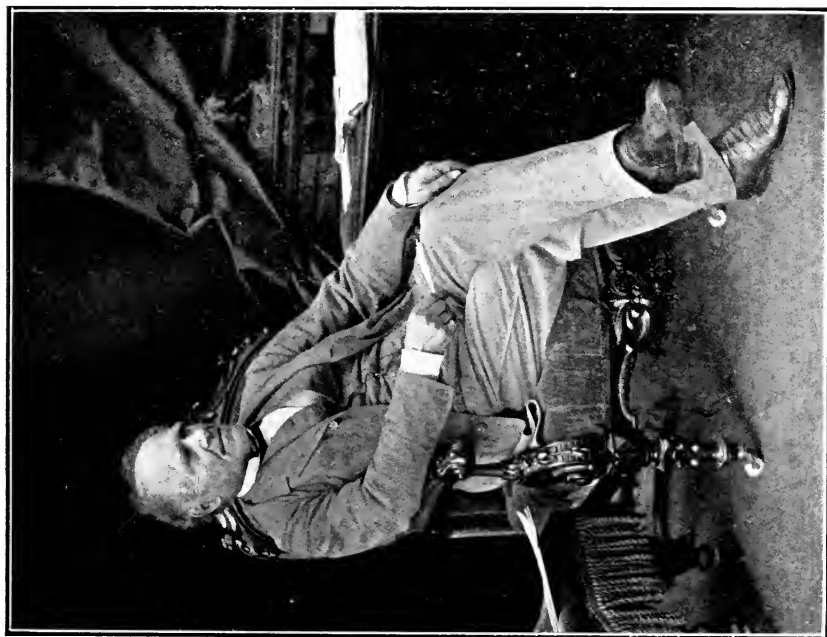
He severely attacked the Government on the score of dismissals and new nominations, ascribing the changes made to the religious views of the parties discharged. He charged them with gross partiality and bigotry, ending his attack on the cabinet with a reference to the Condon case, which I have before alluded to, in the following words:—"Do they seek to make us believe in their tolerance and honesty, when they send off a Catholic and keep in service a Protestant guilty of the same offence as Mr. Condon; more so when they honor the one and deprive the other of the means of gaining his living." And so the struggle went on for two days without one word from the great statesman himself in refutation of the many charges laid by the Opposition, but on the third day of this long continued debate, it was whispered about the city that Mr. Howe was going to speak that afternoon and long before the hour when the doors to the galleries were to open, a more than ordinary number of people could be seen hastening along the streets in the direction of the Province Building, eager to hear what they knew would be a marked display of eloquence when Mr. Howe made his address in defence of the administration and himself, and in this no one was disappointed.

When he first rose in his seat his face was paler than ordinarily, and although he smiled in his old manner as he glanced round the chamber he looked both weary and anxious. It would be no wonder if he were both, when

one remembered how for two long days now he had sat there, the target for all the stinging shafts of his political opponents, cognizant the while, as he must have been, of the rumour of disaffection in his own party's ranks. But in a moment his expression seemed to change to one of firm determination, as he drew himself up to his full height and faced the House. One hand was thrown across his chest, while the finger tips of the other rested on the desk before him—a favorite attitude of his. His voice when he began was low and scarcely audible, as if he were laboring under some strong emotion, but it gathered strength as he went on rapidly and smoothly with that command of language and charm of expression for which he was famous, and which on this occasion excelled itself. It was a mighty effort energetically sustained throughout and was acknowledged even by those who differed from him, as a masterpiece of elocution it was no small privilege to listen to.

In a little sketch like this, want of space makes it impossible to quote all the brilliant passages in the great orator's speech, but its peroration was so manly and independent that I cannot refrain from reproducing here a portion of it as recorded in the press reports.

"But, Mr. Speaker, I have seen so many dark days, and sunny ones too, in this country, days when I had not as many friends around me as at the present hour, and when my hold upon the affections and feelings of this people was not as strong as at the present moment. If the clouds should lower, and the storm burst, I shall meet the frowns of fortune with the same energy, firmness, and determination with which I have encountered every vicissitude in my political life.....through a long political life of thirty years, through a long Parliamentary career, I have been true to the friends with whom I started. The time may come, I say, when some of these



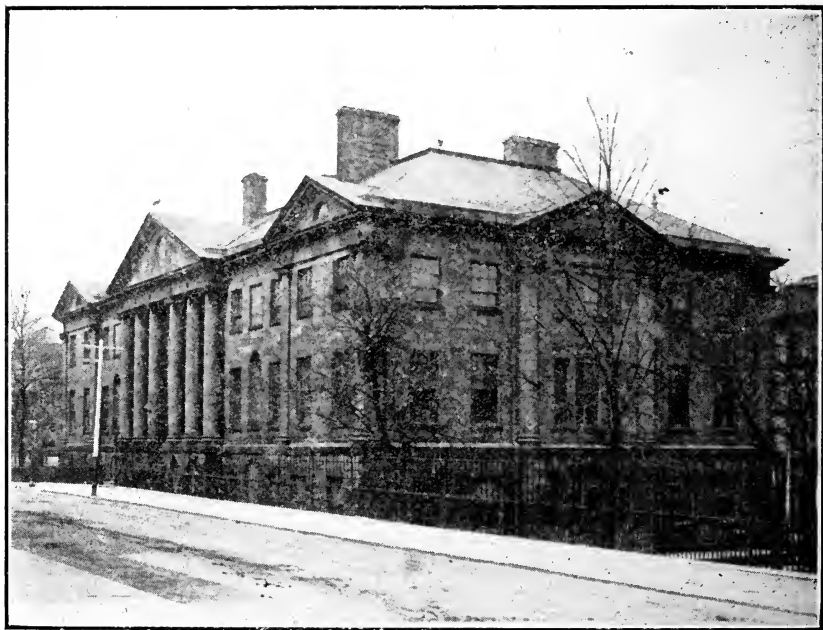
THE HONOURABLE JOSEPH HOWE.



THE HONOURABLE SIR CHARLES TUPPER, BART.  
— LATE PREMIER OF CANADA.



THE LATE ARCHBISHOP WALSH, HALIFAX.



PROVINCE BUILDING, HALIFAX.

friends may desert me, and their party—some may do it willingly, but others will do it most reluctantly. When the new administration is formed Mr. Howe's office will be at its disposal. He will take his seat on these benches an independent member, he will say that which he believes to be right. And, sir, all combinations which can be formed will never coerce or intimidate him, confident that the heart and soul of Nova Scotia is with him in this struggle."

The debate did not close here, nor for nine days following. But on the 17th February, the vote was taken and the Government was defeated by six votes, ten of its former supporters voting with the Opposition. Just a week later the House was called together and it was announced that the Hon. Mr. Johnston had been called upon to form a new administration, and its composition was made known.

In the new cabinet Doctor Tupper, now Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., was selected for the Provincial Secretaryship, the first of so many public offices which he has so ably held during a long and arduous political career.

In the summer of the year following that in which the scene in the "House," I have attempted to describe, took place, the whole community was saddened by the intelligence which reached the city in the early morning that a good man had been taken from his active labours in its midst. The Most Reverend Wm. Walsh, Archbishop of Halifax, had breathed his last at his country residence at the Dutch Village. I had not the honour of being personally known to his Grace; but the duty had often fallen to me of marching to and from St. Mary's Cathedral on Sunday morning the party of Roman Catholics of the regiment, and it had been my privilege on one occasion to listen to a sermon from him. I had heard more than one celebrated divine of my own denomination

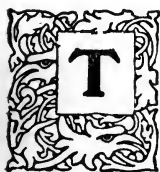
(Anglican) while I was in Dublin; but I do not think I was ever impressed in a greater degree with the eloquent earnestness of an address from the pulpit than I was when listening to this fervent dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church. The funeral, I remember, was an extremely large one, and besides the vast number of townspeople who attended, all the officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the garrison off duty who were of his faith—and many who were not—were present also to pay their last tribute of respect. Perhaps it may not be uninteresting to repeat here an article which appeared in the "Acadian Recorder" of the day—a Protestant paper—to show the esteem in which the dead prelate was held by those whose religious views differed materially from his own.

After the notice of his death the paper went on to say—"Intellectually Archbishop Walsh was without question above the average of men who are set apart in public estimation as the intellectual class. The versatility of his talents was something extraordinary and was perhaps his most remarkable characteristic. As a scholar he possessed rare attainments, he had a highly cultivated taste, both in literature and the arts, and possessed those other qualities which were calculated to make him an ornament to the social circle. He was an easy and fluent speaker, and a forcible writer, possessed a singularly ready and polished wit and a graceful affability of manner, qualities which made of him such a conversationalist as we have never seen, and do not expect to see, surpassed. He ever showed a warm interest in the prosperity of Halifax. The remains of the deceased prelate lay in state in St. Mary's Cathedral for days, and were visited by thousands of people. All Catholic places of business were closed and flags flying at half mast. The funeral was attended by an immense concourse of people."



## CHAPTER XIV.

Picnics and bonnet dances. Halifax's pretty girls. A peculiar meeting of three old soldiers. A moose hunting disaster. Garrison theatricals for Sothern's benefit.



THE Yacht Club was strongly in evidence during our first summer in Halifax, and not only were there many exciting races among the boats of the squadron, but for picnics to MacNabb's Island, to the Prince's Lodge, and other resorts, many of the well-kept yachts afforded enjoyable means of reaching these places. Sometimes, however, the sail home was not so expeditiously made as some of the chaperones would have liked, for during the summer months the prevailing wind in fine weather from the west has a tendency almost invariably to drop about sundown, and though to the young people it did not matter a whit when the home voyage ended so long as the companionship on board was pleasant and agreeable, still to be kept up until the "wee sma" hours, becalmed, and cooped up in a yacht was by no means an ending to the day's outing which the elder ladies of the party contemplated with enjoyment. However, in spite of a drawback of this kind, which was not of infrequent occurrence, the picnics were a great success.

Once a week at three o'clock in the afternoon a "bonnet dance" on board the Flag-Ship "Boscawen" in the harbor was given, which was always charming. An awning spread completely over the ship sheltered everyone from the sun, while on all sides beneath it the cool breeze off the water had free access, making the dances on deck vastly more agreeable than those in a heated ballroom

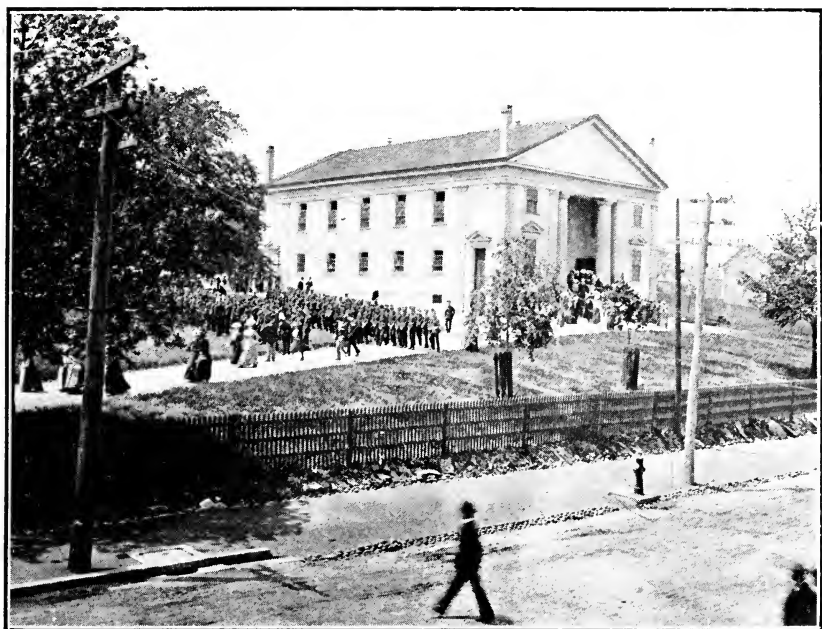
could possibly be. The popularity of these "bonnet hops," as they were familiarly called, was unbounded.

Halifax was always noted for its many pretty girls; but it is a well remembered fact that at the time of which I write, it brilliantly outshone itself in that respect. Indeed, I doubt if any city of its size, anywhere, could then have boasted of such a number.

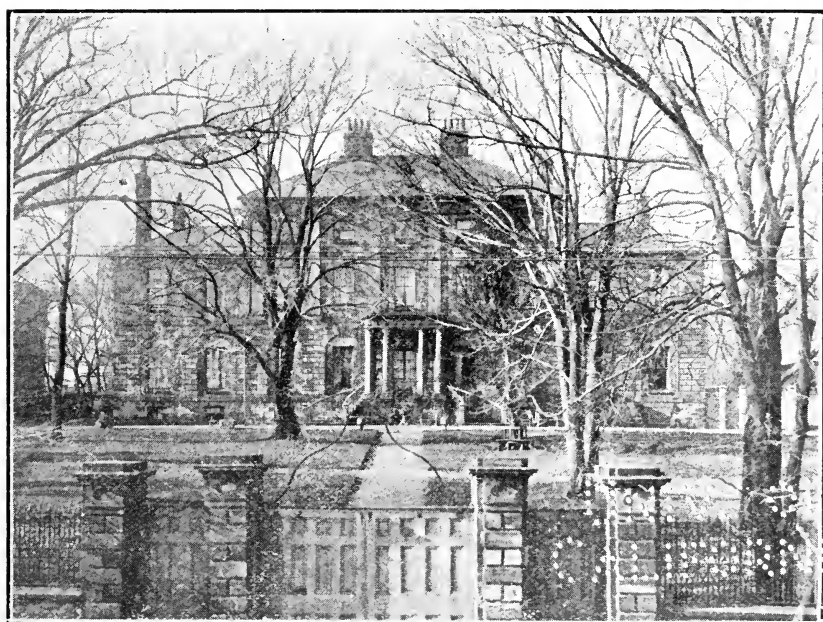
It is not uncommon to find in a family one to whom Dame Nature has bestowed higher gifts of form and feature than to her sisters; but it certainly is remarkably seldom one finds such a bevy of beautiful women as were the whole five daughters of Mr. Charles Hill, of the Naval Yard. One of these, Miss Grace, was at this time *the* acknowledged beauty, but she was closely followed in that respect by Miss Kate Pryor, Miss Bella Hume, Miss Libby McHeffy, Miss Sadie Wilkins, and others too numerous to name, who were all very pretty girls, so no wonder was it that a number of the new garrison, in addition to other admirers, found themselves hopelessly smitten.

But I must not forget to mention the kind hostesses who entertained largely and gave delightful parties. Prominent among these were Mrs. Edward (afterwards Lady) Kenny, Mrs. Andrew Uniacke, Mrs. Hugh Harts-horn, Mrs. Alexander Scott (then the Lady Mayoress), Mrs. Joseph Howe, wife of the great statesman, Mrs. Jas. Thompson, Mrs. James Tobin, Mrs. James Gray, Mrs. Jas. Merkel, Mrs. John Duffus, Mrs. Peter Scott (wife of Capt. Scott, R.N.), my mother and others who perhaps entertained on a smaller scale, but whose dances were nevertheless extremely pleasant.

To many of the sportsmen in the garrison moose calling and still hunting for both that animal and the caribou held out special attraction. Among the city residents, with the exception of Capt. Chearnley, a



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GOVERNMENT HOUSE, HALIFAX.

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retired officer of the 8th King's Regiment, Mr. George Piers, Messrs. Charles and Edward Stayner, Mr. James Moren, and a few others, there were not many who went in for big game hunting in those days. Capt. Chearnley had long established his reputation as a thorough all round sportsman, and beside his prowess in pursuit of moose and caribou, he was an excellent salmon fisher and devoted much time to the sport.

Mentioning him here recalls a peculiar incident that occurred one day in Granville Street, and one that rarely happens in the lives of military men. My father was standing talking to Major Rhynd, of the 62nd Regiment when Capt. Chearnley joined them, and in the course of conversation it transpired that when my father left the 8th Regiment to go on half pay Capt. Chearnley got his commission by the vacancy then ensuing, while on his (Chearnley's) retiring by the sale of his commission as Captain twenty years afterwards, Major Rhynd received his Ensigncy in the same regiment, and here were these three old 8th men, each having succeeded the other, meeting together in Halifax after so many years had elapsed.

Among the officers of the Garrison who were keen hunters, perhaps Capt. Hardy of the Artillery (now General Hardy) was one of the most noted. He was passionately fond of the wild life in the Nova Scotia woods, and wrote a capital book on the subject, which I think may yet be found in the Halifax Garrison Library and other similar institutions.

Lieut. Twiston of my regiment among others was greatly taken with winter hunting, and sad to say this led incidentally to his very lamentable and untimely death some four years after the time of which I am writing. He received a chill on his last expedition, due it was thought, to heedlessness of the danger of not at once removing damp clothing on returning to camp after being

overheated in hunting. Instead of laying by and muffling himself in blankets before a good fire, as the Indians advised, he, unwell as he was, imprudently persisted in going out after a moose the next day, with the result that he became worse. He managed to get back to Halifax and put himself under a doctor's care; but the mischief was too deeply seated to be got rid of; his lungs became affected and on advice of a medical board he was sent to England, where he died shortly afterwards of galloping consumption. Poor fellow, he was most popular in the regiment. A more generous, amiable disposition it would be impossible to find anywhere.

During the summer a theatrical company from New York played in the old Theatre Royal, Spring Gardens, under the management of Messrs. Isherwood and Stewart, and in the autumn amateur theatricals were started in the Garrison. There were a good many who were by no means strangers to histrionic art, and after a meeting was held, pieces to be played were chosen, and the parts distributed. The first presented was the "Poor Gentleman," followed by "Box and Cox Married and Settled." In the former Colonel Ingall of the 62nd was remarkably good in the part of *Young Rapid*. The character of *Frank Oatland* in the same play and that of *Mr. Box* in the farce falling to me. Both pieces ran smoothly and the proceeds were handed over to the several charitable societies in the city for distribution.

I recollect it was at a rehearsal that we were having one afternoon on the stage of the old Theatre Royal in Spring Gardens, that there appeared at the wings a stranger—a remarkably good looking man who stood looking on. Presently I remembered his face. He was the actor-manager who had been amusing us with his theatrical company all summer. His stage name was

then Douglas Stewart; but he really was Edward Askew Sothern, afterwards the famous personator of "*Lord Dundreary*" in the play of "Our American Cousin," which took both London and New York by storm.

This was my first meeting with him, and we became fast friends for many years. His wife, who was very pretty, and a clever actress, he had married in Jersey before coming to New York to go on the stage there. Her maiden name was Stewart and she was the niece of the Master of the Rolls, Mr. Lytton, in Dublin.

Sothern himself, was intended by his father for the medical profession, and was a student at King's College, London, when reverses of fortune befell the elder Sothern, a wealthy colliery proprietor and ship owner at Liverpool. The loss of his money and property was followed by his death shortly afterwards, and the son, finding his prospects completely shattered and having a great talent for the stage, resolved to adopt it as a profession. His friends had induced both Charles Kean and Charles Mathews to see him perform, and their opinion of his acting was so promising that he determined to go to America and there make his professional essay upon the boards. Before leaving England, however, in 1852 Miss Stewart and he were married. Sothern told me himself it was a "moon-light flitting," and the young couple reached Boston with anything but a plethoric pocket book, to make their fortunes as they hoped on the American stage. His first engagement was at the old National Theatre in Haymarket Square, Boston, at a few dollars a week. The play was the "Heir at Law," and he failed signally in the part of *Doctor Pangloss*. However, the elder Wallack befriended him and he came to New York, playing at Wallacks and Laura Keane's Theatre. Here better luck came to him, and at the time I met him in Halifax both he and Mrs. Sothern were in receipt of good salaries.

While on the subject of theatricals, I may mention that under Sothern the old Theatre Royal at Spring Gardens was refitted and improved, both externally and internally, and during the spring of 1858 Garrison amateur theatricals under distinguished patronage came off with great *éclat*. These were got up as a complimentary benefit for Sothern, whose winter ventures in running a theatre had not been anything like as successful as his summer seasons had. He retained Miss Sara Stevens, an accomplished actress, to take part with us (as well as his wife) when the remainder of his company went back to New York, and personally undertook the whole management, saving us an infinity of trouble.

I subjoin the names of the plays and the players from some old memoranda :

On Monday evening, 15th March, 1858, was performed at Sothern's Lyceum Spring Gardens, Halifax, under the Patronage of His Excellency the Earl of Mulgrave,

#### THE CONJUGAL LESSON.

Mr. Lullaby. . . . .	Lieut. Col. Bathurst, A.D.C.
Mrs. Lullaby . . . . .	Mr. Hume, 62nd Regiment.

after which

#### THE HEIR AT LAW.

Lord Duberley . . . .	Col. Ingall, 62nd Regiment.
Dick Dowlas . . . .	Lieut. Hume, 62nd Regiment.
Steadfast . . . . .	Lieut. Bruce, 63rd Regiment.
Dr. Pangloss . . . .	Mr. Sothern.
Henry Moreland. . .	Lieut. Fluder, 63rd Regiment.
Zekiel Homespun . .	Lieut. Vieth, 63rd Regiment.
Kenrick . . . . .	Lieut. Duncan, R.A.
Lady Duberley . . .	Lieut. Griffiths, 63rd Regiment.
Caroline Dormer. . .	Miss Sara Stevens.
Cicely Homespun. . .	Mrs. Sothern.



On Thursday, 18th March, 1858, was performed under the Patronage of Major General Trolloppe,

THE LOAN OF A LOVER.

Captain Amersfort . . .	Capt. Hardy, R.A.
Peter Spyk. . . . .	Lieut Vieth, 63rd Regiment.
Swyzel . . . . .	Col. Ingall, 62nd Regiment.
Delve. . . . .	Lieut. Twiston, 63rd Regiment.
Gertrude. . . . .	Lieut. Hume, 62nd Regiment.
Ernestine. . . . .	Lieut. Sergeant, 62nd Regiment.

after which

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

Alfred Highflyer . . .	Lieut. Vieth, 63rd Regiment.
Sir Mark Chase . . .	Col. Ingall, 62nd Regiment.
Mr. Shelbourne. . . .	Lieut. L'Estrange, R.A.

(I have no memoranda of the others taking part).

On Monday evening, 22nd March, 1858, was performed,

USED UP.

Sir Chas. Coldstream .	Lieut. Vieth, 63rd Regiment.
Sir Adonis Leech . . .	Col. Bathurst, A.D.C.
Hon. Mr. Tom Saville.	Lieut. L'Estrange, R.A.
Wurzel . . . . .	Lieut. Twiston, 63rd Regiment.
Ironbrace. . . . .	Col. Ingall, 62nd Regiment.
Fennel. . . . .	Lieut. Fluder, 63rd Regiment.
James. . . . .	Lieut. Ramsbottom, 63rd Regiment.
Lady Clutterbuck. . .	Lieut. Hume, 62nd Regiment.
Mary Wurzel . . . .	Mrs. Sothern.

after which

A MORNING CALL.

Sir Edward Ardent. .	Mr. Sothern.
Mrs. Chillington. . .	Mrs. Sothern.

concluding with

URGENT PRIVATE AFFAIRS.

(No memorandum of the cast.)

On the 5th April, 1858, was performed

THE CAPTAIN OF THE WATCH.

Captain of the Watch.	Mr. Sothern.
Adolph de Courtray. . .	Lieut. Vieth, 63rd Regiment.
Baron Vanderpotter. . .	Lieut. Bruce, 63rd Regiment.
Officer of the Watch. . .	Lieut. Griffiths, 63rd Regiment.
Christina. . . . .	Miss Sara Stevens.
Katryn. . . . .	Mrs. Sothern.

followed by

TO PARIS AND BACK FOR FIVE POUNDS.

Samuel Snuzzle . . .	Lieut. Hume, 62nd Regiment.
Charles Markham. . .	Lieut. Vieth, 63rd Regiment.
Spriggins. . . . .	Lieut. Bruce, 63rd Regiment.
Superintendent. . .	Lieut. Ramsbottom, 63rd Regiment.
Lieut. Spike. . . . .	Lieut. Griffiths, 63rd Regiment.
Joseph . . . . .	Lieut. Lynes, R.A.
Sally Spriggins . . .	Mrs. Sothern.

after which was repeated

THE MORNING CALL.

the whole concluding with

BOMBASTES FURIOSO.

Artaxomines. . . . .	Lieut. Vietn, 63rd Regiment.
Bombastes . . . . .	Lieut. Hume, 62nd Regiment.
Fusbos. . . . .	Lieut. Lynes, R.A.
Distaffina. . . . .	Miss Sara Stevens.

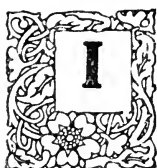
The newspapers spoke very highly of these performances, and a fair sum of money was netted by Mr. Sothern which recouped him of much of the loss he had sustained by his unprofitable winter season.

The fact regarding the matter was that the old

Theatre Royal, originally a barn, which Sothern had converted into what he called his "Lyceum" could not in severe weather during winter be kept comfortable, no matter how much fuel was expended, and people would not pay, as they said, "to be frozen." The receipts on account of lack of patronage dwindled down until at last his company, which by the way was a good one, had to be paid from other sources than the admission fees, so instead of making money he found he had a considerable sum on the wrong side of the balance sheet when he closed.

## CHAPTER XV.

More Garrison theatricals. Behind the scenes. An actor's troubles. Practical joking by Sothern and Raymond. Mr. Buggin's audacity. Men of War sailors enjoy themselves at the play. A Macbeth of the old school. An uncomfortable stage experience.



find I have omitted mentioning a performance of the Garrison Thespians which took place the year before those I have shown in detail were given. It was in aid of some charitable object, and the amateurs on the occasion received valuable aid from a portion of Sothern's company. One of the pieces selected was the "Rivals," Sothern taking *Bob Acres*, Mrs. Sothern *Mrs. Malaprop* and Miss Mestayer *Lydia Languish*. I was cast for *Falkland*, but after reading it over I took a great dislike to the part and declined it. Lieut. Duncan of the Artillery was then pressed into accepting it in my place, and *Fag* was offered me which I played. The afterpiece was the farce of the "Thumping Legacy" in which Mrs. Sothern acted *Rosetta* very prettily and Lieut. Hume of the 62nd Regiment (he was a nephew of the celebrated English financier of that name) made his first appearance. He suffered terribly from stage fright, but managed to get through his part without any hitches.

But in the first piece (the "Rivals") occurred an amusing incident that certainly had the charm of novelty. Major ——— of the 62nd Regiment was the *Captain Absolute*. He was very near sighted and invariably wore a monocle. Some said he slept with it on. However, though I cannot vouch for that, I can for his bathing and swimming with it fixed in his eye. Nothing anyone could say would

induce him to abandon it for his performance of *Captain Absolute*, and so that character was seen for the first time adorned with that modern article. But that was not all. When he first entered upon the stage he observed some ladies in one of the private boxes that he knew, and instead of speaking the lines laid down in his part he bowed smilingly to these ladies, saying—"Ah, how de do," quite audibly. We on the stage looked aghast at one another, and the whole audience tittered, but quite unmoved he then went on with his proper speech. Sothern who was standing at the wings went off into convulsions of inaudible laughter. He thought it, he said, by long odds the most funny and extraordinary entrance any *Captain Absolute* ever made on any stage.

I have already said in a previous chapter how great my liking for the stage was, and all pertaining to it. I seldom tired of seeing acting, never of taking part in it. I suppose it was what the immortal Tony Weller called "a amiable weakness." Just as some men of my acquaintance became wedded to cricket, raquets, billiards, cards or racing, all of which I cared not a jot for, so I fell in love with things theatrical. Possessed of a very retentive memory, the study of parts was no trouble at all, and I may here make confession that on many occasions, quite unknown to any but the members of Sothern's company I undertook different characters simply for practice and amusement. Always appearing under an assumed name and with the aid of stage paint, and other accessories successfully eluding detection, although on more than one occasion I narrowly escaped discovery.

In this furtive way I gained a deal of knowledge of how plays are put upon the professional stage, of professional rehearsals, professional stage management and of the many small matters indescribable here, which go to make up a play as the public finally sees it.

It is a curious place behind the scenes and many funny things happen during a performance that the public knows not of. For instance, on the occasion when the Garrison Amateurs performed "A Roland for an Oliver," I played *Alfred Highflyer*, as I have already said—a rather long and somewhat difficult part—and at one time while alone on the stage my mind suddenly became a blank. For the life of me I could not remember what next I should say. In deplorable mental confusion I talked on, saying I know not what, but most certainly not the author's words, and finally got over to the prompter's side. Sothern was prompter that night and to my horror I saw that the prompt book was lying on the floor where it had fallen, and he and Sara Stevens, Mrs. Sothern and others standing there were regaling themselves from a basket of pound cake that somebody had brought up. Sothern was holding a piece in each hand and his mouth was full, and when I nodded to him to prompt, he was powerless. I shall not easily forget my agony at seeing him, instead of relieving my distress, coolly gesticulating his inability to help me until he had gulped down the mouthful he was eating, and his wife and Miss Stevens looking at me shaking with laughter. I turned away in sheer despair and walked up the stage when, as if by inspiration, back to my memory came the words I had forgotten, and with a glorious sense of relief I went on and saved myself from an ignominious *stick*.

I was terribly put out at being thus left in the lurch, but one could not be angry with Sothern long, and it ended in a good laugh at the incident. I remember he was sometimes very passionate over little mistakes on the amateur stage, and again I have seen him most lenient when he might justly have been angry with professionals. I mean during performances. During the play of "The Heir at Law," while he as *Doctor Pangloss* and Hume of

the 62nd as *Dick Dowlas* were on the stage alone, he hesitated for a second in continuing the dialogue; but poor Hume who was then a very green beginner, suffering probably from intense excitement at the time, felt hopelessly embarrassed at the pause, the briefest of the brief though it was, and audibly said to Sothern, "go on." He did go on, but when he "came off" he was in a perfect boiling rage and said that he had a good mind to refuse continuing the performance, that he had never received such a public insult on the stage before, etc. However we got Hume to make an ample apology and the matter ended.

Again, I was present behind the scenes when an actor named Hotto, young in years and in acting, blundered terribly and really spoiled one of Sothern's best scenes in the play. I expected certainly when it was ended to see Hotto "catch it." But when Sothern went up to him on the drop of the curtain, to my surprise and amusement, he only said to the inexperienced offender, "I could say a great deal Hotto about the way you ruined my scene, but I won't. I can only say Hotto I don't know whether or not the Almighty had any definite object in view when you were created; but you certainly didn't *h'ought to* have been an actor." That was all. John Raymond, afterwards so celebrated as *Colonel Sellers* in the "*Gilded Age*," was the low comedian of the company at this time, and he and Sothern were unrestrainable practical jokers. They spared no one, even the reserved, sedate Mr. Isherwood, one of the old school of tragedians, coming in for his share. Isherwood was a man who had a very high opinion of his own abilities and importance, and this was quite enough to egg Sothern and Raymond on.

There was a lad who was employed about the theatre whose real name I do not remember, but Sothern always addressed him as *Buggins*. His particular business was errand boy, and he carried to and from the theatre each

evening the baskets containing such articles of stage wardrobe as Mr. and Mrs. Sothern required for the performances in which they took part. *Buggins* was a sharp fellow, much attached to the stage and its belongings, and an adept in imitating the actors. Sometimes when the management was short of supers he had a chance of representing a gipsy, a brigand, or it might be a servant in livery, who was not called upon to speak. His ambition, however, was to have something to say when on the stage, and he made many requests to have this privilege accorded him.

The opportunity came once, and only once, and then without the sanction of the stage manager. How it was arranged I do not know, but I am certain that both Sothern and Raymond were in the plot. One night in the course of a scene in "The Wife, a Tale of Mantua," Isherwood in those deep sepulchral tones for which he was noted said to the servant (*Buggins*, of course, in appropriate costume) "Tell the Duke I will wait upon him presently." The servant should have simply bowed and gone out, but *Buggins*, to the tragedian's amazement and indignation, struck an attitude at the wing previous to his exit, and in a voice wonderfully imitative of Isherwood delivered himself of the following quotation from the "Honey-moon":

"The man who lays his hand upon a woman  
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch  
Whom it were gross flattery to name a coward."

The audience roared, and so did the performers behind the scenes; but Isherwood started across the stage after him. *Buggins* escaped, however, and was seen no more that night. The play proceeded all right, and Mrs. Sothern and Miss Stevens were, I believe, the means of procuring afterwards a pardon for the boy from the tragedian, who was a good natured fellow at heart. I think



he was given a hint who were really responsible for *Buggin's* audacious and unwarrantable interpolation.

"Johnny Raymond," as he was familiarly called, sang comic songs in an irresistibly funny way. Many old theatre goers in Halifax will no doubt remember it. One in particular that he was called upon to sing, night after night, was the "Flaming O'Flanigans." It took the gallery by storm, and for months afterwards every boy in the street was whistling or singing the refrain, which ran in this way :

"Whack! that was the way of the Flaming O'Flanigans,  
And I'm the first illigant boy of that name,  
Kissin 'and courtin' and fillin' the can agin,  
Fightin' or thdrinkin' 'twas always the same."

He had a very comical face, what ladies would call decidedly plain; but his "face was his fortune," to quote the old line. One of his humorous sayings, I remember, was that he devoutly wished he had been born rich instead of *handsome*, and his manner and expression at the time produced invariably a ripple of laughter.

Thirty years after my first acquaintance with him in Halifax, I met him in Ottawa. He was then at the top of the theatrical tree, "starring" with his own company, and had made a large sum of money, which was well invested. Sothorn I never saw again after he left Halifax; but all the world knows how famous he became.

I remember a very old scene in the theatre once, on the occasion of Raymond's benefit. It had rained heavily all day, but that by no means prevented a large party of blue jackets of the Flag Ship "Indus" from coming on shore on leave. They roamed about town spending their money as sailors are wont to do—freely—and getting very wet, both out side and in. A considerable number of them, probably fifty or sixty, came to see the performance in the

evening, and completely filled the front of the gallery, where they made themselves comfortable by taking off their wet over shirts and hanging them over the rail to dry. They attracted the attention of the audience by their absurd antics quite as much as the acting did on the stage. Two or three who came after the gallery was filled, took reserved seats near the orchestra and became objects for chaff and humorous remarks from their friends among the "gods." One of the latter who had discovered a chum sitting in one of the best seat downstairs, called out to him while the curtain was down between the acts—

"I say Bill—Bill Jenkins."

"Hulloa!" impatiently replied his friend, turning round.

"I say Bill," he continued, "what are you doin' down among the swells, eh? You're a *h'epicure*—you are," and Bill stood up in his seat and ejaculated angrily (I omit sundry adjectives)—

"And you're a——fool you are. What are ye callin' me names for?"

Upon which Bill was quickly visited by a policeman, but on promising to be silent was allowed to remain where he was.

Others of the party had managed to secure seats just beneath the gallery, and these their friends above frequently regaled from bottles which they lowered down by a cord to them. As soon as the act drop fell, out came the bottles, which one saw raised in every direction. They were certainly enjoying themselves after their own peculiar fashion. But this I will say that while the performers were speaking, they behaved in an orderly way and made no disturbance. But it was a night long to be remembered by *habitués* of "Sothorn's Lyceum."

One more reminiscence of Isherwood is too good to omit recalling. On a night when the latter had a benefit

he appeared as *Macbeth* in the tragedy of that name, with Sothern as *Macduff*. Isherwood was an actor of the old school, having the utmost veneration for the original and uncorrupted Shakespeare text. Nothing must be changed with him, not even the spelling of a word, and the text had to be given as printed in 1623. Even the so-called business of the play he would have done in no other way than that of the old performers. In the death scene on this occasion this queer incident occurred. I was behind the scenes at the time and witnessed it all. Isherwood's *Macbeth* (after the old masters) would not die on receiving the first stab, and as he lay on the stage writhing and wriggling about I heard Sothern say to him *sotto voce* "Die! die! for heavens sake die!" then another stab—"Why don't you die?" To this Isherwood replied after a half dozen more stabs, almost loud enough for the audience to hear "I'm d—d if I am going to murder Shakespeare," and it took two or three more to finish him.

I have mentioned the disagreeable predicament one finds oneself in, on the stage, when every ghost of a word of the author's lines suddenly vanishes, and the memory becomes a perfect blank. I was chatting about this one day in St. John with a Mr. Fuller, an old retired actor living in that city, and I asked him if, in his long experience, such a mishap as a sudden and complete though temporary loss of memory while he was acting had ever befallen him. "Yes," he replied, "I have, and seen it happen to others as well. Sometimes it will occur from nervousness and of course from want of study, sometimes from over study and then again from no explainable reason whatever. Now the latter was my case on one occasion when I was fulfilling an engagement at the Theatre Royal in Dublin. The story is an amusing one and I must tell it to you even if the laugh is against myself. The regular prompter of this theatre was one, Barney

Ryan, a witty old fellow, always full of fun and as fond of a joke as I believe every Irishman is. On the night it happened, my part was one I had often played before and our company were also so well up in the piece that we had cut out rehearsals of it as being unnecessary. All went well until in one scene when I was alone on the stage my memory failed me. I glanced at Barney for help; but there he sat half dozing with the prompt book closed and lying on the little shelf in front of him, evidently never expecting to be called upon to prompt in a piece that we had all at our finger ends, so to speak, from repetition. I went over and in an undertone inaudible to the audience said "Barney for heaven's sake give me the word, I'm stuck!" To my horror he coolly reached for the prompt book and placing it on his knee, wet his thumb with a lick of his tongue and began pushing over the leaves, saying at the same time in his rich Irish brogue—"The word is it? Certainly me boy. *What word will I give ye?*" Luckily one of the other actors came quickly on the stage and going on with his part prevented a hitch."

Sothorn really tried very hard to please the theatre-going people of Halifax. Personally he was a great favorite, and I think his audiences liked him better in light comedy parts than in many he was called upon to perform in pieces commonly known as "heavy." He was extremely versatile, and appeared in characters as widely different as *Hamlet* and the *Kinchin*. However, I think he was seen at his best in *Charles Courtley* in "London Assurance," *Captain Walter Maidenblush* in "The Little Treasure"—a part he afterwards delighted London with at the Haymarket when Ellen Terry played the role of *Gertrude*, *Modus* in "The Hunchback," *Sir Edward Ardent* in "The Morning Call," *Sir Charles Coldstream* in "Used Up," *Charles Surface* in "School for Scandal" and others of a like calibre. I have seen him play *Meg Merrilies* in



E. A. SOTHERN AS "LORD DUNDREARY."



JOHN T. RAYMOND AS "COLONEL SELLER."





SARAH STEVENS



AGNES ROBERTSON.

"Guy Mannering," a character made famous by Charlotte Cushman, and play it wonderfully well, with a "make up" that was excellent. He was immensely funny as the *Kinchin* in "Flowers of the Forest," as the *Crushed Tragedian* in the "Little Actress," and as *Mr. Pillicoddy* in "Poor Pillicoddy," while perhaps his best performance in a serious part in those days was *Julien St. Pierre* in "The Wife—a Tale of Mantua." His acting in that was very finished, as indeed, when one comes to think of it, it was in every character he undertook.

Sothorn brought with him good stock companies each season to Halifax, in which Raymond, Stoddard and Miss Sara Stevens were always members, and he induced Jefferson and Miss Agnes Robertson (Mrs. Dion Boucicault) to come from New York also to play engagements for a time. Jefferson was immense as *Doctor Ollapod* in the old comedy of "The Poor Gentleman," as well as in many mirth-provoking farces such as "The Spectre Bridegroom," "The Conjugal Lesson," "Lend Me Five Shillings," etc., while Miss Agnes Robertson charmed every one by her acting in "The Little Actress," "Asmodeus," and the many other parts which formed her repertoire.

During another season the celebrated Miss Matilda Heron came to play and appeared as *Camille*, *Iphigenia*, *Lady Gay Spanker* in "London Assurance" and in various other characters. She was a most talented actress. Sara Stevens, too, was very clever, and pretty Mrs. Sothorn, always a favorite, was graceful and pleasing at all times.

I must not omit mention of "Our American Cousin" being also put on in Halifax with Jefferson, Sothorn and Mrs. Allen, who were all in the original cast at Laura Keen's Theatre, New York, playing in it. Jefferson as *Asa Trenchard* was worth walking a dozen miles to see, and everybody knows how Sothorn as *Lord Dundreary* took the theatre-going world by storm.

There were others, too, besides those I have mentioned who figured on the boards at "Sothorn's Lyceum" in those days who have made their mark. Selwyn, who was both actor and scene painter then, has since risen to fame as a scenic artist. He was a very fair actor and possessed of a singularly quick study. Sothorn told me that one afternoon in three hours Selwyn committed to memory the extremely long part of *Volage* in the "Marble Heart," perfectly. It is the longest part in that five act play, and it was thought by his fellow performers to have been a wonderfully clever memorizing feat. He painted some very pretty scenery, too, for Sothorn's production of a piece called the "Sea of Ice" which at one time had a remarkable run both in London and Dublin. One particular scene shows a sea with bergs and cakes of ice floating about, and on this the Northern lights were to play, making a very realistic spectacle. They had some difficulty at the theatre in getting the colored lights to flash in a natural way on the (canvas) ice, and Sothorn himself with Selwyn and the stage carpenters spent much time over it before he was satisfied. I met him one morning coming from the theatre very exultant over the success that had at last crowned their persistent efforts, and when he told me about it I congratulated him on his being able to make his Aurora Borealis natural. "Natural," he said, laughing, "my dear fellow come and see it to-night for yourself, and you'll agree with me that it's far *more natural and better in every way than the original.*"

Sothorn's last season in Halifax in spite of all his exertions to please was a disastrous one financially. He not only made no money, but left the place in debt. But though he never again visited the scene of his many disappointments, he in a short time honorably discharged all his obligations, and left no account, however small, unpaid.



## CHAPTER XVI.

A trip to Little Salmon River. A story is related of revenge and attempted murder by a negro near Preston. His escape and final disappearance.



had been trout fishing one afternoon, with indifferent success, at little Salmon river which runs into Cole Harbour about six miles from Dartmouth, and was sitting on a log at the end of the bridge which spans the stream on the old road to Lawrence-town, resting myself preparatory to making a start for home, when an elderly gentleman strolled across, and presently we got chatting together on various topics. Some negroes passed us while thus engaged, driving an ox in a small cart, and more by making conversation than anything else I called his attention to the poverty stricken appearance of the turnout. "They are a shiftless race," he said, "with brute passions often uncontrollable when roused. I dislike them. I could tell you a story," he continued, after a pause, "of an attempt at murder not far from here by a black rascal, his chosen victim being his master's daughter; but his intention was luckily prevented from being carried out by circumstances that one might almost class as providential. Would you care to hear it?" he asked. As I was in no way pressed for time, and was very comfortable where I sat I assured him it would in-

Note.—The names of the principals in this story are not those given me by its narrator—except that of the negro. My reason for not disclosing the real ones is that I believe some of their descendants are still living and might perhaps be unwilling I should do so.

terest me very much indeed and begged him by all means to relate it, if by so doing I was not imposing too much upon his leisure.

"Not at all," he replied, "I was simply taking a walk which was extended rather further than I first intended and I shall be glad to rest here a while and tell it to you," and without much further preface he seated himself near me and began.

"Nearly thirty-five years ago a farm<sup>h</sup>ouse stood on the road from Dartmouth to Preston, somewhat apart from neighboring dwellings on either side, in which lived its owner, a Mr. Kleintz, a widower with one daughter. It has long since fallen into decay. It was built on an eminence a little back from the road with a pretty garden tastefully laid out in flower beds in front, with honeysuckles and climbing roses in profusion reaching almost to the roof, that caught the traveller's eye in passing. It looked unlike a house with a history, yet it was one night the scene of a deliberate and horrible attempt at murder.

The few dwellings along the highway in those days were at considerable distance from each other, and were owned by settlers who had, as Mr. Kleintz had done many years before, purchased the land from the Crown and had cleared and cultivated it. Labor was cheap and easily procured, for at Preston was established a colony of negroes who had been emancipated by the British Government and given grants of land not far from the shores of Lake Major. Those of the negroes who were willing readily found work as farm hands and servants. A number of them were so employed by Mr. Kleintz, an upright man in all his dealings and one who gave a fair day's wages for a fair day's work, but most exacting in having that work properly done. His "hands" all knew that if at any time he discovered any of them neglectful or idle the delinquent would receive instant dismissal.

He never listened to any excuses and nothing would induce him to take the culprit back into his employ.

Now among the men who worked on the place was a huge negro by the name of Caleb, who had been a farm hand for some years. He stood considerably over six feet in height, was broad chested and possessed of enormous strength. Many stories were told of his feats in lifting and carrying great weights. Caleb was not a favorite among his fellow workmen for his manner was rough and overbearing. In fact he was a bully of the worst description. It was said too, with what truth I cannot say, that he had fled from the West Indies to escape the vengeance of the law for taking the life of a man in anything but a fair fight. Whether Mr. Kleintz had heard this, was not known, but if he had, it is not possible to suppose he gave the story credence, for Caleb had been singled out by him for the position of head man or foreman of the laborers, and though a bachelor, was given for his use a small cabin on the farm near the house, the other laborers and their families living a considerable distance away.

With the young mistress of the house, however, Caleb was no favorite. She disliked his bearing towards the other servants, which was generally uncivil and disobliging, and she had had occasion to report him to her father on one occasion for disrespect to herself. The dislike was mutual, for Miss Gertrude, as she was called, had taken under her immediate care one of the house servants—a good looking mulatto girl—whom Caleb wanted to marry, and who had claimed her mistress's protection when once in a blind rage, he had threatened her with bodily harm on her positive refusal to accept him for a husband. Miss Gertrude when appealed to rated him soundly on his behavior, using pretty forcible language the while, and ended by telling him if he did not desist in his unwelcome attentions to the girl (persecutions she called them) she would urge his dismissal by her father.

Caleb's eye blazed with passion at this; and he went away muttering to himself in a manner that forboded no good. Still she had no presentiment of his contemplating any injury to herself, and as Caleb kept out of his mistress's way as much as possible, things went on smoothly enough for some time.

Now, in a small cottage, on a plot of ground a mile away in the rear of the Kleintz farm, there lived an Irishman and his wife who were given to augment their slender means by selling spirits on the sly to the men about, when any of them felt inclined for a drop and had the money, and this shack, for it was little else, was at times after working hours a resort of Caleb's. When the remembrance of his hopeless passion disturbed him most, he was wont to leave his cabin and proceed thither to drown his sorrow in rum. His way was through a large pasture, where the cattle were kept in summer, and over the fence into a byroad that led to Mr. Delaney's premises. Here, it came out afterwards, he would stay as long as Mr. Delaney would let him and in the "wee sma hours" make his way back to his cabin. But in no instance was he late for his muster with the men at the usual time for beginning work in the morning.

His last escapade of the kind, however, ended disastrously. Mr. Kleintz, it appears, was at times troubled with a species of insomnia, and his custom when thus afflicted was to rise from his bed, and walk about the place until fatigue overcame him, then again seeking his couch he was generally visited by the sleep before denied him. On this particular occasion he had, to his astonishment while wandering about, seen Caleb returning about one o'clock in the morning by the road from the pasture gate for it was bright moonlight, and the foreman's huge form was unmistakeable. He watched him reeling along towards his cabin and saw him enter it, and resuming his

walk Mr. Kleintz resolved to speak to him next day, and persuade him if possible to give up altogether the use of strong drink. But the morning light brought disagreeable news. At an early hour it was discovered that the gate of the pasture had been left open, and the cattle thus released had got to the crops of oats and barley just ripe for cutting, and had dealt destruction everywhere. They were tramped all over under the hoofs of the wandering animals. A field of Indian corn was destroyed, and the loss was excessive.

Caleb was summoned at once before his master who was in a towering rage. He was accused of absenting himself at night, of leaving the gate of the pasture unfastened, in his drunken state, and of being the sole cause of the mischief. Denial was useless. He had been seen coming back by the road which led to the gate, and Mr. Kleintz, beside himself with passion, hurled at him all the offensive epithets he could think of, and finished by striking him a heavy blow with the stick he carried in his hand. Then turning to his daughter, who was standing by, told her to pay him his wages and directed some of the "hands" to see that he left the premises at once. Caleb with eyes ablaze with anger at being struck, looked for an instant as if he were going to launch his huge frame against his master, but checking himself he only shook his great fist instead and turning away said "That will be the sorriest blow you ever hit." In a short time he was reported to have gone muttering vengeance. However, nothing was thought of that at the time.

Shortly afterwards on the same day this occurred, Mr Kleintz received a message calling him away to Dartmouth on urgent business, which he said would detain him there until the following day; so that night Miss Gertrude found herself alone, no other person being in the house with her—for the Mulatto girl who slept there having

received permission to go out in the afternoon to visit her sick mother, had not returned. But this had happened before and as she was naturally a courageous girl, she did not view her solitude with any apprehension.

Well, about eight or nine o'clock in the evening a loud rapping came at the back door, and on going to it and asking who was there—without opening it—she was told that they were Indians, who being beset in the violent thunder storm then raging, craved shelter. They were on their way, they said, to an Indian settlement about twenty miles away, and begged to be allowed to lie down in front of the kitchen fire until early morning by which time the storm would have passed over. Summoning all her courage she opened the door and invited them in, for she was afraid they would try and force it if she did not, so they entered and came into the kitchen. When she looked at them she found their appearance anything but prepossessing. They were ragged, wet, and dirty and their tangled hair hanging about their faces gave them a fierce expression, not by any means reassuring to a girl without a soul in the house, or within call. Although terribly frightened she managed to appear quite composed, told them they were welcome, brightened up the fire and gave them hot tea and food; then wishing them good night took her candle and went out, leaving them stretching themselves before the blazing fire preparing to sleep. When outside the kitchen door, her fears were redoubled as she remembered there was no bolt on it by which she could fasten them in, and tremblingly creeping upstairs she entered her chamber, and first locking her door, proceeded to barricade it with all the furniture available. The massive oak table in the centre of the room she could not move, but with a gigantic effort she managed to drag from the corner the old-fashioned bureau which she placed close against it, piling on top a great arm chair and all the

weighty things she could find besides. Then drawing a couch against that, she considered she had made a defence against any intruders that would at least last some time. All this was learned afterwards from herself. After contemplating her barricade with some satisfaction, she resolved to leave the light burning and without undressing lie on the bed to rest, but not to allow herself to go to sleep, so that should the Indians endeavor to force their way in, she would have time to raise the window and drop herself down on the ground beneath, although it would be a fall from a considerable height. Moving towards the bed with a feeling of some security at least, a hoarse chuckle from under it burst upon her ears, and filled with a terror that seemed to paralyze every nerve in her body, she saw suddenly thrust from under the valance which hung around it, the face with glaring eyes of the negro aleb.

"Now, Missy, I tink I got you pretty sho" he muttered as he crept out and stood before her. He was barefooted, hatless and in his shirt and trousers, but around his waist he wore a belt and sheath out of which he drew slowly a large knife such as butchers use. She did not faint; but horror stricken stood rooted to the spot without power of voice or motion. Glaring menacingly at her, with hatred in every lineament in his coarse face he continued—while pointing to a still fresh welt across it—"You see dat! now I take revenge on you for keepin my gal from me, and on de ole man too, d—m him!" Flourishing his knife he moved towards her. Then quicker than the lightning flash, she thought of the Indians below who might succor her; but, oh, mercy! she had with her own hands barred them out. Shriek after shriek for help she uttered, and springing suddenly aside eluded his grasp and managed to set the heavy oak centre table between them. How thankful she was she had not had strength enough to drag

that against the door also." But he was not to be baffled of his purpose in this way. Seizing the table in a giant's grip he flung it on one side, overturning it with a crash that shook the house when he did so, while piercing cries of help, murder, issued from her lips with all the strength of voice she was capable of.

The Indians at her first cry for help were at the door trying to force an entrance; but the barricade held it fast. One had run downstairs for an axe he had seen in a corner of the kitchen, and in an instant was back dealing heavy blows against it. In the meantime the negro had seized her, while she clung for her life to his hand in which was the knife. She seemed endowed with superhuman strength and struggled desperately. Regardless of the pain, and the blood which gushed over her from her fingers, for they were cut to the bone by her grasp of the knife, she still hung with all her might upon his wrist and he could not shake her off quickly enough to strike before the vigorous blows of the axe, and the united strength of the three Indians broke down the door and displaced the piled up furniture. In they dashed and sprang upon him, pinioning the arm that upheld the murderous weapon. Then the negro, finding he was balked of his purpose of stabbing her, dealt her a tremendous blow upon the forehead with his closed hand that he had wrenched free, that knocked her senseless half way across the room, and throwing off his captors with a mighty effort rushed to the window, and without a second's hesitation crashed through frame and glass to the ground below.

When Miss Gertrude came to herself sometime afterwards she was lying on the couch in her room. The Indians had bandaged her bleeding hands and forehead, and were sprinkling her face with water. As soon as she found strength to listen to them, and understand, they told her that they had found the negro senseless beneath



the window where he fell, his head, face, and limbs fearfully gashed with the glass he broke through, and that he was then lying bound hand and foot on the kitchen floor."

"Well, that was a narrow shave," said I, as I drew a long breath of relief.

"My story is nearly told" continued the gentleman at my side on the log. "Before the arrival of her father next morning a physician was sent for post haste. Miss Kleintz was in a high fever and delirious. A long illness from which happily she recovered was the result of that fearful night's experience."

"But what became of the black rascal, did they hang him?" I enquired eagerly.

"No" resumed my narrator, "they didn't, more's the pity. His wounds were also seen to, and they found besides those made by the glass that he had a dislocated hip and other injuries. He was removed to his cabin, and guarded until sufficiently recovered to be sent off to jail in Dartmouth, in a cart in charge of a white constable and a couple of negroes, all armed. But, they returned with the tale that on the road he had escaped from them into the woods, injured as he was, that they had fired at him and hunted everywhere for him without success. Nobody believed this of course. Anyway he was never seen in that part of the country again."

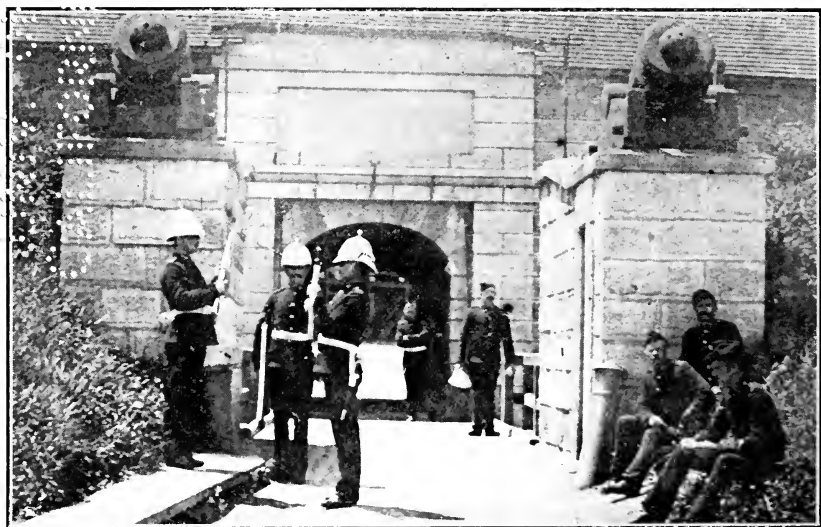
"Well, but I should have thought that the father would not have allowed the matter to rest there" said I, "he ought to have raised the countryside and instituted a proper search."

"So he did" he replied, "but they failed to find him. Some time afterwards, however, at Windsor, fifty miles from the scene described, a man said to much resemble Caleb was known to have shipped as cook in a sailing vessel bound for Demerara. As to his escape from his escort. After a time it leaked out, that these niggers were

members of some secret society in which he held a prominent position, and that taking advantage of the constable in charge going to get a drink in a shanty by the wayside, opposite to which was a thicket, they allowed him to go, firing off their guns and making noisy demonstrations in an opposite direction to the one he had taken."

"They ought to have strung up that escort anyway, just as a warning" said I, and thanking the gentleman for his story, which he assured me was a perfectly true one, we shook hands and I plodded back to Dartmouth.





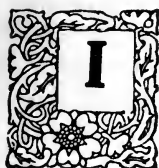
RELIEVING SENTRIES CITADEL GATE, HALIFAX.



MILITARY PRISON, MELVILLE ISLAND, NEAR HALIFAX

## CHAPTER XVII.

Stringent garrison orders regarding the wearing of uniforms and how they were obeyed. A sportsman's peculiar get up. Sergeant Sallis in a very perplexing predicament, and how he extricated himself.



have already mentioned that in General Sir Gaspard Le Marchand was combined the dual positions of Lieut. Governor and Officer Commanding the troops. These he held until 1858, when he was replaced in the former office by Lord Mulgrave and as Commander in Chief by General Trolloppe.

But it was during his rule that the order respecting the wearing of a uniform was uncomfortably stringent, for all officers were forbidden to be seen at any time, in any public place whatever, unless so attired. This was felt generally as no slight grievance, especially by those who had quarters in the Halifax Hotel building in the centre of the town. In going for a country walk, or for a row on the harbor, when one liked to don a comfortably fitting suit of *mufti*, it was no easy matter to find bylanes or unfrequently travelled streets through which to escape without being "spotted."

In this connection I might relate a story that went the rounds, but whether true or not I never could discover. However it was this:

A certain officer of the Garrison who was passing through some of the principal streets in shooting dress, carrying a gun on his shoulder, and bent on a tramp through the swamps at the Three Mile House in quest of

snipe, was seen by one of the General's Staff, who reported the matter to his Chief, and the General directed the delinquent's Colonel to reprimand him for this breach of the Garrison orders. The poor fellow was highly indignant at being thus brought to book; but finally determined he would give the spies something to talk about. To this end, a day or two afterwards, he dressed himself in full uniform, shako, sword, sash and all, and slinging a game bag at his back, with powder flask and shot belt hanging at each side, and his gun over his shoulder he walked through Hollis and Granville Streets in the middle of the afternoon when they were most full of people, to the amazement of all beholders, and so out into the country.

The sequel to this episode, if any there were, during the "Reign of Terror," as this particular period of our service in Halifax was jocularly termed in private, I never heard.

Reading some little time ago among the death notices in a Halifax newspaper the name of Isaac Sallis, a quondam colour sergeant of my old regiment, I was reminded of a mysterious affair that created a bit of a sensation about this time. This was no less than a violent assault made upon an officer one night, soon after twelve o'clock, by two men in uniform. Who these men were not even the most searching enquiry could discover. But that is not to be wondered at when, as I know now, those who could have revealed everything in connection with the matter were solemnly bound to silence respecting it, and most religiously they kept the secret.

It was not until twenty years afterwards, long after I had retired from the service, that I learned by accident the true facts of the case.

The officer who was "knocked out," as the redoubtable Mr. Fitzsimmons would to-day put it, was one of the Staff, and anything but a popular man either with officers or

men. Rumour had it that this was due to his extreme officiousness, his going out of his way to ferret out little things, trifles in themselves, but which could be magnified into breaches of certain then existing regulations.

It is not worth while going into details; suffice it to say that he had the credit of whispering his discoveries into the ear of the General Commanding, with a view to establishing in that officer's mind a belief in his extreme zeal. This system of espionage became known to both the non-commissioned officers and men, and probably increased neither their respect nor regard. Instead I am afraid it was rather calculated to engender a desire to retaliate in some way, when a chance offered, where the likelihood of being found out was improbable.

Now, in relating the facts as I afterwards knew them, regarding this affair, I should not like for a moment to be understood as approving a soldier taking the law into his own hands. Breaking out of barracks and assaulting an officer are acts altogether subversive of that discipline without which a regiment would become a mere rabble, incapable of being held together or directed, and worse than useless. They are serious offences and deserve the punishment laid down for their commitment. I merely tell the story as it was told to me, while holding that the deeds the men were guilty of were unworthy of good soldiers.

To begin with, I must explain that the back of the old South Barracks where my regiment was at that time quartered, facing as it did on the public street, offered a chance to anyone bold enough to risk being seen by the sentry, to break out. If he could evade discovery in sneaking from his room and slipping down the verandah stairs, he had but to climb an adjoining fence, when all was quiet, and dropping down find himself in the street.

This was not altogether an easy matter. None but

an athlete could perform the feat, and even after it was accomplished, unless the night was very dark, he was pretty sure of being nabbed by the sentry after all his exertions. The same risk attended his return before daylight—if he was sober enough to try it—and if caught, his acquaintance with a cell for seven days was assured.

The penalty did not always prevent the attempt, although it acted as a strong deterrent to its being made at all.

On the night in question Sergeant Sallis and another sergeant, whose name has slipped my memory, having received an invitation to take part in some tempting gaiety in the town, and knowing that leave to be absent from their quarters would, as they had recently enjoyed that privilege, be refused them on this occasion, determined to break out.

They made all arrangements for the venture, and as men of their own company—the Grenadiers—furnished the barrack guard that night, it is not improbable that the sentry, who was on duty from twelve o'clock until two in the morning, was induced to have his back conveniently turned to the place chosen for their escape at a certain hour agreed upon. However, be that as it may, they got out all right and were hurrying round the corner of the street when, plump, into the arms of this same Staff officer they ran. His being in the vicinity of the barracks alone and unattended, at midnight, was certainly a surprise to the guilty pair.

The night was pitch dark and a heavy fog added to the blackness; but although he was unable to distinguish their features, he evidently could make out that they were wearing uniform, for he cried out "Halt there! What are you doing out at this hour? What are your names and what regiment do you belong to?" and tried to peer into their faces.



Sallis recognized his interrogator's voice, having often heard it before, and knew no mercy would be shown them if they were discovered to be sergeants out without leave. He was a daring fellow, one not to be cornered without making some effort to extricate himself, and feeling certain it was too dark for the identification of himself and pal to be possible he, without a moment's pause, instead of replying, shot out his fist with full force from the shoulder, and catching his dreaded questioner squarely between the eyes, in quicker time than it takes to tell it, bowled him over into the gutter.

It was a lusty blow from the powerful arm of an accomplished pugilist, given with a vim that would have felled an ox, for Sallis was the best of the heavy weights in the Garrison, and with the blow came unconsciousness to his victim.

The deed being done there was safety only in effacing themselves. The other sergeant prevailed upon Sallis to hurry back with him to the place where they had got over, knowing well if any outcry was raised and a search made, they would be found missing from their rooms and pounced upon. Luck favored them. Slipping off their shoes when they got inside they reached their rooms undetected, undressed with lightning speed and jumped into their cots. But it was not long before there was a loud knocking at the barrack gate and a tall figure, covered with mud, who gave his name and rank to the sergeant of the guard, was admitted. His face was severely bruised, and he held a handkerchief to his bleeding nose, naturally a very prominent feature, but now swollen to twice its usual size, and the spectacles, which at all times surmounted it, were absent.

The subaltern of the day, whose duty it was to sleep in the South Barracks, was hastily awakened, the matter officially made known to him, and orderly sergeants were

roused out of bed and ordered to call the roll in every room to see if anyone was absent. This was done in a very short time and each reported "all present." No men were absent excepting those who could be accounted for as being on guard, etc. When this intelligence was conveyed to the assaulted officer he was at a loss to understand it. He felt sure, he said, the men who attacked him had broken out of the South Barracks, or why would he have encountered them where he did? But nobody could explain. The orderly sergeants were positive of the accuracy of their reports and there the matter had to end for the time being. So he took his way out of the gate, boiling with rage, and doubtless inwardly vowing vengeance on his unknown assailants when he discovered them. But that never happened.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Old time regattas on Halifax harbour. An ambitious crew of garrison amateurs purchase a boat and go in for training. A narrow escape on Bedford Basin. The regatta as seen from the Flag Ship. An involuntary plunge by a would be spectator. The gentlemen amateur race and how it ended.



It would be interesting to know when the first regular regatta took place on Halifax harbor, and what kind of boats ran in the rowing races at that day. Awkward affairs they must have been, when one compares what were improvements on them at a later date (say in the fifties) to the slender outriggered shell in present use.

But a regatta must I think have always been a popular institution in Halifax. I can recollect—it must be more than fifty years ago—when but a very small chap being taken to the Dockyard, which was thrown open that day to the public, the occasion being a holiday and a regatta, and seeing the harbor covered with a moving multitude of row boats and sailing craft, the men of war and merchant ships in port gaily decorated with bunting, as well as the Dockyard flag staff and that on Citadel hill. Crowds of people lined the Government wharves and those adjacent, watching the different races. Every available spot about the Dockyard itself was taken advantage of, while a mass of spectators gathered near the Victualling Yard, on a high mound—long since removed—on the summit of which then stood a small octagonal building called the “Observatory.” There were temporary booths, too, or stalls, scattered here and there, where cakes, sweet-

meats and ginger pop and such like condiments found a ready market.

It was a gala day for the people, for was not a regatta being held.

Just a word in passing as to the Observatory mentioned. It was a mighty pretentious name for such a little shack, and I doubt the astronomical world being much benefited while it stood. It was a little paradise though for the jovial jack tar or yard workman who per-adventure managed to climb up unobserved, for here, while a sharp lookout could be kept against surprisal by a too obtrusive warder, he could surreptitiously indulge in that luxury, forbidden within all Dockyard walls—a whiff or two of his beloved pipe.

Now among the many forms of outdoor exercise popular in the Garrison, rowing on the harbour held a prominent place, and when a public regatta was advertised to come off during the summer, four of us in the Regiment determined—if we could get a boat—to go into training and take part in the gig race for amateurs. To this end, we straightway went for advice to the best informed man in the city on such matters, Mr. James Pryor.

Mr. Pryor was a gentleman who had, for some time, taken the greatest possible interest in the improvement of racing boats. He had spent both time and money in building them on models of his own designing, worked out after much thought and many experiments, and his boats, and the able crews trained under his direction, had been eminently successful.

We found he had then, two four-oared racing gigs constructed on his latest model, and under his personal supervision a short time previously, one of which he not only agreed to let us have, but very kindly offered, as well, the use of his boathouse to keep it in. The boats had been named the "Quickstep" and the "Alert." We chose the latter, as being the lighter of the two.





REGATTA DAY, NORTH WEST ARM, NEAR HALIFAX, N.S.

We four who had constituted ourselves the regimental racing crew were, after one or two experimental shiftings, seated in our gig at Mr. Pryor's suggestion, thus:

Kinahan bow, Bruce forward midships, Moore after midships and myself stroke, and with a lesson or two commenced a daily practice, or as nearly so as duty permitted. Sometimes when the day was calm, we rowed to Bedford, about eight miles, bathed, walked and ran two or three miles upon the main road, had a slight snack, and then after a rest rowed home again.

But the pull directly across Bedford basin in a frail boat is not always devoid of danger, and after one unpleasant experience, which we accepted as a warning, we finally gave up that route. Squalls on this lovely sheet of water, even in the summer time, rise very suddenly and give but a brief notice of their advent. On this particular afternoon, when we started from our boat house, the harbor was scarcely rippled by the faint warm breeze, the sun shone, undimmed by the few fleecy clouds that alone were visible. It was, in fact, an ideal summer day and looked most favorable for our proposed row to Bedford. But when we had passed through the Narrows and were well into the Basin itself, Kinahan our bow oar, keeping his customary lookout ahead now and then, caught sight of a distant dark line in the water sweeping swiftly down upon us. It did not take a second to realize our danger. Round we went, and if ever men put their backs into their stroke we certainly did. Back we rowed for dear life towards the eastern shore of the "Narrows," but before we reached it the squall struck us, and although we ran before it, the boat was half full of water and nearly swamped as we turned a point behind which, luckily, shelter from the furious wind and white caps was found. Had we been in the centre of the Basin—which would be at least a mile from the nearest land—instead of at its entrance, our

chance of escape from drowning might have been a slim one.

After that lesson we never in after trips to Bedford ran any risks, but comfortably hugged the shore all round until our destination was reached.

The programme on the day of the regatta was a lengthy one. Rowing and sailing races followed each other in quick succession, but we found ours, the one which absorbed our interest, was not to come off until late in the afternoon, so we joined the spectators on the Flag-ship.

We had consented to loan the "Alert" to two crack crews. One (Mr. Pryor's) was to use it in the contest for four oared gigs rowed by fishermen, the other in the mechanics' race, and we had the satisfaction of seeing our boat the winner in both matches.

There was a large gathering on board the Flag-ship "Indus," whither we went to wait. All the elite and beauty of the town were here assembled to view the races from her deck, or, if they liked it better, to dance to the enticing strains of the ship's string band. Permission had been given the blue jackets to climb the rigging, if they chose, and so they were perched everywhere, cheering with lusty throats the leaders, and chaffing unmercifully those behind in each race, as they passed the ship to the winning post, the flag boat at the old "Pyramus." It was a merry party on board that afternoon, and the merriment lost nothing by an incident that was not part of the programme for the day.

A young gentleman of the city, very well known for his elaborate get-up at all times, and his dandified air and manner, in fact in the slang of to-day a "would-be masher," had been one of those invited, but for some reason missed the ship's boats that brought all guests on board, and so hired a boatman from the slip to take him off.

The ship's side was lined by a score of the fair sex,



whom our friend must have duly noticed, for we observed on his near approach that he had thrown himself back in the stern sheets in one of his most languishing attitudes, toying with an eyeglass held in fingers neatly covered in lavender kids, and from time to time ogling the bevy of girls above him. A top hat of immaculate shininess covered his head, his garments were of the newest fashion, fawn colored inexpressibles and patent leather shoes graced his nether parts; in short he out-beaued Brummel completely.

Now, unhappily, his boatman had evidently been taking the sun too many times through the bottom of a glass, for just as his fare stood on the seat about to spring on the ship's ladder, the boatman gave an involuntary lurch, stumbled, and fell upon the side of the boat, and in trying to recover himself shot the boat further out from the ship's side and unexpectedly precipitated his unfortunate passenger, then completely off his balance, head first into the water. He was soon pulled out, however, and some of the Naval officers, running down from the gangway, fairly carried him up in spite of his many remonstrances, and insisted on his going below to change his clothes.

And what a sorry spectacle the poor fellow presented on reaching the deck, dripping from head to foot with sea water, and carrying in his hand the once immaculate "tile" whose shape had visibly suffered by reason of its rescue with a boat hook. The girls gathered round to offer their condolences; but from the tittering and half suppressed giggles, the sincerity of these seemed questionable. It was very hard to resist laughing outright at his woe-begotten look. If poor ————— (I decline to reveal what Dr. Pangloss would call his "sponsorial and patronymic appellation") hadn't been such a "swell" this incentive would have been less.

It is owing to our degenerate composition perhaps, but

alas! what heartless mirth we mortals are prone to exhibit at times at a fellow creature's misfortune. Why, take even the Rector of our parish, whom we universally look up to under ordinary circumstances with respect amounting to veneration, even *he*, at times, may become an object of our badly concealed derision. Let but his top hat, on some windy day, be swept by an unfriendly gust from his head, exposing its baldness, and go bounding down the street, do we run after it, and having captured it restore it to him with a bow? Not a bit of it. We stand by and see him run, exercising those clerical legs of his at an unaccustomed gait, and when he makes frantic and ineffectual dives at it, does commiseration move us. No, indeed, we think it all excruciatingly funny and laugh to our heart's content.

But our signal to get ready is flying now, and we must leave this pleasant gathering and hasten to the "Pyramus," there to exchange uniforms for jerseys, and get into our boat.

Some difficulty must have been experienced by the Regatta Committee of Management in securing entries in what the programme called the "four oared gig race for gentlemen amateurs," for when we came into line to start, only two other boats, besides our own, were there to compete, one of them being a smart crew from Dartmouth.

The pistol was fired, after a short delay, and we were off.

I wish I had a pen clever enough to describe the variety of sensations one experiences in rowing a race. When the starter's preliminary caution is given "Are you all ready?" I think the feeling not unlike that of the boy who has agreed to fight after school another boy who is pretty well a match for him. He carries a bold front, but he cannot escape the discomfiting thought that *will* intrude itself, at times, that perhaps his opponent may prove too much

for him, and oh! the humiliation of it, he might get licked. But all this disappears once the trial has begun, and the "never give in" determination overmasters all else.

Another peculiar thing is, while the fight for the lead is on after starting that, although all the weight and strength possible is being put into your stroke, you fancy that your boat is perfectly stationary, forgetting in your excitement that your antagonist's is perhaps going through the water as fast as your own. There is delightful compensation though for all the vim expended, should your struggle for first place be rewarded, by the discovery that you are gradually forging to the front, and if the conviction of your own staying powers be strong upon you, what a joyous sensation thrills every fibre of your body, imparting a new vigor to every stroke of the oar.

The course laid out for us was from the "Pyramus," round an anchored boat one mile and a half distant and back again. We fought every inch of the way down with the Dartmouth crew, who clung to our skirts most persistently—the other boat gave us no trouble—but we were the first to make the turn for home.

They rowed with a very quick yet strong stroke, and although they spurted frequently, and pluckily, they could not diminish the lead we had gained and which was maintained to the finish.

I must not forget to record that the race was acknowledged by our opponents to have been an honest one, for after it was all over, as we passed near each other, one of them called out to us in a hearty voice "*Well gents you done it fair.*"

But these regattas of long ago were assuredly instrumental, both in Halifax harbor and at St. John, in bringing to the front good oarsmen, with a more scientific style of rowing, as well as improvements in the building of racing boats. The old time gig, in which so many noted,

contests were rowed at both the above mentioned places was a different affair from the shell of to-day. It was "lapstreaked" to begin with, instead of "carvel built," shorter and heavier, and was "rowed on the gunwale," the oarsman sitting close to the side opposite his rowlocks. Outriggers and sliding seats were not in fashion. Indeed these latter contrivances were never brought to the notice of oarsmen in Halifax before the Grand Aquatic Carnival of 1870, held under the auspices of the Halifax Royal Yacht Squadron, when a crew from Philadelphia, that came to compete in the four oared race open to the world, brought a boat in which the rowers sat on seats that slid on runners of glass, and used their legs at each stroke as is now universally done.

Another crack crew that also competed on that occasion for the handsome purse offered, was called the "Winship and Taylor" from the Tyne, England. The seats in their boat were wider than ordinary ones, and polished very highly. These they plentifully smeared with some greasy compound, and they slid their bodies upon it, using their legs also as a propelling force, as did the Philadelphians.

This was the boat that was brought out from England to be rowed against that of the St. John men on the Kennebecasis, in which Renforth, the most powerful and skilled oarsman of the Tyne crew, was stricken with heart failure during the race and died in his seat.

It had been arranged that after the race had been run at St. John both crews were to row at Halifax, and Taylor, who was spare man, took Renforth's place. Here the Tyne men were very successful taking the prize in the four-oared race open to the world, and one of the crew, Sadler by name, defeated the noted Nova Scotian oarsman, George Brown, in the sculling match, among a number of other competitors. Brown was a wonderful man

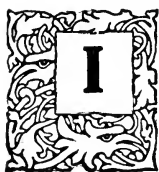
with a pair of sculls, as he afterwards proved, but his boat was much too inferior to Sadler's to admit of his beating him.

The St. John men were unable to compete, although they also came to Halifax for that purpose, for the reason that someone had gained access to the place where the boat was stored and maliciously broken it.

Superior in every way as all the racing boats used in that Carnival were to the "old timers" that I can recollect, they would be considered tubs by the rowing fraternity of to-day, so great have been the improvements made for attaining a high rate of speed since that date.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Wild geese at Cole Harbor, and a shooting trip thither. A lucky escape from serious injury. Short cuts homeward are not always the quickest and safest.



I HAD heard a great deal about wild geese being shot at certain places along the sea coast, not many miles away, and never having had an opportunity of taking part in wild fowl shooting of this description, I was glad to join Mr. George Piers, an excellent sportsman living in Halifax, in a little trip he had planned to a place called Cole Harbor, some six or seven miles distant from Dartmouth. The day fixed upon was all that could be desired. It was early in the month of March, but not very cold, though a high wind was blowing. The stronger the wind the greater the chance of success, so the knowing ones assured us, as it compelled these wary birds to fly nearer Mother Earth than is their usual habit, and so come within a closer range of the gun.

Now a word as to the locality we were bound for.

In the first place Cole Harbor is really not a harbor at all, in the strict sense of the word, for no vessel could possibly enter it. It is a vast extent of sand flats, completely covered at high tide by an influx of the broad Atlantic, through a narrow passage in the sea beach to the south, but at low water perfectly bare. At the north side flows in Little Salmon river, that issues from a large sheet of water called Lake Major, less than two miles distant, and which makes a winding channel through these flats to the ocean.

Here for many years, beyond the memory in fact of the oldest dweller on the shore, early in each Spring and

late in the Autumn, flocks of wild geese have been wont to make a halt during their migratory journey north and south, doubtless for the reason that it furnishes a resting place where small shell fish and sea worms afford them ample food, while the fresh water they require is easily procurable in the big lake above, where they can also securely sleep. When disturbed, by any chance, while on their feeding grounds during the day, the flocks usually fly out to sea, returning after some hours' duration, either to the places they had left, or passing over them, continue their way to the lake already mentioned, and it is only by being concealed in "blinds" or "hides," as they are sometimes called, that by good fortune happen to be in their line of flight, that a chance at a shot at them is afforded. In no other way can they be reached, for they will not permit the approach of a man or a boat within hundreds of yards without rising and putting a still greater distance between themselves and the intruder.

But to return to our trip. We reached our destination after a very tedious drive, owing to the heavy mixture of mud and snow that covered the road, making wheeling through it no light task for the horse, and our progress necessarily slow. Putting up at Mr. Morash's we secured the services of his boat, and son to row it; and stowing everything required therein, ourselves and guns included, set off down the channel at once. The tide proved favorable for our reaching the lower part of the harbor, where several small islands, covered as they were with trees and small bushes, offered favorable positions for the flight shooting, and made concealment easy from the sharp eyes of the *anser Canadensis*—our quarry. At the south end of one of these, called Flying Point—a suggestive name by-the-bye—we landed without seeing anything of the geese that we were told had on the previous day been observed, both feeding on the flats and flying to the fresh water.

Our henchman rowed over to an acquaintance some little distance away, who was gathering seaweed into his boat for fertilizing purposes on shore, and presently returned with the tidings that several large flocks had been disturbed about there several hours before while they were feeding and had flown as usual out to sea.

There was nothing, therefore, to be done but to pick out our respective hiding places and await the birds' pleasure to come back, trusting that at least some of them would pass over in our direction, a line of their flight our henchman said—and he was reputed to be the most successful goose and duck hunter the country round—they more frequently took than any other on their way inland.

After Charley—for so he was called—had landed our belongings, he suggested as he could be of no service to us where he was, that it would be a good plan for him to row over to Laurencetown harbor, a couple of miles or so away, and if any geese were there, to start them out to join the others, and so increase our chances by their all coming in together from the sea. To this we agreed, stipulating only that nothing should come in the way of his returning to take us up for we had, as may be readily imagined, no very fervent desire to be left to spend the night on the island.

Charley promised this should not happen, and hoisting the sail in his boat sped away, and was soon a mere speck in the distance.

Having lighted a fire and boiled a pot of coffee, we lunched comfortably in the friendly shelter of a clump of alder bushes, and the meal over, lit our "clays" and huddling together on a flat ledge of slate were as cosy as chicks in a nest in spite of the keen March wind which had now freshened considerably. It was slow work. There was nothing to do but to possess our souls in patience until the tide turned, and then, if luck favored, we might



perhaps have an opportunity of using our guns to some purpose.

After what seemed an age the water had receded sufficiently to expose some of the highest flats. Ducks began to move on the wing from place to place, and soon some came flying up the channel near by. Piers suggested our separating and trying to bag some of these while waiting for bigger game, and picking up his gun went some distance away, where, by lying under shelter of a ridge of sand and sea weed at the edge of the channel, he was partly concealed, while I got under cover at the extremity of the island and bided my time for a shot. We both had muzzle loading guns. Breech loaders had not then come into use or the serious accident that day, which I shall presently describe, would never have occurred.

I had scarcely been settled in my hiding place before a small flock of blue wings made their way against the wind in my direction, and as they passed I saluted them with both barrels. Three of their number dropped on the sand, two killed outright, but the third which was only wounded made an attempt to get away, and knowing well, if it succeeded in reaching the water I should lose it, I ran out of the blind and after an exciting and prolonged chase succeeded in capturing the runaway.

But before going further with my story I ought to mention that, in those days of muzzle loading guns, it was a common practice with the wild fowl shooter, in order to make the shot carry further than ordinarily, to tie the charge loosely in the finger of an old kid glove and some of these cartridges, I may call them, I had with me. Now whether from excitement or clumsiness I do not know, but I had loaded both barrels of my gun with the proper charge of powder, and had firmly seated in the left barrel one of these cartridges, which slipped down easily to its place, and was ramming down another into the right barrel, when I broke my ram-rod fairly in two.

Here was a pretty fix to be in. I was powerless to complete the reloading of my gun, and the shooting only commencing. What was to be done? At length the idea occurred to me, to make a loading rod of one of the young shoots of alder growing near, so selecting as straight a piece as I could find, I whittled it down to fit the bore and finding it would answer, thought my troubles over. Alas! "the best laid plans of mice and men," etc., etc. The cartridge stuck in the barrel in some way I could not account for and refused to go the whole way down. I had not the means, now that my regular ramrod was broken, of withdrawing it so I determined to use force, and pounded at it with my newly made loading rod until it seemed to be in its place. An older sportsman would not have taken any risks in a case of this kind. He would have made sure before firing that the shot was resting firmly on the powder, especially a heavy charge such as I used, and that no vacuum existed between the two. But I was young and very inexperienced and never dreamt of danger.

Capping my gun and resuming my old position in the "blind" I waited, and was cautiously peeping through the bushes, when I observed five ducks making straight towards me. I let them approach within twenty or twenty-five yards, and then stood up so that they could see me. It had the desired effect in making them halt abruptly in their flight, and turn sharply, crowding together in their confusion and affording a splendid shot. Aiming directly in front of the leader with the intent that they should all, as the phrase goes, run into the shot, I fired. But those ducks were not for me. When I pulled the trigger there was a heavy, dull explosion, unlike a gun's discharge, and for a moment I seemed dazed. My gun was shattered to pieces in my hands. The right hammer in flying off grazed my cheek, cutting a shallow groove which began to bleed profusely. Had it been the left it would have

gone through my face and perhaps these details never have been given. But providentially this did not happen. The rib which joins the barrels curled up like a shaving, the locks were blown off, the barrels themselves toppled over as I brought them down before me, and a badly splintered remnant of a stock was all that remained in my hands of a once prized gun.

On examination, when I recovered from the shock, I found that just where the cartridge jammed, a piece of the barrel had been blown out. How my fingers escaped being torn off too has always remained a mystery, for it was just there that my grip of the gun was held. I can only attribute their being saved, to the thick buckskin glove I was wearing, which was burnt and blackened to a degree.

While I stood absorbed with the thought of my wonderful escape, I heard Piers shout and raised my hand in response to this signal. He was pointing seawards, and just then, during a momentary pause in the wind's violence, I caught the familiar wild goose cry. I had often heard it when a boy, and seen them pass over in the customary V shaped formation of flight. They were returning from their rest in the ocean. But their coming back could awaken no interest in me. No matter how near their approach, they were perfectly safe so far as I was concerned, so I simply sat still and watched.

At length they began to pass over my hiding place. One flock in particular just skimmed the tree tops, and while exactly over me, a gust of wind struck them, momentarily impeding their flight, and so near were they that I thought I could, on looking up, see their eyes as they turned their heads from side to side. Did mortal goose hunter ever have such a chance before for a kill. I doubt it.

My friend who had been too far away for a shot at the passing flocks himself, now hastened to join me, and

when within hail greeted me with certain remarks the reverse of complimentary at my stupidity in letting such a splendid opportunity slip. "For Heaven's sake why didn't you fire?" he shouted. But when he reached me, and saw my face still bleeding and the fragments of the gun lying at my feet, his face changed color and he could scarcely credit my repeated assurance that I was uninjured with such a smash-up before his eyes. There is no way of accounting for the mishap, except that the charge of shot was tightly wedged in the barrel above the charge of powder, instead of being firmly seated upon it, and the vacuum thus created caused the bursting at that place. I had learned a lesson. Happily, now, the introduction of the breech loader has removed all such danger.

After my friend's securing a duck or two more, and the flight of geese being over, we began to think of returning. But what had become of our man, and the boat? We looked in every direction, but could see nothing of him anywhere. After waiting some time longer Piers, who knew the place pretty well, thought that as it was now dead low water Charley would be obliged to keep to the channels in coming back, and that in doing so would have to make a long *detour*, involving a good deal of pulling against the incoming tide and loss of much time. So after talking the matter over, we agreed it would be best to walk at least part of the way to meet him, and, should he not be in sight, to continue on to Gooseberry Island which he would have to pass in his boat and await him there. It was a long walk, a couple of miles or more, but seemed better than remaining still, so we started.

We could see the island plainly enough in the distance, and though Piers had never walked to it from Flying Point before—he had always gone round by boat—he thought we could easily reach it over the sands. But, unfortunately, it was by no means so simple an undertaking

as it looked. We found small channels and creeks across our path, too deep to wade through even if we wished to do so, which we certainly did not with the water at freezing almost, and these had to be gone round. Besides we discovered that the further we went up harbor the lower the sand flats were becoming, and the tide was now beginning to cover it at a rather rapid rate. However, we trudged bravely along until finally dry footing was impossible, and we were obliged to step in water. We were yet some distance from the island, and as time went on we found walking more difficult, both feet and ankles being immersed each step. However, there was no help for it—we were bound to reach it even if we walked in water to our waists. If we did not get there, nothing could save us from being drowned at high-tide, unless rescued by our own boat or some other accidentally passing, so we persevered onwards.

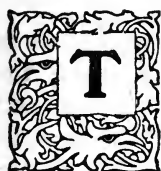
Just as we were beginning to flounder deeper and things looked a bit serious, a shout came from a long way behind us, and to something more than our intense satisfaction we saw a boat rapidly approaching, evidently propelled by a good strong pair of arms. What a relief that sight was. It proved to be our own with the long wished for Charley, and in a short time we were pulled on board. I believe he had been a great deal more frightened than we were. When he came round to Flying Point—he told us—and found us gone, he guessed we had started for Gooseberry Island, and in dread that we might come to some harm before he could catch us up, had rowed for dear life.

His delight on overtaking us was so unmistakeably sincere, and our own feelings being in the top notch of gratitude, we met the excuses he made for not coming back in proper time to Flying Point, according to promise, with an assurance of our profound belief in the impossibility

of his being able to do so. We were too wet and tired for argument. However, it was not long before we were back at his house, where we slept, and reached Halifax next morning. I had had my first experience in the pursuit of wild geese and certainly no one can say that that experience lacked adventure.

## CHAPTER XX.

Trout fishing. Mill dams depleting the rivers of fish. Formation of the Society for the Preservation of Fish and Game. Improvements in the lakes and rivers since Confederation. Good sport at Oak Hill lake. An unpleasant adventure at Stony Beach. Fisherman's Luck. An odd occurrence while fishing on the Blackwater.



HERE are, I fancy, few places where a disciple of the "gentle Isaac" can more readily and successfully indulge in his favorite pastime of trout fishing than in Nova Scotia. A glance at the map will show to the casual observer the perfect network of lakes and streams with which it is covered, and few cities, I think, can boast of more trout fishermen than Halifax, the officers of the Fleet and Garrison adding largely to the number.

At the time the troops from the Crimea arrived, and for some time afterwards, the charge of the fisheries was in the hands of the Quarter Sessions, a board of Magistrates in each County, and although laws existed, directing, under a penalty for non compliance, that structures across a stream should have a fish pass, they were never put in force. There had been, previous to the time of which I write, a great boom in ship building and in exporting lumber, and mills were erected in all directions. Not a thought or a care had the mill owner for the fish, and dams stopped their passage everywhere, so that, with the exception of a few rivers, salmon and sea trout had no chance of ascending them to spawn, and their number had decreased yearly. Still at St. Marys, the Medway, Gaspereaux, Pennant, and West Branch of Sheet Harbour

rivers, and some of these running into St. Margaret's Bay, salmon fishing with rod and line could be had. But the common trout (*salmo fontinalis*) was to be found in nearly every lake, even at a short distance from the City of Halifax.

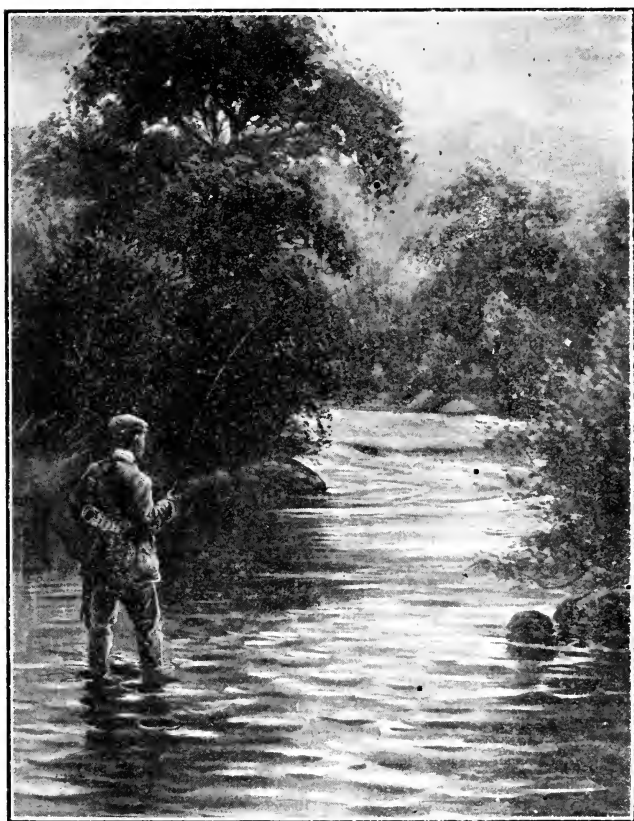
About this time was organized there the "Society for the Preservation of Fish and Game," which I am glad to say is in a flourishing condition to-day. But the Society then was neither rich nor powerful enough to cope successfully with all the fishing abuses, although the members gave both time and money to endeavor to have the laws carried out.

While mentioning the condition of the rivers in those days, it may not be out of place to say that since the Confederation of the Provinces fishery overseers and wardens have been appointed by the Federal Government all over the country, stringent measures adopted for enforcing a close season, also for the proper and lawful setting of nets, as well as for making it imperative on every mill owner to have a suitable fish pass in his dam or pay a heavy penalty. That was a step in the right direction. But unfortunately overseers and wardens too often are recommended for appointment for political reasons, rather than for their fitness for the position, and there is unmistakeable dissatisfaction in Nova Scotia to-day that improvement in the condition of the rivers is not commensurate with the large amount of money yearly expended by Government for their care and preservation.

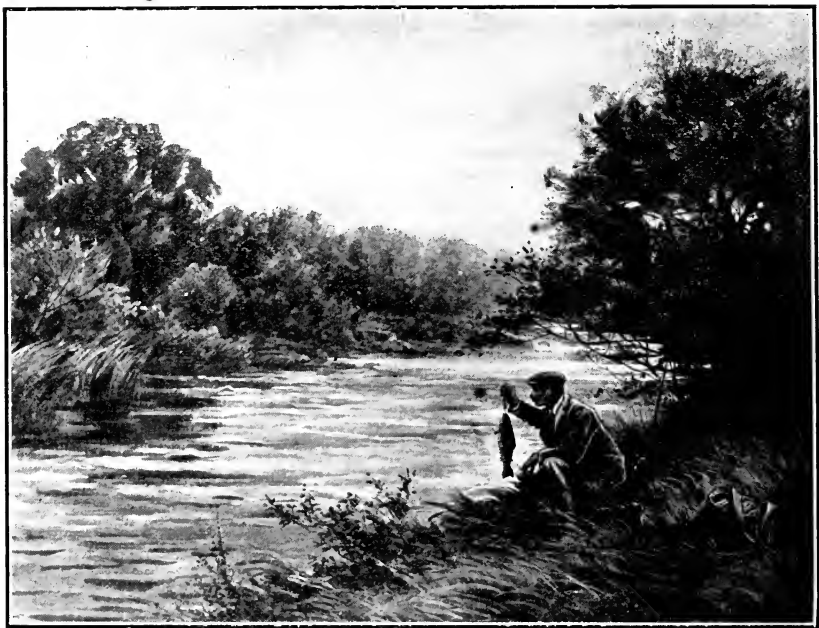
Bruce, a brother Lieutenant, and myself were both passionately fond of trout fishing, and many an enjoyable day did we have together.

There is a pretty sheet of water near Lower Ward, St. Margaret's Bay, called Oak Hill Lake, which was, in the proper season, famous for good sized trout, and to this we on one occasion journeyed, and as the trip was a very successful one, I will describe it.





GOT HIM AT LAST



A GOOD THREE POUNDER



A FEW SPECKLED BEAUTIES

We arrived at our destination at Lower Ward in the evening, and after a very early breakfast next morning set out for the lake, something over a mile away. We found the boat, which we had hired at the house we had just left, in its accustomed place at the lake side, and putting our rods up we rowed out towards the centre, and each taking in turn oars, and rod, we picked up by hard work ten beautiful trout that would average over a pound each, close by a half sunken reef of rocks. But it was slow work. The fish were busily engaged feeding at the bottom on the caddis of the Mayfly, and the granite rocks and alder bushes on the shores were literally covered with the new born flies, but they had not begun to flit upon the water, as they would later on, when more matured. We saw few fish rising. Keeping within nice casting distance from the shore we cruised about, taking an occasional good fish. But the wind rising, made a nasty lop on the side of the lake, where from former experience, we knew that the best fishing was to be had, and this decided us to *portage* our boat, if we could, into an adjoining small lake, where the surrounding hills made a better shelter. Repeated efforts soon convinced us, however, that this was not a feasible operation unassisted, our united strength not being sufficient for the purpose, and reluctantly we left our weighty tub on the beach.

It was but a short walk across the *portage*, and around the little lake we worked our way to the windward side, where a point jutted out, and all looked calm and inviting. We fished there a little while without success—the water proving too shallow—but, while filling my pipe, I noticed trout breaking far out where a light zephyr just fanned the surface of the water, and at once we set about coaxing them within reach of our flies. And this was the plan we adopted.

What little wind there was in this warm sheltered

spot was blowing at our backs, and we first provided ourselves each with a small branch of a fir tree growing near. These we dipped into the water, and then lightly brushing the bushes and boulders on the shore with them while wet, scores of Mayflies adhered, and wading out as far as we could, we plunged the boughs beneath the surface. Of course, the flies did not sink, and in an instant there was a perfect flotilla of these inky insects being driven out by the breeze towards the middle of the lake; and presently the fun began. Far out at first we saw the trout turning over, sucking in the flies. A second time we sent a huge squadron of little black sails afloat, a third, a fourth, and kept at it as quickly as possible, while all this time the trout trimmed in shoreward to meet these dainty tid-bits, until at last, within an easy cast, we had the water bubbling with rising fishes.

And now, rods in hand, we stepped into the water, and floating out a few more natural flies, we sent our artificial ones among them. What glorious sport we had! Often two were hooked at a time, and we kept on catching them, until the baskets at our backs began to be weighty.

When the rising ceased for a time, the wet branches loaded with the gossamer insects again were put into requisition, and again our landing nets were busy. It was scarcely possible that such sport as we were having during the few hours we spent at this place could have been excelled. Our baskets were not only filled, but we carried away twigs, on which were strung the trout for which we had no room.

That day, between us, we caught at Oak Hill and the little lake ninety trout, which weighed seventy pounds. Among them were one of two and one-half pounds, several between one and two pounds, and not one of the lot that we took but would weigh one-half pound. It was a very enjoyable trip indeed.

But let me show the reverse side of this picture—another fishing excursion, which unhappily for myself and my friend, did not turn out so pleasantly. It came about in this way.

We had heard of great things to be done at early sea trout fishing at Stony Beach. There was a tradition, fabulous as it afterwards proved, that about St. Patrick's day, which as everybody knows is the 17th of March, a great run of sea trout were to be met at this place.

It is simply the outlet of a chain of lakes with connecting brooks, from the interior of the country to the Atlantic. But there is glorious trout fishing to be had in these waters at the proper season. In fact, all about this section of the country close to the sea board, one can always count on a basket being fairly filled by anyone ordinarily skilled in the gentle art. But to my story..

We started from Halifax—two of us—and put up for the night at a place called the "Straw House." At one time the roof of this cottage was thatched, as in the "Old Country," hence I suppose the soubriquet. Here, however, we stayed, put up our horse, and ourselves, and lying down dreamt, no doubt, that night of gigantic sea trout—anxious, nay, pining to be caught.

Next morning, not only with a guide but with hopes most sanguine, we started for the far-famed "Stony Beach." After a most distressingly objectionable scramble we reached the place, and what a dreary view it presented. It was a short "run" from the lake above, and most certainly had no right to be called a beach. At this time—I mean on the day of our visit—the water was very high, in fact a roaring flood. But that, we were told, did not matter, as it was in a quiet cove near by the torrent that the fish sought rest and could be captured. We put up our rods and tried, but not even a minnow appeared to be in the vicinity. At last my friend "Peter"—a nick name

that was bestowed on him by his particular pals in the Regiment—suggested, as more conducive to comfort, a fire and a cup of tea should be got ready. This was accomplished, but so keen was the wind that keeping this fire up instead of flogging the water became apparently our main object. However, much comforted by the hot tea, we resumed our efforts. I scrambled out on the rocks and fished in an eddy in the backwater of the torrent, and to “Peter’s” delight, and my disgust, hooked a poor old kelt. I suppose in condition he would have weighed ten pounds, but his weight then could not have exceeded three. After a brief contest I got him on shore, and removing the hook from his mouth as rapidly and as painlessly as I could, put him back again, to afford him an opportunity of revisiting those regions in the salt water that salmon love, and that we know nothing whatever about. This being over—a wonderful fishing event truly—my friend clambered out on another part of the rocks, and whipped the water with might and main; but the result did not prove a success. “Peter” was not a skilful hand with a rod so far as casting was concerned, and the “phantom minnow” he was using made most erratic movements about our ears, so that, for safety, the guide and I had to retreat out of range of his whirling conglomeration of fish hooks. Suddenly by some mischance he lost his balance, and into the torrent he went. And a more ludicrous sight was seldom seen than my friend shooting down the current, swimming with one hand, and holding the rod in the other, his gyrations in the flood, and the wild waving of his rod being worthy of record by Leech’s pencil. He had not very far to go, however, before he came to a shallow place and there he crawled out. Oh! what a wretched object—hatless and dripping.

But it ceased to be a laughing matter when we saw the poor fellow on his exit from his bath have a violent

fit of shivering. The water was icy cold, as may be imagined at that season of the year, when the snow still remained in the woods and the lakes were bound yet in winter's frozen fetters. We saw nothing for it but to hurry him up to the house as fast as we could trot him, and put him to bed for a couple of hours while, with a roaring fire in the kitchen, we dried his clothes.

That afternoon we started for home, sadder, but wiser, men, and since that time I have yielded with pleasure the early sea trout fishing at Stony Beach to bolder and more enthusiastic fishermen than myself. I have never been there since that day, but the memory of that one visit remains.

There was wonderfully good trout fishing to be had at the Ponhook lakes near Windsor, the Pockwauk at Hammond Plains, and the Chezetcook lakes on the Dartmouth side of the harbor; but all these places were so far away that to enjoy a trip to any of them, a week's leave, or nearly that, was necessary, and this was not always obtainable. So far as a day's leave went, however, Bruce and I, who fished a good deal together, usually found the Colonel amiably disposed, and so we were wont to go for our sport to Hubley's on the St. Margaret's Bay road, or Yeadon's, or Moosehorn lake or some such place easily reached. At the latter, one was always sure of a good catch; but the trout were not nearly so large as those one got at Hubley's or Five Island lakes, the heaviest seldom exceeding three-quarters of a pound in weight, but they were numerous, and with very light rods and tackle it was by no means bad fun. One day, my customary companion being on duty, I got Fluder, a junior subaltern in the Regiment, to join me in an expedition to Moosehorn. He was an amusing fellow and capital company, but not much of a fisherman, and quite unaccustomed to getting about in the bush, especially when carrying a fishing rod

with flies attached. This inexperience and his being a little near sighted were largely responsible for sundry tumbles over rocks, and barking of shins, as well as for leaving, every now and then, some of his best flies up in inaccessible boughs of trees while casting. Still his good humor never failed, and he accepted these disasters in the most philosophical way. We had reached the lake and were proceeding slowly down its side, fishing as we went, when we came upon two fellows getting into a canoe, an old dug-out that they had found tethered to a stump, and which belonged to some farmer living near. We recognized them as two youngsters of the Flag-Ship and as might be expected, neither knowing in the least how to deport himself in a canoe, it was not long before they upset. They could both swim, and each, holding on to an end of the overturned canoe, sputtering and gasping the while, began to upbraid the other for being the cause of the spill in this fashion:

"You duffer! what did you upset the canoe for?" said one.

"I didn't! *you* did. You'd upset a cattle scow in a calm" retorted the other.

"I say you did! Why didn't you say you couldn't paddle before you made an ass of yourself like this?" continued the first.

"I *can* paddle. It was your idiotic swinging that beastly beanpole of a rod over your head. Did you think you were on a wharf fishing for tommy cods, you doughhead!" roared his companion, and so on, while we on the bank were convulsed with laughter.

However, while this wordy war was in progress, they kept on propelling the canoe shorewards with their legs, and presently were back again on terra firma, nothing, as good luck would have it, having been lost, as the baskets were strapped to their backs. One rod had gone over-



board, but was easily recovered. The reel carried the butt end down, and it remained in a perpendicular position with the top some inches out of the water. Peace was restored after a bit, and the water-logged disputants set off towards a house to dry their clothes.

Fluder was becoming tired of tramping, when we met an old fellow named Drysdale, who lived close by, and who was the owner of a boat hauled up at the foot of the lake, he told us, and we struck a bargain with him for its hire for the afternoon, the consideration being two shillings. That the old man must have considered there was not a sufficiently pronounced guarantee of honest dealing, in our countenances, I am reluctantly forced to admit, for he added decisively *in advance* when naming the amount of his recompense. We handed it to him.

We found the boat all right, and a leaky unsafe affair it was, with apologies for oars. However, we got in and pushing out from the shore into deeper water, began fishing or rather tried to do so whenever the baling out to keep us afloat permitted. It had been thickening up for some time overhead, and now the rain began to come down handsomely, so we landed and made our way back to where we had left our horse and trap in the morning, with the intention of starting for home as soon as possible, fishing under the circumstances being well nigh out of the question.

When we reached the house, we found by the kitchen fire a couple of American gentlemen, who had also been trying their luck with rod and line, and while chatting with them, the owner of the boat came in and sat down. Fluder on seeing him thought the opportunity a good one for offering a few remarks, for his benefit, about the state of the boat we had hired from him, which were the reverse of complimentary. The man was highly indignant, and wanted to know what we expected for the price we paid,

even if it did leak, and went out grumbling to himself. Our newly found acquaintances were much amused at the incident when explained to them. One said it reminded him of a story of a man who went into a ready made clothing store kept by a son of "Israel's wandering race," and bought a coat for five dollars. He came back soon, however, and said to the proprietor of the establishment—

"Look here man, this coat I bought from you is full of moths."

"Moths" said the Hebrew with a fine air of indignation, *moths!* vell vot did you think you would get for five dollars? *Humming birds?*"

By this time our trap was announced as ready, and we jumped in and started. But we both got soaked to the skin before we had gone half way on our journey back to Halifax. Fluder, however, got into a merry mood as the water poured down on us, because I looked so miserably uncomfortable, I think. Or was it on account of his being so utterly wretched himself, he could get no further that way, and so for a change became funny? Anyway, when we both had reached a bodily temperature of about zero he said, "Look here old chap! I have an idea that I can have nearly as good sport as this without driving thirty-two miles for it. In the future, whenever I feel the fishing fit coming on I shall have a large wash tub brought out into the back yard of "the Quarters" and filled full of well iced water. In this I shall place my feet, and as much of my legs as possible, take my fishing rod in hand—with my best and most expensive flies attached—and stand in such a position that the old tree at my back can catch them and snap them off easily at each successive cast. All this time I shall have my servant play on me with a garden hose, to suggest the rain, and at the same time get him to give me an occasional knock over the shins with a broom handle, to represent the tumbles over

the rocks. Wouldn't that be just as good as this trip, eh?"

This description fetched me, and I think we forgot our troubles, and laughed ourselves warm the rest of the way.

But I never could persuade him to go fishing again. He always had an engagement.

I was chatting and smoking one night, in the sitting room of his cottage, with Captain Chearnley, whom I have before mentioned as being the best all round sportsman in Halifax or indeed in all Nova Scotia, when the conversation drifted to odd occurrences that had come under his notice while fishing, and he told me the following story, the truth of which he vouched for.

He said: Not far from the town of Fermoy in the County Cork, Ireland, there was a famous salmon pool on the river Blackwater, and on the main road, distant perhaps half a mile, lived a well-known character by the name of Jerry Hogan. He has been dead many years, but what I am going to tell you occurred when I was at home on leave for three months, I think in '47. Jerry was a capital henchman, and could play and gaff a salmon with any man I ever met. It was noticed, I remember, that he was a very early riser when these fish were in the river, and no matter how unsuccessful the rightful owners of the pool were in their fishing, Jerry generally had a fine salmon to sell to the messman at the barracks, which he invariably declared—when questioned as to how it came into his possession—was "guv to him by a gentleman down the river yistherdy." At any rate it was by no means unusual to meet Jerry on the bridge over the river when going down to fish early in the morning, looking as guileless and innocent of wrong doing as an infant, and his customary greeting was a lift of his ragged cap, by way of salute, and a cheery "tight line to your honor

this marnin." That he was an inveterate poacher I have no doubt at all, and, in all probability, at the very time when he was wishing one a "tight line" he had his freshly caught salmon concealed somewhere at home. However, he managed so cleverly that he always escaped detection. I was not alone in my suspicion of his illegal practices, so you may judge the astonishment of everyone when Jerry produced a written paper one day, signed by Lord B —, permitting him to fish a certain pool in the river for an hour, once a week, when it was not occupied by the owner's friends. The cause of this permission, puzzling at first, soon came to light.

It would appear that Jerry early one morning met young Lord B — who took him with him to the pool to carry his gaff, etc., pending the arrival of his own henchman, who had been despatched on a message. Now his Lordship, renowned for being open-handed, was a special favorite with Jerry, and when they got to the pool Jerry's heart was further warmed to him by a nip of the "crayther," and his guilty conscience smiting him perhaps, he said, after watching some time the other's futile casting, "Don't be wastin your time, yer honour, whippin out there, where may I never die in sin if a salmon lay since the river ran. Jist step here, and cast lightly down forninst the big rock out there where it's makin the ripple. But what fly have yez on anyway? Oh murther! what a bunch of feathers. Is it English? Here yer honor take that off an put on this; 'tis a fly that was guv to me by a gntleman yistherdy."

After an unsuccessful cast or two Jerry kept scratching his head and looking dissatisfied, and at last said, "Av it's plaslin to yer honor, an ye'll let me have a thry, av I hook him I'll give yer honor the rod and gaff him for ye."

Jerry was given the rod and at the second cast, just

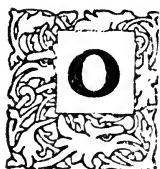
behind the stone (probably his own private preserve) he did hook him, a fine fish, and handing Lord B — the rod he watched the contest. At last after many a leap and sulk the salmon took down stream and Jerry after him, his Lordship following slowly, for he was very near sighted and afraid of tumbling over the rocks. But at length far down the stream, with some sixty or seventy yards of line out, he succeeded in stopping the fish. Jerry waded in to gaff him and just as he did so, and was raising the salmon out of the water, the fly came out of the fish's mouth, and in the straightening of the rod the line sprang back, and the fly as it passed his face hooked Jerry through the lobe of his ear. Lord B — unconscious of this kept reeling in hard, and there was Jerry yelling and gesticulating wildly, holding the salmon on the gaff with one hand and frantically clutching at the line with the other. The more he shouted the more the other tugged, and had it not been for the friendly aid of a lad who rushed to the rescue, poor Jerry's ear would have been torn half off. However, he held on well to his gaffed salmon, and on his being relieved—by Lord B— cutting off the feathers and gut of the fly, and drawing the tapered shank through the ear—he laughingly said, rubbing the injured part :

“Begorra yer honor, I'm the first Hogan was hung by the left ear, though they say one of us did die by a knot under it.”

This adventure not only got Jerry a sovereign for his morning's work, but the right to fish under the conditions I have mentioned.

## CHAPTER XXI.

Salmon fishing. The "Fish Hawk" at West River. An unfaithful guide. Salmon on the move. An odd way of catching a salmon. Over the falls on the Medway without losing the fish. A day on Pennant River.



Of all fishes the salmon (*Salmo salar*) is universally acknowledged to be the king, whether testing the strength of a split bamboo, or greenheart rod, or whetting the palate of a *gourmand*.

Often by the side of some deep pool of a swift rushing river, as I ran over in my mind the incidents of the big battle just fought out with the noble antagonist now lying quiet enough on the bank beside me, have I thought, what can excel such pleasurable excitement as this? The quick rush and swirl in the current that greets the visit of your fly near the monarch's resting place, setting your heart pumping like a steam engine, the suspense when having missed his prey you give him time to get over his disappointment, laying down the rod meanwhile, and trying to affect a coolness which you by no means feel. The delight you experience when after a preliminary cast or two, above where you suppose him to be lying, your lure quick darting sweeps in a curve over the precise spot, and you see a silver gleam, a flash of a powerful tail, and find your antagonist firmly hooked; the battle, then the victory, all these make up to you at the time the very *summum bonum* of a salmon fisher's earthly bliss. But to my story.

One evening in the "leafy month of June" I left Halifax for Sheet Harbor in a fishing schooner. The wind favoring us all night we ran our seventy or eighty miles

in a short space of time, reaching there early next morning—a very quick passage.

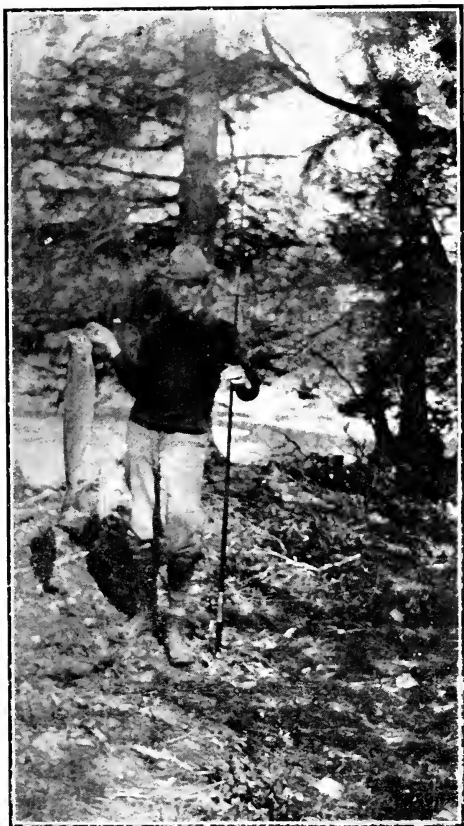
There are two rivers entering into Sheet Harbor, the East and the West. The former is sometimes called Lochaber. Here there stands a huge saw mill with a dam completely across. A fishway was placed in it, but it was faulty in some way, the salmon would not go through it, so on learning this I decided to devote myself to the West river which was unobstructed.

This little stream is of no great extent from where it issues from the lake to the salt water, but it flows through a peculiar formation of slate rock, forming a number of fine pools, which serve as resting places for the salmon in their ascent to the lake above. Once there, they have a free uninterrupted course for miles into the interior of the country. I was joined, as I went up with my rod, by a fellow whom I afterwards found was called the "Fish Hawk," from his poaching proclivities. He had some way of getting a sale for his salmon secretly, and he attended to it most assiduously I was told, sleeping all day, and dipping and dragging with a net all night. Now, a freshet had only come the day before, and the "Hawk" followed me to see if the fish had struck the river. He was extremely civil, pointing out the best and most likely places for salmon to lie, picked up my fly book which I had accidentally dropped on the way up, and gave it to me unrelieved of a single fly. But he was playing his game. At the exit of the lake there is a dam much resembling what is called on rivers a "rolling dam," which is built to get logs through for sawing. There is always a sluice, and through this the fish pass after the logs go down. Just at the dam, with the "Fish Hawk" by my side, I rose a noble salmon. But what atmospheric influence was at work that afternoon with the salmon I know not, but they would not as sportsmen say "take."

Not a bit of it. I saw them in the lower pools rise in a peculiar way, not jumping or rushing, but if the water was intently watched one saw in the gleam of the bright sunshine on the surface, the whole back of a salmon come up with the dorsal fin exposed clearly out of water, and about half of the tail. Now this is by no means a very uncommon thing. Why they do it I know not, but when it is seen it is a sure sign that the fish are on the move, and at that time they will not notice a fly cast before them. This one I was trying for paid no attention to all the variety of gaudy and sombre flies I showed him. Mr. "Fish Hawk" thought there would be a better chance in the morning, so I came away, but that night while I slept the fish was netted, of course, by the cunning poacher.

On my discovery of this fact next day, I decided to try the next pool, and taking the boy with me, who carried my gaff, we reached it in a few minutes. Now this was a very peculiar place. No man on earth having any experience in salmon fishing would expect to land a salmon there. But having seen them "show" the day before I determined to try, bad as the chance of saving the fish looked if I did succeed in hooking him. It was a rapid swirling pool at the tail of a tiny island, and below were four small pools and rapids before reaching good water. I made a cast and immediately rose a fish, but though he made a great profession of anxiety to seize the fly he did not touch it. I rested him, and tried various other flies, but the salmon treated them all with contempt. I was perplexed I confess, but by no means inclined to give in. At last finding flies useless I determined to try a "phantom minnow," and removing the fly, attached the lure in its place. Casting well across the pool, I brought the miniature fish, by gentle jerks, down to the spot where I thought the fish was lying, and was fetching it up stream again, with as life like a motion as I could, when with a





JUST CAUGHT



ON THE MEDWAY



A GOOD MORNING'S WORK

mighty rush and his back out of water he came at it and was hooked. And then there was a proper fuss. I do not think there was a square foot of that pool that the fish did not explore. Back and forth, hither and thither he darted, but never leaped once—a thing by the way that struck me as very strange. At length, in spite of all that I could do, he made for the rapids at the tail of the pool and though I gave him the butt as stiffly as I dared I could not check him in the slightest degree. By the heavy strain on my rod I took him to be an immense fish. Down the rapid and into the next pool he rushed with lightning speed, my reel singing merrily as I followed as fast as I was able through the water—for the trees overhung the bank—barking my shins badly, by the same token, against sundry rocks in my hurry. Here my antagonist stopped suddenly and began to sulk. However, I succeeded in starting him again soon by rapping the metal ferrule on the butt of the rod with the blade of my sheath knife, and then away he darted with a vengeance, this time making right across the pool, treating contemptuously my efforts to stop him, and over the farthest little fall from me on the other side of the river, among great boulders he went into the large pool below, but did not as I feared cut the line.

In this place I had plenty of sea room, as sailors term it, and smoother water, and a better chance altogether of dealing with my lively opponent. We fought the battle out bravely for half an hour perhaps. At times it seemed as if he was going to have everything his own way and continue his voyage to the sea, at others I managed to hold him well in check. But as the struggle went on I began to get gradually the upper hand and drew him towards me. Slowly he came, disputing every inch of the way until at last I caught a glimpse of him, and was much surprised to see he was not so large a fish as the strain on the rod led me to believe.

But why, I wondered, was he coming tail first, and why had he never leaped? Just then I turned round to tell my attendant, the boy with the gaff, to bring it to me, and saw he was crying and holding his hand to his face. In climbing down the rocky margin of the river he had knocked the cork off the point of the gaff he was carrying, and in a jump from one stone to another, while following me, he had put the gaff clean through the thick part of his cheek. I coaxed and soothed him and succeeding in stopping his lamentations—he was a plucky little chap—and then I said “now you take the rod and reel him close to where I am going to wade out to gaff him.” He did so, but tug as he would the salmon was too much for him, so I had to wade back again to shore, take the rod from him and wind Mr. *Salmo Salar* up to where I could reach him. I thought it very odd while reeling him in he should still have his tail instead of his head turned towards me. However, the sequel proved the reason. I gaffed him easily, and taking him well up on the bank I said “Look, isn’t that luck, the hook has just come out of his mouth!” But on holding him up, the casting line came up too. What is that? Good gracious! I had hooked, played and landed the salmon with only one of the small hooks of the phantom minnow firmly embedded in the thick skin at the root of the tail. This was the reason he never jumped as salmon always do when hooked. He couldn’t jump while his tail was so held.

I took him down and weighed him at the country store, and he turned the scale at twelve and a half pounds. Not a very big fish I admit, but never have I had a bigger tussle, and never before or since have I hooked a salmon in any part of the body but the mouth.

I think I shall not weary the reader if I briefly recall a very funny incident in connection with salmon fishing before I go on to tell of my best day at this sport.

A party of us were camped on the Medway river, and the water being in excellent condition the sport was very good. One afternoon "Jem" Moren, one of our number, and I left camp together, he to fish his favorite pool out of a boat which we had with us, and I to try the water below him. Between us was a perpendicular fall of about five or six feet. The pool he had selected was a very rapid one, and short, but it was generally good for a salmon in the afternoon.

I had been industriously engaged for half an hour or more in casting without any result, and was reeling in my line preparatory to trying another place lower down the stream, when I heard a shout from my friend above. Laying down my rod I ran along the side of the river, back towards him, and saw him manfully engaged in a desperate encounter with what appeared to be a good fish. I foresaw that should the salmon go down stream, with the boat a fixture, there would be no chance of saving him. But I had no way of assisting him without swimming, and I decided to defer that mode of reaching the boat, for a while at least.

Below, where the water broke over the fall, a ridge of rock was just visible on the side of the pool where I stood, so I called to him to lay down his rod, even at the risk of losing the fish, pull up the rope and stone that served for an anchor, and let the boat drift down on this reef where it would stick on the edge, and so give him, as he had plenty of line, command of the two pools.

He took my advice, placing his rod in such a way that the line would run freely, but in the act of raising his anchor he accidentally knocked one of the oars overboard, and it floated out of his reach in a second. That was unlucky, for he was unable to check the pace of the boat in the current. However, it did not seem to trouble him. He was standing up holding his rod when the salmon, still

on, darted down stream, and following the rush of water in a broken gap in the ridge went through to the pool below. So did my friend, but not so gracefully. So engaged was he in watching his fish that he did not observe the speed the boat was making, and being quite unprepared for the shock when the boat went plump against the reef, side on, he shot into the air over the fall. He was an excellent swimmer and soon his head bobbed up. He had not hurt himself at all—his tumble of about five or six feet was into a similar depth of water, and he had fallen on his side. What surprised me most was his retaining hold of his rod—luckily not broken—and while assuring me he was all right he swam with it over his shoulder to the shore where I was standing. "Well done," said I enthusiastically "you are a lucky chap! Is the fish on still?" "Pon my word I don't know" he replied, laughing and shaking himself like a Newfoundland dog. "Wasn't that a pretty dive? I did not know what happened for a moment or two after I came to the top. By Jove!" he exclaimed a moment later, as he reeled up his line "*he is on yet.*" And so it proved, for shortly afterwards I had the pleasure of gaffing a fine salmon of about fifteen pounds' weight.

My chum was very proud of his capture, and jokingly informed our companions in camp, who were somewhat surprised at seeing his soaked garments, that he had discovered a new way of catching a salmon, and that was to dive into the river after him and put salt on his tail.

The most favorable day at salmon fishing I ever had in my life was at Pennant river, a small unobstructed stream about twenty miles from Halifax. It is very short, being only a mile or so in length, and runs out of a big lake over heavy rocks, and deep pitches to the sea at Pennant Harbor. My brother Montie was my companion on this occasion, and the time the beginning of July after

a very heavy rain had fallen. I took with me a light sixteen foot rod and a full complement of salmon gear, while he, not being a salmon fisherman at all, contented himself with bringing a small rod and some flies suitable for sea trout. At this season of the year there is in most rivers in Nova Scotia, but especially those flowing into the Atlantic on the south coast, what is called the "strawberry run" of both salmon and sea trout. It is so called from the fact that this fruit in its wild state is then abundant everywhere, and if a sufficient quantity of rain falls to make a freshet, one is sure of these fish entering from the sea.

After a pleasant drive we arrived at our destination late in the evening and put up at a Mr. Marline's, and next morning, bright and early, we started from there with a walk of only a mile and a half before us to the place where he kept his boat in which we were to row ourselves across the lake to where the river begins.

Standing on the hill upon which Marline's house is built, one sees before him the mighty Atlantic stretching to right and left as far as his vision reaches. But what a melancholy picture the intervening landscape presents. Nothing meets the eye, but acres upon acres of half starved alders or withrod, whose scanty green leaves in vain try to redeem the awful look of barrenness and desolation that prevails over the whole scene. Huge rampikes too—that is, dead trees denuded of foliage—still stand upright on all sides, fitting monuments to record the fierce fire that, years before had swept all vegetation from hill and dale on this part of the coast, leaving behind it bare rocks and these charred pines as witnesses of its devastating power. Even the vast network of connected lakes one sees before him, with their blue waves glistening in the sunlight, are marred and robbed of their beauty by these lifeless trunks and the bare whin-stone, and granite boulders with which their shores are lined.

We found the boat at the place Marline had described, just where two good streams ran into the lake, lighted a fire and breakfasted. This over, while my brother was getting the boat ready, I put my rod together and succeeded in rising to my fly a nice salmon at the tail of the pool. But he declined to show himself again in spite of all my coaxing, so I reluctantly gave him up, and taking our oars away we rowed to the foot of the lake where Pennant river begins. Here we hauled up the boat, and covering our eatables with spruce boughs we commenced operations.

In the first pool, deep, dark and eddying, I hooked after a few casts my first salmon, and within fifteen minutes brought him to the gaff. He weighed, by the spring balance we had brought with us, seven pounds exactly. While Montie was taking him to the boat near by, for safe keeping, I hooked and lost my second fish, and a few minutes afterwards my third also. Both had broken away at the first leap, which showed they were very lightly hooked. My brother then took the pool, and with his small flies succeeded in capturing three or four freshly run sea trout, over a pound each, while I sat by watching him. Presently we went down stream some score of yards, now wading, now squirming between boulders to the next pool, and there I dropped in my "Jock Scott," rising a good fish. Unfortunately I pricked him, and of course saw him no more. Still following the river down, just behind a large rock another salmon darted at my fly and missed it, and though I spent a considerable time fishing over him with different lures he would not budge from his resting place. I caught, however, two fine sea trout in this pool, one of quite two pounds' weight.

Laying down my rod I seated myself on an old log to wait until my brother caught up to me, and I must confess, in by no means an enviable frame of mind. Losing fish in the way I had recently done was very disappointing



and I could not help thinking, if it continued, I should have a slim reckoning at the end of the day. I had lost four salmon almost in succession. However, better luck was in store for me as the sequel will show.

On my brother joining me with a very fair show of trout, we went on again, climbing and wading in turn to what is called the head of the Big Pool, he to fish there for trout where salmon seldom lie, and I to try my luck at the tail or run out a hundred yards or so below, which I reached after feeling my way through a dense thicket, to the detriment of the varnish on my rod and my clothes also. Ten minutes after my getting there I was forced to shout for assistance. I had hooked a good one indeed, that evidently had no intention of giving up his liberty without a struggle for it. The situation was this. Below me a heavy rapid ran for a score of yards, and I knew if my fish once got over the fall, and into this churning water good-bye to him, and some of my gear too, for the overhanging alders at the side of the river made following him impracticable, unless by swimming, hence my cry for help. Montie soon came, and picking up a long branch of a tree that lay on the ground he proceeded to lash the water with it every time the salmon approached the fall, and frightened him back. Once I thought all was over. There was an old partly decayed birch tree lying half in and half out of the water just below me, and directly towards this Mr. Salmon went in one of his wild rushes. But good luck favored me here, for he turned and came from this fatal spot just as he reached it without the casting line catching in the branches. "That was a piece of luck" shouted Montie, and after a prolonged and plucky resistance I at length got the fish near enough to where he was standing in the water, and he gaffed him and waded ashore. A tap or two on the head finished the business, and then the hook of the spring-balance was in-

serted in the gills. Huzza! the weight shown exceeds by a little ten pounds. A handsome fish, too, he was, fresh from the sea and as bright as a silver dollar. We carried him to a spring close by and covered him up in the cool moss until such time as we were going back to our starting point where the boat lay. A glance at the watch told us it was nearly midday, and we agreed to fish no more until the afternoon, so stretching ourselves out under the lee of a large rock we, after a pipe, indulged in a prolonged "forty winks." Montie was the first to awake.

"I say old chap, what about grub?" "Any amount of it," I lazily answered, "in the boat." "Yes"—with a grunt—"but who's to go after it?"

Neither of us had a positive hankering for the trip, so we tossed up, and I lost and went. On my return with the lunch basket and cooking utensils I found a fire burning, and in double quick time the coffee was boiled and our eatables spread out, and if any two people enjoyed a square meal we did. At this place, by-the-bye, I accidentally left a knife sheath and strap, which remained there, undisturbed, until the following year when I found them. They were apparently none the worse for lying there during the winter, excepting only that a little rust had formed on the knife blade.

About three o'clock we began to fish again, and before long I killed another plucky salmon of eight pounds, and a little while after a grilse of three and a half pounds was added to the score. Then I fished over a "duffer" that only showed himself once, but would not rise again, and tiring of his incivility I left him to his own devices. Down stream we again pushed to the First Pool, and when there had a view of the harbor with fishing vessels riding at anchor and the white cottages of the fishermen scattered along the beach. This, the First Pool, is the very worst on the river to fish. At its lower end there is an abrupt

fall, and from thence to the tide way, it is one continuous heavy rapid without a single still spot. Naturally, the salmon rest in the calm water at the tail of this pool after climbing a steep acclivity of quite an eighth of a mile in length. A good place it is undoubtedly to loose both salmon, and casting line too, if once the fish went over the fall. There appeared to be a good many of them lying here. In a few casts I hooked and killed a lively grilse that weighed five pounds. Then I hooked a "good un" that made my rod quiver again, and which I played for some time, but eventually I was unable to keep him from the treacherous outlet, and over he went. Nothing could stop him now, so I simply straightened my rod and held the reel handle tight, and away towards the sea he went with a "Black Doctor" in his mouth and a piece of the casting line trailing behind him. I raised my hat and wished him *bon voyage*.

Putting on a fresh casting line and fly, I got a four and three-quarter pound grilse, and lastly my gamest fish of the day that scored nine pounds. And here we turned about to go home more than satisfied with the sport we had had. We were agreeably surprised too, for who would think that in a little river like this there would be so many salmon. Personally I had never seen anything like it before.

We carried our fish and camp utensils up to where the boat lay, and then rowed back across the lake to the place of starting in the morning in capital good humor at our success. I got everything out of the boat, put my rod away in its case and began packing our salmon, tying each one up in spruce branches like a miniature mummy to prevent injury in the bottom of the trap when driving home, while my brother went on fishing for sea trout in the stream. He caught several while I was thus engaged, but just as I had finished and called to him to give up or

we would be very late getting home, I saw his rod suddenly bend nearly double. "Hulloa, Montie" I cried, "you've got a good trout now." "Trout," he answered, "by Jove old man I've got hold of the salmon you rose here this morning." And so he had, and a fine time the fish gave him with his light gear. Every moment I expected a smash; but he stuck to it gallantly. Once the small trout line was run out to almost the last turn on the reel, but the salmon leaped and came back towards him in time to save its being carried off altogether. It was a close shave. Finally before the fish was anything like played out, I got a chance to gaff him by kneeling on the stern sheets of the boat half hauled up on the shore, and dragging him in, killed and weighed him. He pulled the indicator of the spring balance down to close upon six pounds.

Thus ended a most enjoyable day's fishing with the following score: my brother, one salmon and twenty-two sea trout; myself, seven grilse and salmon combined and two good trout.

Although we had hit it off by a "fluke" it was a day to be marked with a white stone.

## CHAPTER XXII.

Moose hunting. How Dollar Lake was named. Hard luck in the bush there. An assistant is employed that turns out anything but a mascot.



HAVING mentioned fishing as one of the great sports in Nova Scotia, I must not omit a description of what is considered by many as the greatest sport of all to be had there, viz., moose hunting.

Years ago there were three legitimate methods of getting moose. That is by calling, still hunting, and by running them down with dogs. The latter I am glad to say is no longer lawful, and it never deserved the name of sport. The time chosen for this pursuit was invariably at the end of winter, when a crust forms over the deep snow. While the dogs used could run easily on this without breaking through, the hunted quarry was unable to do so, and becoming exhausted after futile efforts to escape became an easy prey to the pot-hunter who followed on snowshoes.

My own experiences in moose hunting have been somewhat limited, but the outings were always attended by pleasurable incidents, and held out many attractions, especially the wild life one led in the forest for the time being, a life which though rough and involving plenty of hard work, and vigorous exercise is the healthiest imaginable.

And now to tell the story of a moose hunting trip, which I reproduce from notes written at the time by one of the party.

In a blinding snow storm we came out of the woods from Dollar Lake, on the shores of which we had spent three profitless days in quest of moose. Not that there were no moose in that locality, for we had started several, but luck was against us, and we returned to the farmhouse from which we had come, empty handed.

Dollar Lake is situated about thirty miles from Halifax, and is reached by the main road to Guysboro. It was a favorite hunting place of an Indian I usually took as guide, and I had the year before enjoyed with him a most satisfactory hunt there. The country about the lake is specially promising as a domain for the lordly animal to roam in, interspersed as it is with dense spruce swamps and hardwood hills. Browse is abundant, covert secure, and water supply unlimited.

By the way, there are I may mention, several reasons assigned for the lake's odd *soubriquet* of Dollar. One, that it is shaped like that very useful and desirable coin; another, that long ago a man so named lived close by it; and a third, that one of a party hunting there in winter cut a hole through the ice to fish for trout—grub getting short in camp—and finding that his bait of pork refused to sink as quickly as he wished, and time being an object when a keen nor'wester with a big strain of zero in it was sweeping down the full length of the lake upon him—he took an old Mexican dollar that he carried in his pocket for a luck-penny, and attached it to the line to do duty as a sinker. But the prolonged and unruly remonstrances of a lively victim against its withdrawal from its native element, so chafed the line against the edge of the ice that it parted, and away went the victorious trout with hook, Mexican dollar and all. Perhaps this incident gave the lake its name.

But touching my hunt here. Early in January two sporting friends, Captain Smith and Doctor Earle, both,



THE MOOSE





alas! since gone to join the great majority, had invited me to join them in a projected moose hunt in Guysborough County. But as they could not on the day fixed leave Halifax, and my Indian was at hand, I determined to go on ahead with him to the Dollar Lake country, which was all on our way, and meet them three days later at a place agreed upon on the Guysborough road.

On my arrival at this farm house I arranged to send my dunnage round by team to a log shanty at the east side of the lake, there being good sleighing over the ice, while the Indian and I would take a short cut through the woods in as direct a line as possible for the same place. So after despatching the team we shouldered our guns and set out. We found there was a considerable quantity of snow in the bush, but it had not fallen long enough to pack, and this rendered the snow-shoeing too heavy to be pleasant. However, we jogged on and when we had got about half way to camp we came upon fresh moose tracks which I suggested to the Indian we might follow with a hope of getting a shot provided we made sure of reaching our resting place before sundown, for there was wood to cut for the night, and fresh branches of fir for a bed to gather, and these were necessities not to be overlooked with the mercury not far above the cipher.

We tramped along over rough hills and through dense swamps for I should say an hour, when just as we reached the top of a little eminence the Indian stopped, threw up his head, and as I came close to him whispered "smellum moose," sniffing the air as he spoke. I did the same, and there was no doubt of it; the peculiar smell of the animal was distinctly perceptible coming down the wind, though nothing was in sight. It was the first time I had experienced this odor in the woods. It reminded me of a menagerie tent; but I have since heard it is not a very uncommon occurrence.

We crept cautiously along in such a way as to have the wind blowing from our quarry's suspected locality towards ourselves, so that no hostile human scent might reach the sensitive nostrils of the forest's monarch. But in spite of all our precautions, so soft and yielding was the snow, it was impossible to prevent the snowshoes from noisily snapping unseen twigs, and shortly, as might be expected, a sudden crash of dry limbs and sticks breaking in a dense thicket close at hand told of our prey's escape. Alas! without giving us the faintest glimpse of him, or the chance of even a flying shot.

Our abiding place reached we found our impedimenta deposited there by the teamster, and sundown saw us pretty well prepared for the night in the woodchoppers' disused log camp, which we found in fair repair, and habitable enough at a pinch.

After supper before a blazing fire we rolled ourselves in our blankets and when I awoke from a most refreshing sleep, near daybreak next morning, I found the Indian busily engaged in getting breakfast ready, and that over, we put on our snowshoes and shouldering our guns sallied forth with the fixed determination that moose meat and not salt pork should constitute our *pièce de résistance* at supper on our return. We walked many a weary mile that forenoon unrewarded. After a lunch eaten on a pine windfall which served for seats and table combined when brushed free of snow, we struck out for a range of hardwood hills where Louis (the Indian) seemed to entertain high hopes of meeting with better success. Crossing a large extent of low swamp land filled with tangled brush and other villainous inventions of the evil one, that made our progress most laborious, we passed through some fine groves of spruce and fir, and finally reached the hills we sought. Climbing over the first ridge we descended into a glade where grew in great magnificence large trees of

birch, beech and maple, and beneath their spreading boughs quantities of their kind in miniature—the famous browse the moose delight to feed on—and here we came upon their footprints, quite fresh for the first time that day. The sun was fast declining, and we knew that there was not a great amount of time to give to stalking. I was delighted, therefore, when the Indian pointed out some twigs recently nibbled, with other unmistakable signs of our game being close at hand.

We proceeded now with extreme caution, each moment expecting to come upon them—there was more than one by the tracks. Pausing at the foot of an incline, Louis took off his snowshoes and signalled to me to do the same. Things were now becoming decidedly exciting. I took a good look at my gun—a double barreled one—to see that all was right, especially that snow had not filled the muzzle, and followed the Indian close up putting my feet at each step exactly where his had pressed into the snow. Reaching the top of the little hill, a hurried glance below showed two moose standing close together about sixty or seventy yards distant, and a third a few yards away from them. One of the two together—a bull—stood with his head towards us, and saw us as quickly as we saw him. On the instant he turned and was off on the full trot, of course startling his companions as he did so. I fired a rapid shot behind his shoulder, followed by the second barrel in quick succession. He stumbled and I thought was coming down, but he went bravely on. Louis had run in the meantime with all speed to the right to cut off the others, and came within twenty yards of them, he said, when just as he raised his gun to fire, one foot went through the snow into a hole and he fell forward, cutting his cheek badly on a sharp projection of a stump, and of course losing his chance of a shot. So sick did the blow make him feel that he could not get up for a minute or

so. I had reloaded by the time he joined me, and after tying up his face with my handkerchief to keep out the frost, we together examined the place where the moose was, when I fired. We found drops of blood on the snow. Louis said he distinctly heard the thud of my shot striking, and thought the last one had gone through the stomach of the animal.

We followed for some distance the wounded moose's tracks, finding drops of blood along the way, and saw places where in stepping over a low windfall it had scraped the snow off with its leg, showing it was too weak to lift it sufficiently high to clear it.

But the sun being already down we soon had reluctantly to abandon further pursuit if we were to get back to camp before darkness set in. My disappointment, however, was considerably lessened by Louis declaring he would have no trouble in taking up the trail in the morning, and that we would be sure to find the moose dead by then.

But *l'homme propose, etc.* Towards daylight the next morning I was awakened by the noise of the wind rushing furiously through the leafless trees, and the snapping of breaking limbs about us. Springing up, and looking out of the camp door—a blanket hung on two nails—I found a big snowstorm was upon us.

Louis was awake watching me, and expressed my thoughts to the letter. "No chance findum moose now" said he, "sartin tracks all covered up." Alas! there was not a doubt of it, and my last hope vanished. Some one had put a hoodoo in our packs for a certainty. The team was to come in for our traps that morning, so we set to work to have everything ready, regretting the while we had no moose meat to send out by it. It came at length, bringing with it the teamster's son—a lad of about fourteen. He had come hoping we would walk out to the

farmhouse through the woods instead of driving, and had brought his snowshoes with him to accompany us if I gave him permission. Sad to relate, as the sequel will show, I did give it, all unconscious of the mischief it would work, so the team was dispatched without him.

The wind was blowing half a gale and the snow thickly falling, not by any means a bad day to creep upon a moose, and I thought bad luck had bidden us good-bye, when the Indian presently showed me fresh tracks crossing our route at right angles. We turned and followed these for some time and at length Louis came to a halt, and removing his snowshoes, whispered "Moose very close now." I was not slow in following suit, and both pairs were handed to the lad to carry, with strict injunctions to follow in our tracks, but at a long distance behind us. Not more than twenty or thirty yards were traversed when Louis crouched down and beckoned. On my stealing up to him he showed me two moose lying down directly in our front. The snow constantly falling off the trees made my aim difficult as I fired my first barrel, then my second, at each moose. Louis discharged his also, only to see the two moose get up. Evidently unhurt they looked about, but not smelling us did not run. Each of us was using a muzzle loader, and reloading was being done as rapidly as possible when, to my horror and dismay, down came the lad upon us on a half run, waving our snowshoes which he was carrying in the air, and shouting at the top of his abominable voice "How many hev ye got?" That was quite enough. Away went the moose thoroughly alarmed, yet still uncertain of the locality where danger threatened, for they ran back past us not more than fifteen yards distant, while we, our loading not completed, were powerless to shoot.

I think the Indian would have cursed the boy in terms as comprehensive as the famous anathema put upon the

Jackdaw of Rheims, but there are no oaths in the Micmac language, and he as well as myself could not find any words in English to do proper justice to the occasion. But I could have annihilated the lad, I was so vexed. One minute more, just sixty little seconds, and we should both have finished loading and had the finest chance of a kill it was possible for mortal to have. Why we did not hit one of them at first I don't know to this hour. We were not flurried in the least, and both tolerably good shots. However, so it was, and we tramped out of the woods to the house, having come upon five moose altogether without having secured one. Was it on account of bad luck or bad shooting? Perhaps both.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Moose hunting (continued.) The drive to the "Trafalgar" Inn. Our mode of conveyance. The stories of the Musquodotoit party and of the "Becky Langley" tragedy are told on the way. Arrival at New Caledonia and camp is reached. The caribou bog.



AFTER this misadventure we wended our toilsome way out to the farm house which we reached about mid-day, and I had just enjoyed the luxury of a tub and had made a complete change of toggery in one of the spare rooms when the sound of sleigh bells, I thought I recognized, reached me, and looking out of the window I saw my friends, with their Indian, drive up. They were a couple of hours in advance of the time I had expected them to arrive, but all the more welcome for that, so running downstairs I hastened out to meet them. Hearty greetings were exchanged, the horses were stabled, and we soon after sat down to a repast which though not of the Delmonico or Maison Doré brand, and destitute of "Hermitage" or "Madame Cliquot" was thoroughly enjoyable, as what dinner would not be to hungry men, who had before them good beef, vegetables galore, and the good wife's best handiwork in a pudding.

A heap of good humored chaff, and many laughs at my expense, as my recent adventures were ludicrously commented upon, added a zest to the tempting viands, and we rose from the table like "giants refreshed with wine."

Having settled our score, and everything being snugly packed on the sled, we got away as soon as the horses, now well rested, were put to, intending to stop for the night

at the Trafalgar Inn about forty-five miles distant. And while the nags are trotting gaily along, keeping step to the tinkling bells, let me briefly describe this sled of ours, which we chose as being *par excellence* the best sort of conveyance for comfortably taking a somewhat lengthy journey through the country in winter.

It had a light framework on broadish runners, with the flooring extending some inches over the bearers, three holes being bored along each side in which were placed upright pins or stakes about five feet in length. A rope was then wound round these on the two sides and the front, leaving the back open. Over the flooring was strewn straw, and over that buffalo robes, our bundles, waterproof bags containing spare clothes, gun cases, snowshoes, etc., being securely lashed to the pins. The beauty of this mode of conveyance was, that one could sit or recline in any position one liked or jump off easily without stopping the horses, to run or walk to stretch one's legs. There were plenty of wraps in the shape of loose rugs, and blankets to cover up in, if cold. The one who was driving (and we took turns at that) either stood up or sat on a bundle, but as the horses were quiet and steady goers, and few, if any teams, likely to be met with, the reins were more frequently hanging on one of the pins than in the drivers' hands. It was altogether far ahead in every way of a sleigh with fixed seats.

The January sun, peeping out, shone down on a jolly party. The sleighing was fairly good, and as we skimmed along, we whiled away the time between smokes with stories or some rattling old song with a chorus—the latter an especial delight to the Indians as they sat together in the front wrapped in the horses' blankets.

Our road lay across the Musquodoboit, and the mention of that river recalls an amusing incident worth relating, that occurred while a friend and myself were



once shooting near its banks. We had been snipe shooting over some farm lands near its exit into the harbor, and hearing by accident that a good many woodcocks had been seen at a place called Maher's Grant, twelve miles up-stream, we hired a man to row us—and our dogs—up to it in his boat, there being no road at that time.

We had excellent sport, and my friend Blake enjoyed it so much that he determined to give a dance in honor of the occasion at the farm house where we stayed. He secured a fiddler, sent a boy on horse-back three miles for a couple of bottles of Demerara rum and a supply of tea cakes, etc., got our host to run about and invite all the lads and lassies he could find in the neighborhood, and had the big kitchen swept and garnished for a ballroom. Altogether his preparations were profuse and princely. A lot of young men soon put in an appearance, and a host of the gentler sex too, and before the fiddler had finished his introductory polka, first one couple, then another, then half a dozen were on the floor making the plates and dishes on the dresser rattle an accompaniment to their nimble stepping. We had nothing to wear on our feet but heavy shooting boots, but on my chum consulting our hostess she confessed to owning a pair of India rubbers, which he at once borrowed and donned, and soon was seen the leading figure in a reel, executing the most marvelous steps with the agility of a dancing master, to the admiration of all in the room.

But I was not to be done out of my share. After the dance had finished, and refreshments hospitably pressed by my friend upon everybody, I got him into a corner, and appealing to his well-known sense of justice, as I termed it, concluded a treaty then and there to the effect that every alternate dance I should have the benefit of the rubbers. It was a ludicrous arrangement, as one of us always sat in his stocking feet and looked on, while the other figured

away in the gum shoes. But we had great fun, and it was a merry ending to a capital day's sport.

We had stopped when half way to our destination for the night to give the horses a drench of oatmeal and water, and now we were passing the last house and leaving civilization far behind. From this point to the Trafalgar Inn, fourteen miles distant, the road runs through a dense forest. The moon was partly obscured and the tall birch and beech trees, as we drove past, appeared as if lifting their arms helplessly to the sky, casting grotesque shadows on the snow beneath, while the wind chanted a mournful dirge through the tops of the sombre old pines. It was just the place for a creepy story and the fact was suddenly recalled, by one of the party, that we were about to stop for the night at the Inn where the well-known Becky Langley had lived, and where she was murdered some years previously. The story as related was this :

A man, named Cameron, journeying on the road we were then on, towards Halifax, when about seventy miles from the Dartmouth Ferry, somewhere about where we then were, was accosted by a person by the name of McDonald who asked him for money, stating he was hungry. Cameron directed him to this Inn. The house, as we afterwards saw, stood in a very lonely part of the road, in the middle of the forest, about fourteen miles distant on either side from any house or settlement. Cameron told this man to get something to eat at "Becky's," and he would pay for it on his way back from Halifax. "Becky" was described as a woman of decidedly masculine character. She was fearless and independent, but she had relieved somewhat the monotony of her life by the adoption of two children, a boy and a girl, who were at that time of the ages of four and ten years respectively. It was said the Legislature had for several years appropriated her eighteen pounds annuity in consideration of the refuge which her humble inn afforded to travellers.

It appears McDonald went to the house as directed, and asked for and obtained his dinner. The man usually kept about the premises in the capacity of hostler was away at the time, and only the two children were present. These young things tramped the long fourteen miles to the next house, Gastons, to tell of the murder. Their story was that, after getting his dinner, McDonald had said something which annoyed their mother—it is surmised that it was an insulting proposition—and she took the fire shovel, turned him out of the house and bolted the door. He again returned, and burst open the door with a billet of wood, when she took down a pistol and threatened to shoot him if he did not leave. He then went away for a while, afterwards returning, and again forced the door, when she immediately fired at him, or in his direction. As he continued to advance towards her she snatched her gun from the wall, but he struck her down on the hearth, jumped on her, and beat her on the head with the butt. He must have dealt her several blows, as her skull was battered in in several places in a shocking manner. The fellow then made off without touching anything in the house. He was pursued, captured and tried in Halifax, but the brute got off being hanged after all, evidence having been produced to prove he was insane.

When we reached the Inn—the scene of the brutal murder years before—we found it shrouded in darkness. They kept early hours at this unfrequented place. But we were not long in rousing them out, and by the time we got our traps inside and stowed away, and the horses rubbed down and made comfortable for the night, a blazing fire and hastily prepared supper awaited us in the best parlor. Ham and eggs and coffee were soon disposed of, and after a final smoke in front of the fire in the great old fashioned fireplace, we sought our respective couches.

It was a perfect winter morning when we started again.

The keen frosty atmosphere had a most exhilarating effect on well rested horses and men, the former trotting along and tossing their heads with a "we'll get you there" air, the patter of their feet meanwhile, and the creaking of the runners on the crisp snow keeping up a rude accompaniment to the sweet jingle of the bells. Mile after mile was left behind us as we chatted away together, until we at last reached our last stopping place at a settlement called I think, New Caledonia, and our journey by road was at an end. Here our nags were to be "left until called for," when we came out of the forest again.

A horse and rough wood sled carried our impedimenta as far on a hauling road as practicable, and thence—with our snowshoes on—the packs were carried by the Indians and ourselves to camp. We saw plenty of moose tracks on the way.

The camp on the Liscombe river, which had been built for Captain Chearnley in Halifax, was a double one, that is, like two "lean to's," facing each other; constructed of logs and rendered tight by moss wedged in the interstices between them. Spruce or hemlock bark and tin plates roofed it snugly in, and the fireplace being in the centre we appropriated one side, giving the Indians the other. Two sharp axes vigorously wielded by the skilful hands of Louis and Paul quickly furnished ample fuel for the night, while we three gathered the sweetly odorous fir twigs for beds. The fire was lighted and soon we were enjoying our evening meal with that keen relish which fresh air and hard tramping create. Our talk was not prolonged to a late hour on this, our first night together in camp. While that blessed weed grown on Virginia's fair soil was receiving due attention, the route for the morrow was duly mapped out in solemn conclave with the Indians, and soon conversation flagged, and one by one we dropped off to sleep. Next morning we were early



THE CARIBOU



astir and feeling very fit after a good night's rest. Breakfast over Smith and I, having Louis as guide, and the Doctor taking Paul, set off in opposite directions. Our route was towards the East branch of the Liscombe river, the hunting ground chosen being the country lying between the two branches. We found during the morning many moose tracks, but they were all old ones and up to noon we were guiltless of blood shedding. Happily I am not forced to record the whole day as a blank one.

After a bite to eat and resting a while, Louis again took the lead, this time working to the south of the ground we had been hunting over, and after about an hour's walking we came upon a bog extending to our right and left, and over this we pushed. It was studded with clumps or islands of various dimensions, on which grew scrubby bushes and stunted spruce trees, from the branches of which hung clusters of a whitish yellow moss like old men's beards—a favorite food of caribou. The place looked a very likely one indeed to find them wandering in. Nor were we disappointed. About midway across we came upon fresh tracks. A small herd, Louis said, of five or six had passed up the bog shortly before and might be, he thought as the feeding was good, not very far away. We held a council of war on the instant and decided that Captain Smith (otherwise known on this trip as the "Scottish Chief") was slowly to follow up the tracks, but on no account to leave the barren for fear of being lost, while Louis and I crossed it, and making a circuit round to the head were to find out if the game had already gone out, and if it had not to come back, still keeping in the covert, until they were sighted. We reached the end of the barren, and after a careful search—finding they had not passed—turned back as agreed upon. Hardly had half a mile been traversed when Louis stopped and pointed towards the centre of the bog, and there I counted first

three caribou feeding at the edge of one of these islands I have mentioned, then two more came from the other side into view, and finally another pair made their appearance—seven in all.

The excitement now became intense, but I must reserve the details of our success for a fresh chapter.







THE DEATH OF THE LEADER

## CHAPTER XXIV.

We see a small herd of caribou and secure some of the number.

The caribou feast in camp and the story of the fight with the bear is told. Two moose fall victims to straight powder, at which there is great rejoicing.



WE guessed, and rightly so, that our companion "the Chieftain" (we had given him this title on account of the Scotch bonnet he wore) had seen these caribou and was stealing after them, and we had therefore to be careful not to get in his line of fire, and be potted ourselves perhaps. So after taking our bearings we made for a patch of tall brush that lay between us and the herd, where we would be safe and where it was likely they would pass at no very great distance. It was a work of some delicacy to do this unobserved; but the stunted trees and bushes intervening assisted us materially. We knew they could not scent us, the wind being in our faces, and we managed at last to successfully accomplish our object. We lay there concealed some little time, long enough to recover breath. For myself I was glad of the respite I confess, for the running and crawling was a fagging piece of business in the snow. Presently we heard a shot, followed quickly by another. "Dat Captain" said Louis sotto voce, and peeping through the brush we saw the caribou start on the full jump, and run in a bunch together towards us for some distance, then stop and turn round to face the point they came from. But for a second or two only, then on they came at a rapid pace. We carefully made ready for their reception, and

as they passed us some forty or fifty yards away I fired at their leader—a fine buck. That the bullet struck him I felt sure, but seeing he did not drop at once I gave him barrel number two, when over he went on his nose as dead as Pharaoh's mummy. Louis had also got in his work and killed a big doe. The remainder vanished out of sight in a twinkling. "Hurrah! Louis! I cried, "we've got rid of the Dollar Lake hoodoo at any rate." "Sartin, Captain got one, too" he rejoined, the broadest of grins lighting up his face. "Only four gone, me saw seven on barren first time."

Presently a "coo-ee-ee" (the common call in Australia) reached us, and repeating the cry we seated ourselves on the carcass of the buck and waited for him to come up, which he soon did. Louis was correct in his surmise, the "Chieftain" had scored also. He had followed the caribou at a respectful distance until, on their taking one side of a long trip of thick brush, he had managed to get closer, and making a *détour* on the other side had crept along unperceived until he got to the end of it when, lying concealed as we had done, he waited for them and was rewarded by breaking the neck of a large buck. His second shot was also at a buck as he ran, but he missed him clean. This was the one I afterwards killed I think.

We set to work and skinned and cleaned the two animals Louis and I had shot, then heaped a small mountain of snow upon each to keep the carrion jays from getting at them, using our snowshoes as shovels, and left them alone in their glory. The "Chieftain's" quarry we cut up, and with the aid of twisted withes, as much meat as we could each carry was secured to our backs, and straightway we struck out for camp. On arrival there we found our "medicine man" had just come in, very tired and quite disgusted. He had shot at a moose but failed to kill him. The animal, the Indian said, was hard hit

but though they followed him a long distance they never came up to him. They would have camped on the trail and gone on next day, but having neither an axe to cut wood for a fire, nor a particle of food the idea was abandoned. However, the Doctor was not long in recovering his good humour under the benign influence of grub, and became as usual the merriest of the party. We feasted on caribou brisket that night—the only part of a newly killed animal eatable except the liver and heart—and a capital dish for hungry men it is.

The supper *débris* having been cleared away and pipes smoked out, the 'Chieftain' gave us "John Peel," view halloa included, and this over he called out, "Come round here Paul, and tell us the story of your brother-in-law's fight with a bear last spring. I know you have not heard Paul tell it" he added turning to us "though you may remember Doctor, my telling you of the incident in Halifax." "I think I do" replied the Doctor, "wasn't the poor fellow fearfully chewed up, ribs broken, flesh in strips, stomach ripped open; and had a tough job to pull through, hadn't he?" Meanwhile Paul, nothing loth, seated himself à la Turk on our side of the fire, and told his tale, with many long pauses, and whiffs of his pipe, in the "English as she is spoke" by the Micmac usually.

"My brudder in law Tom—he live Sheet Harbor road—las March Tom he go makum canoe. So he get Peter Joe—you knowum Peter Joe (to the 'Chieftain') he live same road too, go widdum find good wood. Dey went long ways back—way nort big mountain and bimeby he tellum Peter, you stop here and split dem maple. Me go find young ash makum good bars. Well gentlemen, Tom he go, and he no findum young ash soon, plenty swamp ash—dat no good. So he go on long ways further and further, and bimeby he climb up big hill and he come right on bear den. Tom he lay down he gun and cuttum long

pole, and he poke and poke and poke, and bimeby he feel bear. Den he go shout—Peter Joe? Den wait awhile, den shout—Pe-t-e-r again—Peter no hear— too far away. So Tom he tink may be I get bear myself. Den he split top de pole and make fire and put burnin stick in split and poke in de bear den. But bear no move. Den he put more burnin stick—plenty smoke. Bear no come yet—ony grunt. Den he take gun and fire and he load and fire again and de las shot he wound de bear and he came out mad. Tom have no time you see, load gun again, so he takum axe and make blow at bear's head, but de bear knock de axe out Tom's hands, and Tom he slip and by Joe! bear catchum. De bear was wounded bad, sartin mos dyin, but he dreaful strong. He bite and scratch Tom mos fearful. Tom he had sheaf knife, and bimeby he manage to catch hold of he knife and he stickum bear under shoulder two times. Las time de knife strickum bear's ribs and Tom he loosum knife handle—you see all over bear's blood makum slippy. Bear was gettin sick but he not done yet. He squeeze Tom in his forepaws and he lift one hindfoot most high as Tom's waist and he tear Tom's belley right open. His what you call, bowels comes most out. Sarten Tom say, 'tink I die now.' But he had mit on one hand and he shoves mit down bear's troat and keep it dere on he hand and bimeby Tom say he don't know nutten bore. Me seeum Tom in big hospital, he mighty bad, most die long time. Tom tellum me dat all he member bout it gentlemens."

Here Paul stopped short and reached for a firebrand to light his pipe which had gone out in the recital. After a pause Captain Smith seeing that he had resumed his characteristic silence and appeared to consider further particulars as to Tom's encounter superfluous said:—

"Paul appears to have run down, so I may as well tell you fellows the rest of it as it was told to me. It seems,"

he continued, "that Peter Joe finding that Tom did not put in an appearance in a reasonable time after he had heard his shots became suspicious that something was wrong, so he took up his chum's tracks on the snow and followed them until he arrived at the scene of the fight. There he saw the bear lying dead and Tom apparently also. However, finding him still breathing, he tried as best he could to staunch the blood with moss and spruce gum, and covered him up with some of his own clothes. He then started off full pelt for help. This procured, Tom was taken out of the woods and driven to Musquodoboit where a doctor patched him up sufficiently to enable his being driven to Halifax, where he was put in the hospital. As the Doctor has just said he was terribly torn and his recovery almost a miracle. As for the bear, Peter brought it to town and sold it. It weighed somebody told me, if I remember right, about six hundred pounds, or near that."

After discussing Mr. Bruin thoroughly, his cowardice, his pluck in a fight and all about him, the fire for the night was made up, and the drowsy god's influence prevailing, soon silence reigned supreme in our cosy nest in the forest.

The next day being Sunday we left our guns in camp and set out after breakfast for the bog where we had made a *caché* of the caribou killed the previous day, and brought heads, skins and meat into camp. The rest of the day was devoted to loafing generally. The "Chieftain," whom we had elected "boss of the shanty," disliked killing anything on Sunday. He never did it himself. Not, as he said, from any strongly fixed religious principle, but he considered it only fair to bird, beast and fish to let them have one day in seven unmolested. On the following morning we made a change in the order of our going, Paul, Earle, and I going together while Smith and Louis started off in another direction. It was bright and sunshiny, and we felt as shirpy as if we already knew good

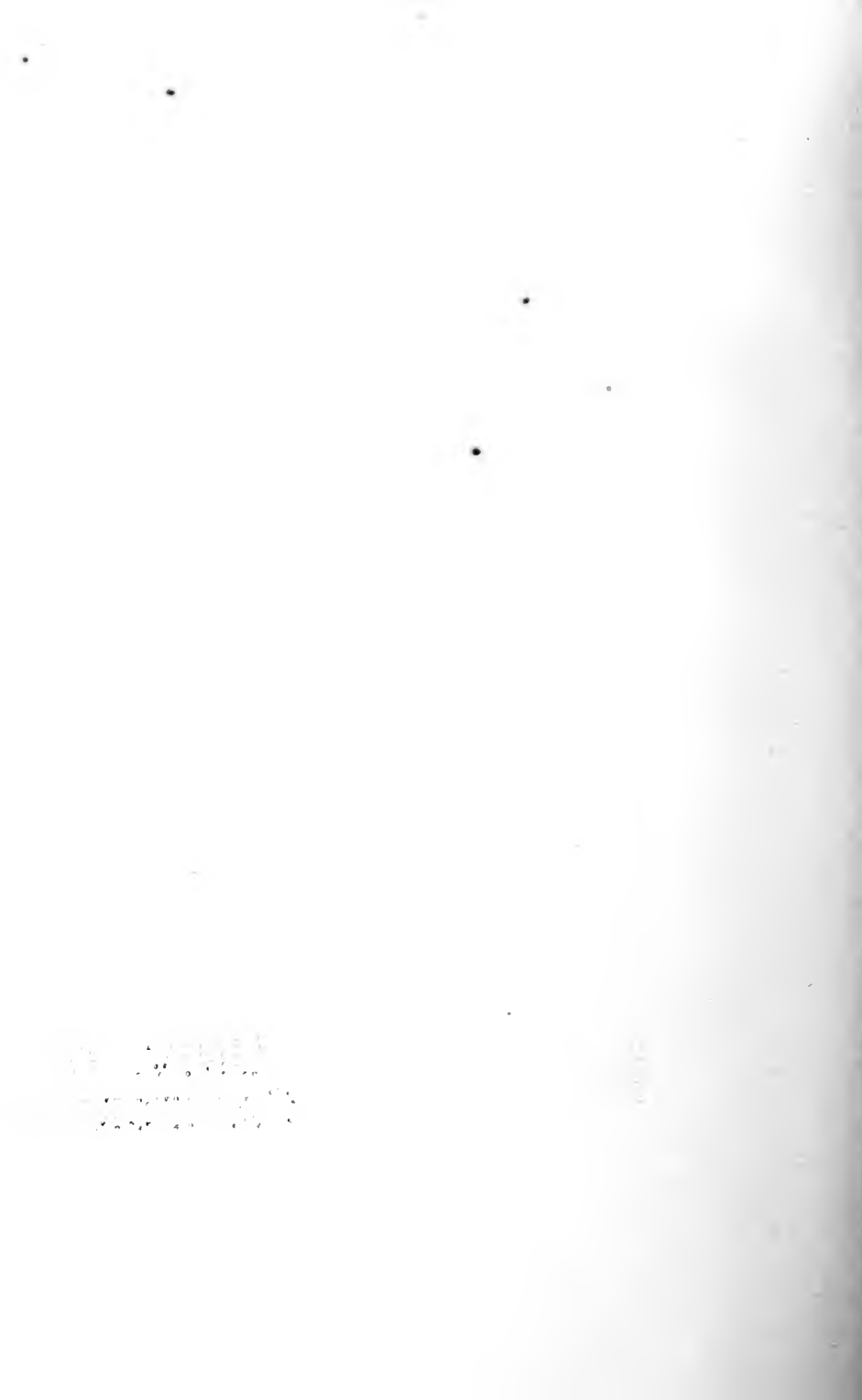
luck was to attend us that day. We had a little snow during the night, quite enough to cover up all old tracks and great was our satisfaction after a short tramp to come upon quite fresh ones. Following these we found more, and Paul whispered we were close upon a moose yard. Working this circuitously, having due regard for the direction of the wind, we were traversing a hillside where the hoof prints of moose seemed everywhere, when Paul suddenly stopped and beckoned. I quickly joined the Doctor close behind him. Paul pointed, but neither of us at first saw anything. "Fire" he exclaimed excitedly. "My G-d, why you not fire?" Just then I saw something brown move and in an instant I made out, not one moose, but two together. Bang, bang, rang out my trusty smooth bore. Bang, bang, came from the Doctor's Westley Richards on my right. Off sped Paul to the left for a dozen yards and then two more shots echoed through the forest. He came back towards us and we all ran to where the moose had been standing. One, a bull lay stone dead where I had shot at him first, and ten or fifteen rods further down the hill we found another, a cow, in the last agonies of death. This the Doctor declared to be the one he had fired at as it commenced to run. Paul had seen five altogether, he told us, but a moose apiece was all we wanted, and I was glad he had missed and the three others had escaped unhurt. He pronounced the Doctor's prize a barren cow, and very fat. The bull I killed had already shed his horns. The usual bleeding and skinning were promptly done by Paul, and as we were not far from camp we left the carcasses to be cut up afterwards by the Indians, taking only the heads with us. Mightily pleased were we at our good fortune to be but two hours out from camp and have two moose down.

The "Chieftain" came in not very long after us and was delighted with the news. He had met with a very peculiar





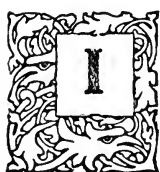
THE SHOT



adventure he told us, as he showed us his leg, which appeared to be quite inflamed. They had not found any signs of moose that were fresh, but passing a mass of rock on a hill top he and Louis had stopped to examine it as it looked a likely place for a bear's den. While stepping round a large stone he felt his foot touch something soft and bulky, and instantly he got a blow on the leg that made him jump, he said, as if he had been shot. Looking down he saw, running from almost under his feet, a whacking great porcupine, which Louis killed and brought into camp. He had suffered untold agonies in pulling out a mass of quills. Some small ones were either broken off or had gone out of sight in the lower part of the calf of the leg, causing great uneasiness. The Doctor, however, came to his aid and with a pair of forceps extracted all those visible, afterwards putting on wet bandages wrung out of ice water to keep down inflammation, but the "Chieftain" complained of the pain for some time. Mr. Porky must have taken shelter in a crevice among the rocks and unperceived by our friend was touched by his foot. This the animal naturally resented, and quickly inflicted punishment upon his disturber with his usual means of defence—his tail. However, after supper our leader pronounced his leg easier and declared himself perfectly willing to listen to a song as usual. "Well I can't sing your favorite 'Sweet Bay of Dublin,'" cried the Doctor, "but if all are agreed, I'll spin you a yarn touching a mighty queer experience of mine in those same 'Sweet Wicklow Mountains,' the second verse so charmingly eulogizes." The agreement was ratified on the spot, and presently the Doctor getting himself into a comfortable position on his rug, began his story as set down in the following chapter.

## CHAPTER XXV.

The Doctor's story which tells of the old apple woman in College Green, Dublin, of Mr. Thomas Macready's diplomacy and of a day on the Wicklow mountains which has a most unpleasant ending. We decide to hunt no more, break camp and return to Halifax.



WAS, as you know, a student at the College of Surgeons, Dublin, and I need not tell you, I suppose, that I graduated before I received my diploma, in all the fun and frolic that a large number of that body of embryo "Galens" were wont to indulge in, from a chaffing match with the notoriously long-tongued apple women sitting at their stalls in front of Trinity College, to a shindy at "Jude's." Touching those same old ladies, who is there I wonder who has ever lived in Dublin who does not remember them? I never knew anybody yet who could equal one of them at repartee. There is a story though that the great Daniel O'Connell once tried his hand and overcame his adversary. He had met her volleys of abuse with such expressions as "You're a wretched remnant of a degraded faction," "an attenuated mass of corrupted humanity," and such like to no purpose. A "heterogeneous amalgamation of concatenated incongruities" rather staggered her, but when he called her an "old hypotenuse triangle" she burst into tears, completely subdued. But the apple women have nothing to do with my story, with this exception, that after I had obtained my diploma, one of them was instrumental in getting my chum and myself some shooting on the Wicklow mountains. You may laugh at this as much as you like, but it is true neverthe-

less. It was in this way. My friend Tommy Macready and I tried very hard to induce an acquaintance of ours—one Murphy—who was agent for a large estate in the County Wicklow owned by the Marquis of Anglesea, not far from Powercourt, you've both heard of the beautiful Powerscourt with its lovely Dargle. Who hasn't? Well it wasn't very far from that. We tried to get Murphy to procure leave for us to shoot over it, but he always pleaded inability to meet our wishes. This we doubted. Master Tommy was one not easily put back when he set his heart on anything, and at last he thought out a plan which, if successful, would gain for us the coveted permit and this he confided to me. First, we consulted the apple woman—the greatest virago of the lot—who sat at the end of the row of stalls in College Green, within sight of the window of Macready's room, and on promise of prepayment of double the value of her stock and a pound note besides, she agreed to do what we wanted, and to preserve strict secrecy.

That evening Tommy threw himself in Murphy's way and invited him to lunch next day at his rooms. The invitation was accepted and Murphy turned up at the appointed hour. After lunch Tommy adroitly led the conversation up to the point he wished, and directing Murphy's attention to our apple woman he asked Murphy if he knew she was insane. "Nonsense," he replied, "she's about the keenest witted of the whole bunch." "I assure you," cried Tommy, "she's subject to the wildest fits of madness. One of her relatives was killed at the battle of the Boyne, I believe, by the Orangemen and you've only now to wave a yellow pocket handkerchief in her face, and her rage is beyond all bounds—she becomes perfectly frantic."

"I'll bet you a five pound note," cried Murphy derisively, "she doesn't mind a yellow handkerchief any more

than you or I would." "Will you bet a permit to shoot over the Kinchella estate against ten pounds?" said Tommy coolly "that I don't prove to you by her actions that she's as mad as a hatter on a yellow handkerchief being waved at her?" "I will, by Jupiter," replied Murphy eagerly. "It's a bargain," said Tommy, "You are witness," turning to me. "Now watch, Murphy," he continued, "I happen to have a yellow handkerchief here." Saying which he threw open the window, gave a shrill whistle and unfolding the handkerchief waved it in the air. The old woman looked up and in an instant she jumped up, kicked over the apple stall, took up the chair she had been sitting on and smashed it over the table, tore off her old bonnet and stamped on it, sprang up and down gesticulating wildly with her arms, and finally disappeared just as a crowd was collecting.

"What do you say to that?" cried Macready triumphantly.

"By Jupiter," said the crestfallen Murphy "you've won your bet. I never saw the beat of that."

"And that was the way," went on the Doctor, "we got our shooting at Kinchella, and all through the old apple woman. I told you, I think, it was all arranged beforehand what she was to do, and she played her part admirably. We had paid her to keep out of the way for a day or two; but whether Murphy ever discovered the trick or not, I do not know. But I do know our permit was not

"But your adventure," I asked, after our laughter had revoked."

subsided, "what of that?"

"I'm coming to that, my boy," cried the Doctor. "The place we had the shooting over was in the wildest parts of the Wicklow mountains. Judge of it when I tell you that in some of the fastnesses, not many miles away, some of the insurgents in the Rebellion of '98 took refuge

and had a secure retreat. Whiskey making on the sly was carried on in the days I speak of in some of these out of the way places to a greater extent than the Inland Revenue authorities were aware of. Indeed the 'gaugers,' as the people called the Revenue Officers, were not over officious in hunting 'poteen' stills, for the simple reason that a gauger had a hard time of it if caught prospecting for whiskey. Brutal maltreatment to an informer was looked upon as a perfectly legitimate punishment in some of these wilds. Well, the main road to Wexford passes within two miles of Enneskerry through the celebrated 'Scalp,' which is an extraordinary natural cut through a part of the mountain—like a huge bite out of it—about eight hundred feet in height. At the bottom it is only just the width of the road. A few miles beyond the 'Scalp,' which is situated on the boundaries of the Counties of Dublin and Wicklow, the estate lay, over which we were privileged to shoot. Grouse were not very abundant on the mountain side; but 'lashens' of snipe could be got, and rabbits innumerable lower down in the valley, while occasionally one could pick up a hare or two. Macready and I had many a good day's shooting there together. But on the occasion of my adventure I was alone. We had driven out from Dublin together and slept at a little village called Roundwood. He was to go on to visit a sick friend next day and I to make my way over the mountains in quest of snipe. I had very fair sport indeed that day. A good many of them were scattered over the numberless wet places on the mountain side, and I thoroughly enjoyed my tramp in spite of my having no companion to chat with.

"About one o'clock I considered my dog and myself entitled to a rest and something to eat, and finding a little spring I sat down and demolished my package of sandwiches while Don made away with his piece of boiled liver, and during my smoke I emptied my game bag and found

I had killed fifteen fine fat snipe and a couple of grouse. Not a bad morning's work when one did not have to slave to get them.

"I continued my shooting for a couple of hours, and then a mist commenced to settle down pretty thickly and I began to think I had better retrace my steps as speedily as possible, for to be caught out in a thick fog on the hills is anything but a joke. I struck out now towards higher ground as the walking was much better. I knew, besides the possibility of meeting someone—a shepherd perhaps—that I could hire as a guide to take me a short cut to the main road. But not a soul did I meet as I toiled on, and the mist was getting denser rapidly. At length I stumbled on a beaten track, and following it for some little distance came to a stone wall encircling a potato patch, and looming out of the fog stood a small thatched cabin such as one sees scores of in any part of Ireland. The door was open and on my calling to know if anyone was within, a woman made her appearance. She looked in my face for a moment and to my surprise called me by name, at the same time inviting me in, and making a profusion of apologies for not having a 'tidy place to show a gentleman into.' I did not recognize her for a moment or two, then I remembered she had been a patient in Swift's hospital in Dublin for some months under my care. A black bottle was produced—and a wine glass minus a stem—for my benefit. and rare 'poteen' it was I tasted that had never, she imparted in confidence, paid the Queen's duty. I was overpowered with expressions of her gratitude for what little I had done for her, and when I explained my dilemma about finding my way, she showed undoubted regret that she could not leave her child in the cradle and pilot me, as her husband was away, and there was no one she knew of near by who could go with me. But she gave me my bearings from the door as to the paths I should



take, and invoked all manner of blessings on my head as I bade her good-bye. The fog had lifted a little as I set out with Don at my heels. The path seemed easy enough to follow; but there lay three good miles (as she had told me) between the cabin and the post road, and I would have given a good deal to see the sun shine. But there was no hope of that. Instead, the mist became denser and denser and evening was drawing on apace. I determined, however, not to give in, and pushed on as rapidly as I was able in the hope of getting across before it was quite dark. Failing that, there was nothing to be done but to huddle up under the lee of some rock and wait for daylight. Suddenly, as it appeared, the track grew narrower, and finally ended in no path at all, and sadly I was forced to acknowledge to myself that I had lost my way. It was getting on towards dusk now, but I made up my mind to keep on the move until I could no longer see. Another half hour and I had just about reached the summit of a little eminence when I concluded it was too dark to go any further and sat down with a groan, wondering how I would ever while away the long hours of the night. How long I sat I never remembered, but when I stood up to stretch my limbs I saw just beneath, and at no great distance, a light. I shouted, but got no reply. Can it be a cabin? I wondered. I called again, but no answer came, and then I determined to make for it at all hazards, and crave shelter by the fire. Groping my way as best I could I descended the hill. It was steeper than I thought, and once or twice I nearly fell headlong. I could see the light very indistinctly as I got nearer, it seemed as if shaded in some way, and I was about to call again when my dog broke out into furious barking, a lantern flashed in my face, and something hit me a tremendous blow on the side of the head that knocked me half insensible. Still, I was conscious of my gun being snatched from my hands, and

of my being held down while my ankles and elbows were tied. My head had began to recover from the shock as I felt myself dragged, amid loud curses and blasphemies with shouts of kill the ————— gauger, before a fire among some big boulders, over which a large pot or cauldron was placed, and I knew that I had fallen into the hands of a gang at work at their illicit still. There were five of them. They took me for a *bona fide* gauger disguised in sportsman's garb, and nothing I could urge would convince them to the contrary. They had tried to kill poor Don, who had shown fight, with a blow of a stone, but though the poor beast gave an agonized yell when it struck him he got away from them. And now they sat in judgment upon me. I knew the reputation of the men engaged in this sort of work. That they stuck at nothing by way of revenge where a Revenue officer was concerned I had often heard, and I remembered reading of one being killed not many months before, and of another maimed for life, and I knew I was in danger of being roughly handled. Protesting my innocence of any intention to interfere with them, I told them my name, where I had been shooting, and asked them to send to Mrs. Egan at whose cottage I had been that afternoon who would tell them who I was. This was received with ridicule. On mention of the woman's name, however, I saw one of them look up sharply, and a suspicion entered my mind that this fellow was her husband, which afterwards proved to be the case. I will not repeat the vile oaths and imprecations with which these ruffians adorned their threats of vengeance upon me. Two of them clamoured for my being knocked on the head at once, on the principle that dead men tell no tales. At length the man I thought to be Egan muttered something I did not catch, which was received with evident favor, except from the two who had voted for making a summary end of me. They got up

together and with cries of 'over with him,' I was jerked up on my feet, my arms and ankles freed, and my handkerchief, while they held me, was bound tightly over my eyes. They half carried, half dragged me in spite of my struggles, some distance it seemed, and then roughly threw me down and pushed my legs and body over what I took to be a precipice. I felt my last hour had come as they forced me over the brink, holding me by the wrists until only my fingers remained on the edge, to which I clung frantically, digging my nails in to hold on by, and there with jibes, curses and laughter they left me."

"It is remarkable how a man will struggle for his life even when he believes it is hopeless," continued the Doctor. "I knew my hold on the bank could only last for a brief moment and I should soon have to let go, yet I clung there desperately. I won't attempt to describe to you what I suffered in those few seconds. My fingers began to slip further and further, and at last gave out, and I dropped—about *four feet down on to solid ground*. For an instant I could hardly realize it. I had been frightened so badly. Pulling the handkerchief from my eyes I began to feel about, and finally found I was in a large pit, the top of which was beyond my reach. There was no way of getting out for the sides were perpendicular and smooth. I did not have even a penknife or I would have tried to dig steps, so there was nothing to do but wait to see what fate had still in store for me. Wearied out at length, I lay down on the earth, and soon fell asleep in spite of the cold, and was awakened by Don's barking over my head and some one speaking to him. It was broad daylight, and shivering from head to foot I jumped up and shouted. Presently I saw the face of my hostess of the previous day look down, and assuring me of instant help she disappeared, returning presently with a rope, one end of which she secured to a large stone, the other she dropped to me, and

by its aid and her strong arms I found myself soon on the top of the ground again. Her lamentations over me for the treatment I had received were loud, and I am sure sincere. She brought me food and a 'drop of the crather,' both of which were most welcome, for I was hungry and chilled to the heart. Most welcome too were my gun and game bag which she had recovered for me.

"As I suspected, her husband was one of my assailants of the previous night. He had told her when he reached home where they had put the 'gauger,' whom she recognized by his description to be myself. Convincing him of his mistake she obtained his consent to her going to my rescue as soon as it was light enough to see the way, and to restore my gun and bag, which he had appropriated. She insisted on becoming my pilot to the main road and on the way told me it had been the intention of the gang to frighten me first, then starve me into taking a solemn oath never to reveal what I had seen, or to appear against them. I may say I never did lay information against them, angry and vindictive though I felt at the outrage, on account of both the woman's hard pleading at the time and Macready's advice afterwards. As he said 'You can't swear to the names of any of them. You might perhaps get hold of Egan, but if he was convicted, some day on the mountain side while shooting you'd get a dose of slugs into your carcass from one of the other scoundrels.' Anyway I never fell in with any of them again. And now you have my adventures on the 'Sweet Wicklow Mountains.' Pleasant, wasn't it?"

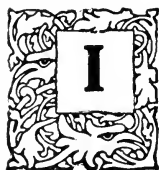
The Doctor's story was, of course, the cause of further chat, prolonged far beyond our usual time for "turning in," and necessitated by common consent a late supper and other refreshments. We decided to hunt no more, having killed two moose and three caribou with which we were quite content. The work of cutting up the former and

bringing in the meat to camp had yet to be done by the Indians, so we promised ourselves a longer snooze in the morning—a promise rigidly kept, by the way.

Next day the "Chieftain's" leg was still very painful and the Doctor being of opinion that it would be unwise of him to make a longer stay in the woods than necessary, I volunteered to take Louis and go out for the team, and the men who had promised to come back and assist us to carry. This was easily accomplished, and the following evening found us back again at New Caledonia. Our journey home to Halifax was unhurried and uneventful, Captain Smith's accident being the only drawback to one of the most delightful outings in winter any three men ever enjoyed together.

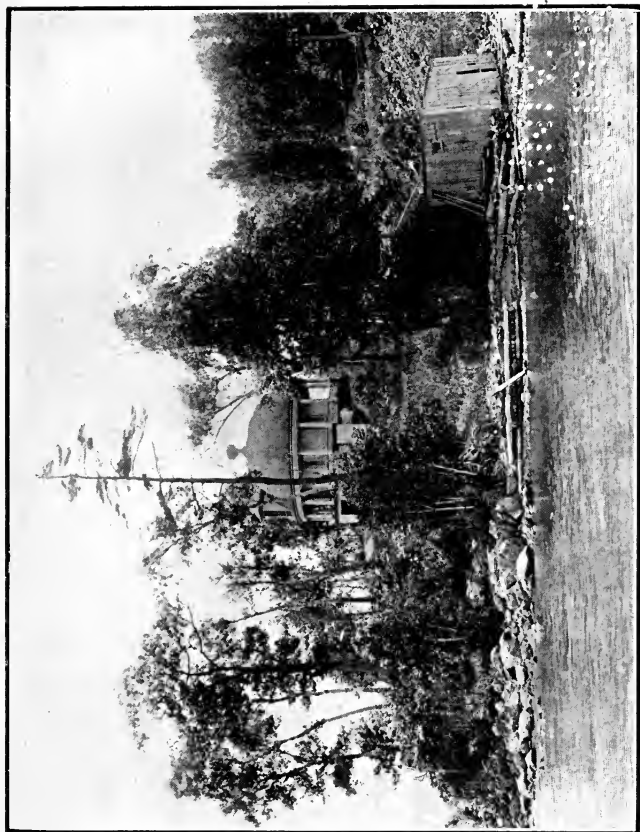
## CHAPTER XXVI.

Woodcock shooting. An October outing. A shooting trap described. Clumber Spaniels. A good morning's work.



HAVE endeavoured, as far as my limited experience admitted, to describe something of the kind of life one leads in pursuit of big game in the Nova Scotia wilds during the winter season. The labor involved requires of the participant in this royal sport a vigorous condition of body which every lover of the gun does not possess. To many of these the less strenuous exertion of a tramp in quest of smaller game, such as ruffed grouse, woodcock and snipe pleases best. There is a fascination about this kind of sport too, in which the clever dog forms an essential and prominent feature. For myself I frankly own that I have always been an enthusiast regarding it, and have had some memorable trips, and assisted in making some "bags" that were by no means contemptible, and in this connection I venture to hope that the following description of a most successful outing, that I had with my friend Blaiklock may not prove uninteresting here. It was a most delightful trip and the facts relating thereto were jotted down on our return to town, when everything was fresh in our memories.

He and I left Halifax one lovely evening in October, that picturesque month of all the year when Autumn has clad both bush and tree in a gorgeous mantle of the brightest colors. We were bound on a shooting excursion



THE ROTUNDA, PRINCES LODGE, HALIFAX





for a couple of days or more in quest of woodcock and ruffed grouse providing we found sufficient inducement to stay that length of time. We had good guns, plenty of ammunition, an unmistakably hard working lot of Clumber spaniels, and the promise of fine weather before us, all of which was a source of much gratification naturally. The town cleared, our route lay along the shores of the much admired Bedford Basin, the head of Halifax harbor, a favorite drive now of American tourists who yearly make Halifax a summer resort. The road is exceedingly pretty, in places shaded by tall forest trees and running close beside the water's edge. It has an historical interest too, for on this road, five miles from the city, the late Queen Victoria's father, the Duke of Kent, when General commanding the troops in Nova Scotia, built his summer residence, Rockingham, and it is said his little court by no means seldom held high revel there. With the exception of the old Rotunda, erected for his band to play in, and still kept in repair as a memento of the past, no trace of house or building is now to be seen; all have long since crumbled away and disappeared. In a corner, however, of what was once a paddock, a moss-covered stone is pointed out to visitors and marks the grave of the Duke's favorite horse. At Bedford, now a well patronized summer retreat of the good folks of Halifax—accessible by train—where sea bathing and boating can be had in the season, we stopped to give our horses a drench of oatmeal and water, and as we had already made good time over the ten miles, we determined to post on to a small inn five miles further and then put up for the night, our shooting to begin close by next morning.

Our route as originally intended was by train on what is now the Intercolonial Railway, then a drive of twenty miles, to our best woodcock grounds; but my friend was delayed in town so long that we missed our train and so

concluded to drive the whole way round, shooting what coverts we found on the way.

Our trap was a most comfortable one. I suppose each of us who is a sportsman has his own idea of what a shooting rig should be like. Let me here describe ours while the horses are tooling us along at a lively gait to our destination for the night.

It was built on four wheels, as lightly as possible consistent with strength, the body, an oblong box on springs with a high backed seat, placed sufficiently far from the dashboard to enable us to stretch our legs freely. Behind the seat there was ample room for half a dozen spaniels, our changes of raiment, grub and ammunition boxes, while attached to the back of it by straps was a large wicker basket, forming the best possible receptacle for the birds when shot, as the cool Autumn air could pass through the coarse wickerwork freely, and besides the game was not pressed together as in a bag. Over this, and over the dogs and the luggage could be stretched in rainy weather—by the aid of hooks and eyelets—a thin waterproof sheet that kept all dry behind, while in front an apron of similar material secured to the top of the dashboard and sufficiently long to drop over our feet, came up over our knees and was held by straps to the seat at our waists. On the inside of the dashboard were leather slings to hold two or more guns in their cases, from which they could be easily drawn if wanted in a hurry. No matter how much it rained all inside was dry, while in pleasant weather the waterproof sheets were rolled up and fitted under the seat, quite out of the way. So much for the trap. Now a word or two as to our dogs. On this occasion we had four Clumber spaniels. After repeated trials of various classes of dogs, setters, pointers and cockers, the Clumber has been found on account of his great strength and endurance the best suited for standing

a series of days of hard work in succession, and forcing his way through the twisted and tangled brush where woodcocks "most do congregate." Setters and pointers have great difficulty from their height in pushing through close covert, and they suffer a good deal going at the pace they do. I have seen their tails for three or four inches from the end perfectly denuded of hair, raw and bleeding from the constant thrashing against the thick bushes. And another objection and a serious one is that it ruins them for open field shooting, as in a thicket you cannot see them, nor they you, and left to their own sweet will they soon learn to break point. Unfortunately the Clumber is mute. He does not give tongue as other spaniels do in flushing their birds, still he furnishes a *quid pro quo* in not hunting fur unless he is taught to do so. A dog that chivies rabbits—as the common hare is called in Nova Scotia—is utterly unfit for woodcock shooting. The alder coverts where woodcocks are generally found are also favorite abiding places of the hare, and the hare-hunting animal is in his glory here. Directly one is started the headlong chase begins, over hill and dale for any distance and indefinite period, in spite of whistling, vigorous rating, and imprecations on his carcass from his unfortunate owner who, unhappily helpless in mending matters, awaits his dog's pleasure to return to him with a temper anything but improved at the disastrous waste of time. The delinquent comes sneaking back, perhaps in half an hour, perhaps not so quickly, with his tongue lolling out, his sides heaving and in a semi exhausted condition generally. Probably he is soundly thrashed. But to what purpose? Five minutes afterwards a fresh hare may be started and the performance in nine cases out of ten repeated. Personally, I long ago made a rule—and have rigidly adhered to it—never to shoot a hare when hunting woodcocks, no matter how tempting the chance may be. By not killing

it I convince my dog they are valueless to hunt. But I must hark back.

Our stopping place for the night was reached as the bright October sun was dipping behind the hills from our view. Tim Mathews, the ostler, saluted us as we pulled up in the yard of the little inn, and cheerily remarked, "It's a garnd day ye'll be havin for the cocks the morrer," and chucking him the reins we jumped out to receive the hearty welcome of our smiling host, who was at the door to receive us. The horses were put up and made comfortable and a spare stall in the stable, with straw a foot deep, provided for the dogs, and soon we found ourselves in the cozy parlor of the inn, discussing a hot joint flanked with smoking potatoes as the *pièce de résistance*, with a pair of roast fowls to fall back upon, if necessary. It was my friend's birthday. I had not forgotten that and a bottle of "green seal" I had stowed away among my things was now opened in honor thereof, and our viands washed down in a very agreeable manner. Our conversation drifted into many channels as we sat blowing clouds of smoke before the blazing logs, enjoying the genial warmth (October nights are chilly in Nova Scotia) and recalling as old companions who have shot and fished together are wont to do, scenes of past hours by flood and field, of good bags made and days that drew a blank, of stories we had heard and people we had met, and the thousand and one topics that rush across the memory, when hearts are light and cares for the nonce forgotten. At last the old fashioned clock on the mantel piece gave warning that it was bedtime, and we retired to our respective couches after a parting glance out of the window to see if a fine day was promised us for the morrow.

In the morning we found everything had been got ready for our start. The lad, who was to go with us and take care of the horses and trap while we shot, had been

my henchman before and proved a smart one, so I had promptly secured his services on our arrival. We had not far to drive when the first covert was reached, a strip of alders fringing a meadow of a deserted farm. At the back of it the trees had been cut for firewood, giving us a chance for each to take a side of the bush and work the dogs between us. It was not long before the merry whistle of a woodcock broke the stillness of the morning air. "Mark" I called. "I never saw him" shouted back my companion. "He must have gone on in front." Again a twitter and a flap of wings just to my right and out the cock came in full view, his handsome plumage resplendent in the sunlight. First barrel a clean miss, at the crack of the second he doubled up and fell headlong. "Dead bird" I called out and two minutes later one of the dogs came to me with the woodcock in his mouth, his beaming eyes and wagging tail betokening his pride at bringing his master such a treasure. "Good dog" I said to him and patted his handsome head, and at the given word he bounded off again, the happiest of creatures. "First blood for me," I cried exultingly. Then another rose unexpectedly close to my feet just when I was putting my first bird into my game pocket. Before I could get my gun in position to fire he was out of reach. "Mark out to you" I shouted, and in reply his gun barked. "I've got him" I heard him say, and on we slowly moved again, giving the dogs time to cover every inch of ground. For a time the encouraging "hie cock, good dogs" from us both at intervals, and the noise of their bustling through the brush and dried ferns were the only sounds heard, then suddenly with a rush like a cyclone let loose a covey of ruffled grouse was flushed. Three came my way and I succeeded in bagging two. As I was about to pick up the last one out came a woodcock in my very face. Bang, bang, not a feather touched. "Bad shooting" I muttered to myself. But I had marked

him down and whistling our signal as I started, to let my friend know of my change of position in covert, I walked my gentleman up and dropped him neatly. Back again to my old place in line I came, and as I went along the covert's edge another ruffled grouse flew off a bough close to my head. Before I got a glimpse of him he was almost out of gun shot, but not quite, and in another second he was beating the ground with his wings in the death struggle. A minute later a woodcock was flushed and downed, then another, and another in pretty quick succession. The fun was fast and furious now. We had evidently struck a flight of birds. All this time Blaiklock's gun had not been idle. Every now and then I heard it crack, followed by the well known injunction "seek dead, good dog," and this told me he was getting in his work satisfactorily. I was the luckier though in having shots, for more birds had come out on my side of the covert than on his, and my pockets were getting heavy. One of our dogs was a very close hunter, he was never far away from me, and I don't think he passed a bird. His nose was excellent and quick in detecting the lair of the wily long-bill. One of the other dogs, I knew, also worked close to my friend, and the remaining two were hustling busily between us. I had got my eye in now, and seldom missed a fair shot. It was a case of confidence begotten of success. What a glorious morning and what superb sport! Can anything I ask myself excel woodcock shooting over a pack of well broken Clumbers? Trudging along with spirits light as air, inhaling the fresh zephyrs that lightly brush one's cheek, the knowledge that the dogs are working cheerfully and steadily, and running over nothing, the tiptoe of excitement one lives in, expecting each moment a bird to rise, and last but not least the feeling that one is in good form and can hold straight when the opportunity presents itself, all go to make up moments of happiness the city man who shooteth not can never know.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

Woodcock shooting. A peculiar shot. Some snipe are unexpectedly met with. Joe, the unerring marker scores a point with the lunch basket. A surprise for a flock of ducks. Rampikes recall the Miramichi fire. A marsh-harrier vanquished.



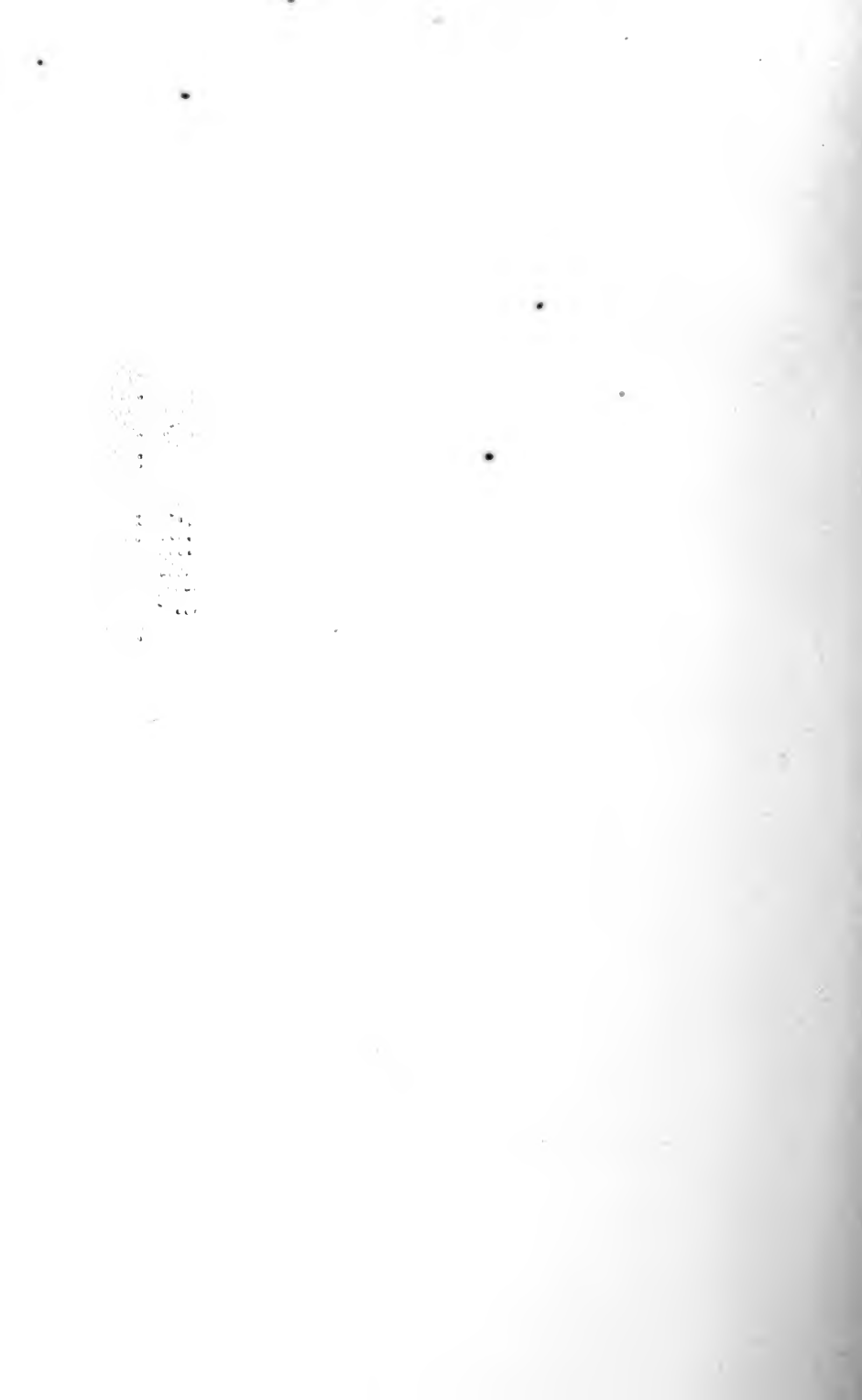
WE arrived at last at the end of the covert and Blaiklock came through to my side of it. We were standing close together, arranging for our next move, when suddenly from a clump of small alders just in our front up sprang a woodcock that had dropped there unseen. Simultaneously both guns cracked and down it tumbled. My companion went forward and took it from the dog that was bringing it to us and with an air of triumph put it in his pocket. "Hulloa!" said I "that's pretty cool, who shot that bird I should like to know?" "I did" he replied, "you must have noticed I was a little quicker in firing." "Nothing of the sort" I retorted indignantly, "both shot together, we ought to toss up for it." "No" he replied laughing "I won't risk it, I am going to add this to my score before we count out presently. Nothing but personal violence will wrench it from me. Besides, you remember, don't you, that 'possession is nine-points of the law.' The bird is in my pocket now; it is mine." "All right," I said, "keep your ill-gotten gains. You know what the city Arab remarked to his mother when she filched his only sixpence, 'it aint so much the vally ov it, it's the mean underhand way you goes about it I aint goin' to furgit,'" and then we both burst out laughing. Our disputes generally ended in that way. "Stop a

moment though," said my friend, as we were about to move on "there's a bird in my pocket not dead; I feel the beggar kicking" and laying his gun on the ground he proceeded to take it out in order to give it the *coup de grace*. And now occurred a funny thing that gave me my sweet revenge. As he held the woodcock in his hands it suddenly gave an unexpected wriggle and slipping from his fingers managed with surprising vigor to flutter off, but not very far, for my gun was at my shoulder in an instant and down it dropped dead as a stone, and quickly I pounced on it and put it in my pocket. "Thanks" I cried, "I suppose your adage 'possession is nine points of the law' again holds good, does it not, eh?" His face was a picture. "Well, I am—jiggered" he said at length, and picking up his gun he stalked off at a furious rate. When I caught up to him he had regained his customary good humor and laughingly acknowledged it was a fair game of tit for tat. We now directed our steps back towards the main road where, some distance off, we could discern the horses and trap waiting. Climbing over a rail fence we found ourselves in a field where potatoes had been grown, the furrows in places containing water, it having rained heavily some days before. I was about to suggest taking some other route on account of the heavy walking when "*scaipe, scaipe*" went away a snipe almost from under my feet, followed by another. We had taken the cartridges out of our guns, but now slipped them back, and stood a moment watching the flight of the birds and succeeded in marking them down. Thinking it would be as well to hunt this place thoroughly we walked on, keeping a short distance apart with our dogs close in. The land depressed towards the middle of the field, holding more water between the ridges, and as we reached the centre of it up sprang a snipe in front of me, which was promptly knocked down and retrieved. Then my friend got one and I dropped





CLUMBER SPANIELS



another out of a right and left, he 'wiping my eye' here neatly, and finally we secured the two we had first started. We again trudged over the ground, but there were no more and greatly elated in bagging the whole six that had been there, we made our way over to the trap.

The boy, Joe, under previous instructions from me had stopped by a cold spring at the roadside, and when we reached it, hot and thirsty, to our delight we saw he had placed two bottles of soda water in it (sharp boy Joe) that were now as cold as if iced. Tumblers were soon rooted out, and with a dash of old Scotch in the bottom of each, just to flavor the soda, we fairly reveled in the fizzing beverage. A rest was in order now and some baccy to be burned as propitiatory incense to the guardian nymph of the spring, so under the leafy shade of the huge birch tree that grew there we sprawled, while Joe who had relieved us of our shooting coats, emptied the pockets, and counted out the spoils. "Ten cock, three partridges and three snipe for you sir" he said to me, "and nine cock, four partridges and three snipe for you sir," to Blaiklock, and opening the wicker basket he with caressing hands smoothed the beautiful plumage of the birds and proceeded to stow them carefully away. Joe dearly loved to handle them, and seemed as proud of them as if he had shot them himself. He was the sharpest lad to mark down a woodcock I ever met with. Many a bird I would have lost had it not been for his keen eyes. The dogs liked him, too. He used to fondle and pet them on every occasion, and they were great chums of his. He could by going into the brush with them incite them to work at the close of a long hard day's hunt, when they were pretty well fagged out, with better success than any strenuous urging on my part could possibly effect. Our morning so far had been a wonderfully lucky one. We had been something over five hours on the tramp and had to show for our burnt

powder thirty-two head of game birds. Of course, to pick up six snipe and seven roughed grouse would not have been very unusual sport in that time, but to back it with nineteen fine, plump woodcocks was exceptional. Our *dolce far niente* coming to an end, we bundled in the dogs and ourselves and rattled on for three or four miles when we drew up by the roadside, and giving Joe the reins we struck down into a vale through the centre of which meandered a small stream, its banks studded with alders and wild willow—the beau ideal spot, one would say, to find the wily, long bill. We took each a side, there was no difficulty in crossing and recrossing for the water barely covered our boots, and dividing the dogs as well as we were able we hunted the margin down, but without putting up anything though there were plenty of signs of woodcocks having been there shortly before, for we could see lots of old borings, etc.

We had reached the head of a small lake and were about to retrace our steps and seek “fresh fields and pastures new” when I caught a glimpse at the foot of the pond, three or four hundred feet away, of two ducks feeding, and then another popped out of the rushes. “Now,” said my friend “you go down and try for a shot while I stay here and keep back the dogs.” We soon, with our handkerchiefs and the straps of our cartridge bags, contrived to leash the dogs so that he could hold them, and taking a circuit through the wood I finally came out close to the place where, I knew, the ducks were. I had a few No. 5 shot cartridges in my pocket and I substituted two of these for No. 9’s in the chambers of my gun, and then commenced a snakelike crawl to the water’s edge. When I reached it and put up my head cautiously to have a peep, nothing was visible, but in a second there was a whirr from the rushes almost under my nose and up sprang six or seven blue winged ducks. Jumping up I aimed at

the centre bird, but a click was the only response when the trigger was pulled. Quickly I put up my gun again and the other cartridge exploded and I had the satisfaction of seeing one duck double up and strike the water. On they flew right for the head of the pond and presently I heard "bang, bang" from Blaiklock's gun, but whether he hit or not I could not tell. Rapidly retracing my steps I rejoined him and found he had released the dogs, and a moment after up came one of them with a duck still alive in his mouth. "What luck!" cried he exultingly, "they came directly over me and gave me at least one easy shot, but I heard only one discharge from your gun. What was the matter?" I showed him the defective cartridge, which I pitched away on the spot, and calling Fop I took him back to where I had fired and soon had my victim, a fine drake, in my game bag. "I was worth trudging all the way down here for," said I, as we strolled back towards our starting point, "for besides getting the ducks we have learned something. I think you will find we shall get no woodcocks in the low lying lands to-day, they are evidently assembling before flitting south, and the higher grounds will prove the favorite ones just now. This place we are leaving was always good for two or three couples; to-day we have not flushed one bird." "You are right" assented he, "I have invariably found, that they gather on fairly high land just about the full moon in October (it's getting that way now) and if there is a hard frost just then they would vanish in a single night."

Coming out on the main road we drove on until we reached a farmhouse where I knew we could bait both the horses and ourselves. Joe looked after the former and fed the dogs, while at my suggestion the farmer's good wife set out a small table under the big willow in front of the door where the air was sweet, while that inside—it was washing day—was rather too redolent of boiling

soap-suds to be agreeable. Before long there appeared upon the snow-white cloth a dish of savory slices of ham and another of potatoes, bursting out of their jackets, so deliciously mealy were they. Joe fished out from the box some potted meats and a couple of pints of Bass's ale, and down we sat to our banquet with appetites, which a good tramp in the open air seldom fails to create. While thus engaged, Joe reported that the boy of the house had seen a partridge in the beechwood at the back of the barn, and begged for leave to take my gun, to which request with many cautions as to his carefulness I assented. We had just finished our lunch when back he came grinning from ear to ear and holding up his trophy which he had potted relentlessly on the ground. Joe's disposing of his dinner was a speedy affair, and the horses being put to we remunerated our hostess generously, climbed into our seats and were off again for our destination for the night, with the prospect of a couple of hours or more of shooting around there before the sun dipped out of sight. This part of our route was the most uninteresting of any on our trip. Hitherto the road lay through a farming district with pleasant views of cottages, nestling among shady trees, with sheep and cattle feeding in the fields, yet green, while now we were driving through a forest of rampikes. A fire some years before had swept with devastating fury through the great pines and killing them with a breath, left only leafless, scorched and blackened trunks behind, whose dried limbs looked like giant fingers pointing to the surrounding desolation. "This burnt forest always reminds me" I remarked "of the approach to the Miramichi river in New Brunswick on the road from Fredericton to Boiestown. Have you ever travelled it?" "No" my friend replied "but I read a description not long ago of the great Miramichi fire. It was a terrible affair. Upwards of 4,000,000 acres of the best lumber regions of the

Province were reduced to burnt sticks, nearly two hundred persons, it is said, lost their lives, and hundreds of cattle were burnt also." "That is, I believe, true history" I assented, "I had a conversation once while at Boiestown with an old settler whose father witnessed it. He told me, among other things, that fish were killed in the river by the heat, and that bears and other wild animals, subdued into tameness, took up their abode along the margin of the Miramichi river with human beings and domestic animals, fear, in this awful conflagration, quenching every other instinct. It was as you say a terrible affair."

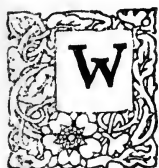
Coming out on the clearings again we were passing some marsh land where the hay had been cut and stacked for winter use, and as the place looked a likely one for a snipe or two Blaiklock, proposed my trying it, while he adjusted some part of the harness that had somehow got out of place. So taking one of the dogs I got over the fence and beat all round the edge of the water there, but without any result. I was just about to leave when I saw a marsh-harrier—a noted robber and deadly enemy to game birds—skimming along over the wet ground and coming in my direction. Creeping under the lee of a haystack I watched its approach, and when I thought it within range I emptied one barrel in its direction and down it came into the water, and I at once sent the dog to retrieve it. The dog swam to the bird and caught hold of a wing to fetch it on shore, when the hawk—only broken winged as it turned out—struck out at him and fixed his talons in the dog's nose. With a yelp he tried to draw back but the claws held firmly, and it was only after sundry shakings of his head and getting his paws on the bird and ducking it that he extricated his nose from the grip, and then only by losing skin as I saw later. Having learned such a lesson he was, of course, chary of taking it into his mouth again, but here his bright instinct came into

play. Swimming round it he commenced a series of cautious pushings with his nose shorewards and finally succeeded in shoving the hawk near enough for me to crack it on the head with a stick. It was a fine specimen, but I had no way of carrying it carefully enough to keep it fit for a taxidermist's use, so I contented myself with cutting off the feet with their formidable needle-pointed claws as a trophy, leaving the carcass of this game destroyer for the benefit of the crows and field mice. The talons on my return to town, I may mention in passing, were afterwards bound in silver to an ebony stand, and made an excellent pen rest for a writing table.



## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Woodcock shooting. A warm corner. Ruffed grouse prove wary birds. A faithful retriever. "Swapping of yarns" at the farmhouse by two noted Munchausens. A melancholy incident is brought to light. The story of an experience with a madman. A trap is set for a cattle-killing bear near by.



WE drew up at length at the door of the farmhouse where I had decided to stop for the night, and giving our horses and other belongings in charge of the owner thereof, my friend and I, with Joe as marker, set off to finish the afternoon's shooting. The coverts in the vicinity were high and dense, and very difficult to shoot in; but I had previously found that they were generally good for a few brace of woodcocks. Shortly the dogs were rattling with a will through the alders and young birches, and separating a little we pushed through with guns in readiness for a snap shot. A whirr and the well-known whistle greeted our ears in a few minutes. "Mark" was shouted by each of us, but neither had seen it. "All right," called out Joe, who had posted himself on a convenient fence rail, "I've marked him in." I went back to him and he pointed out a small bunch of bushes outside the covert. "Just in there, I'll put him up for you," said Joe, all excitement, and going round he whacked the bushes with a stick and out came the woodcock directly in my face, so close to me I could not shoot, but wheeling round I fired just as it was disappearing behind a spruce tree. I did not know I had killed it until I heard Joe's cry of "dead bird," and as he was picking

it up Blaiklock's gun rang out in the covert. A second later a cock passed me affording me a nice easy shot which I quickly took advantage of. "Wiped your eye that time Fred" I called to him. "Not a bit of it" came the reply "I've got my bird in my pocket. There were two flushed at the same time." "A good beginning Joe" said I, as we moved on, "three birds in nearly as many minutes, I hope it is going to last." As I spoke "bang" went my friend's gun again, his laconic ejaculation "got him" following the shot. Fop flushed at this moment a bird in front of me and I echoed my friend's phrase as the dog retrieved it. After further search, finding no more in this particular spot, we moved on through the covert, now and then getting a shot. There were not many woodcocks and they were hard to get a glimpse of when started, but on the whole in the short time we had, we did not do very badly, better by far this afternoon than with the ruffed grouse. The dogs roused out a large covey, a number of which, if not the whole lot, flew into the trees, thence one by one darting off from branches over our heads, and although we burned a good deal of powder we did not either of us score as we should, Blaiklock revenged himself by potting one mercilessly on a limb and killed another in fair honest fashion on the wing. I distinguished myself by securing only two out of six shots and these were all that were bagged out of a dozen or more. But as we were out for sport and not on a war of extermination we did not view this with a very deep regret.

I must not forget to mention my escape by a miracle from a fearful punishment by hornets, for invasion of their territory. I had knocked down a woodcock and was forcing myself through the bushes to pick it up, with eyes half shut to avoid the scratching of the branches, when I pulled up short just in time to save my face from bumping right up against one of their enormous egg shaped nests.





A HOCKETER

Luckily I did not touch it, and with hair on end I retreated as hastily and carefully as I knew how, preferring ten times over to lose the bird than to run the risk of an attack from these hot tailed gentlemen. The woodcock had dropped close to this bush, and as the dogs came through to me I was in fear and trembling lest they should run against and shake it, and so set these miscreants upon me. But fortunately they did not, and I escaped unstung.

The sun was getting low and it was time to give up shooting for the day, so shouldering our guns we turned up an old wood road homeward. Before moving on I noticed all the dogs were with us but Fop, and although I whistled several times for him he did not come up. However, just as we reached the main road close to the house I happened to turn round, and there, strutting along with the others, close at our heels, was the missing dog, carrying a freshly killed woodcock in his mouth. Where did he pick this up was the question, and various were the conjectures concerning the find? Whether it was the one I had abandoned by the hornet's nest, or one we had counted a miss, but which proved a kill after all, we could not tell.

Arriving at the house we saw that our dogs had a good feed and a bed of straw on the barn floor, and substituting dry stockings and shoes for the mud-bespattered articles we had on, we counted our day's bag which was a goodly sight to a sportsman's eye. Twenty-nine woodcocks, eleven ruffed grouse, six snipe and two black ducks was the sum total, and right well pleased were we with such an enjoyable day; it added a zest to the appetites we already had for the plentiful supper now awaiting us in the adjoining room. While giving it that attention it merited, our host came in to tell us of a neighbor living five miles away having the previous night had a heifer killed, and partly eaten by a bear, in a pasture at the back of his house. The owner of the heifer had, he said, that

afternoon driven down to borrow his bear trap and they hoped to get the bear that night, for he would no doubt go back for the remainder of his prey as the rest of the cattle had been driven in. The place being directly on our route we proposed then, and there to start very early in the morning to see the fun, in the event of Mr. Bruin being nabbed. A purpose that was afterwards carried out.

Our host was an amusing character and we were greatly entertained while smoking our pipes by the kitchen fire, after our meal was disposed of, by listening to the stories he and a traveller on the road to market who was putting up there for the night, were exchanging. The traveller was a most elaborate perverter of the truth, and the yarns he spun of his extraordinary adventures would have put to shame the celebrated Baron Munchausen. Our host was not to be beaten easily that way either, and being put on his mettle he drew upon his imagination gloriously.

I remember just now but two of the most audacious of the tales. The one told by the traveller was concerning the daring and strength of bald headed eagles. He related some extraordinary deeds done by these birds and overtopped them with the following bit of palpable mendacity. "An enormous pair of them," he said, "came one Spring round his house and used to roost each night in a big pine tree about a quarter of a mile away. One day he had removed his cart wheels for the purpose of having the tires reset by the blacksmith, and had left them lying in the yard until he got a chance to take them to the shop. He missed them some days afterwards and could not make out what had become of them. Nobody had been about to steal them. He had given up ever getting them when, one morning happening to pass by the big pine he saw, high up in the tree, something that looked mighty queer; so he climbed up and there he found the missing wheels. *The eagles had taken them to help to build their nests.* He

had hard work lowering them, he said, as he could only work at it at night, when the eagles were asleep." "I believe every word of it" said our host, "it is mighty cur'ous how cute some animals are. I remember one time I went into the woods to set some rabbit snares. There was a terrible lot of 'em in the big spruce swamp down below the pasture. While I was makin' the hedge and puttin' in the wires them critters was all round me lookin' to see what I was doin'. I had nothin' but an axe with me or I would have got a backload of 'em, they was that thick and tame, and they kept follerin' me round and watchin' me choppin' the brush. Bimeby they must have found out I was settin' snares to catch 'em, cuz when I dropped off in a snooze after eatin' me dinner with my back up agin a tree, they stole my axe. Yes, sir, they stole it and dropped it in the brook, a quarter of a mile away where I found it goin' home. How do I know they stole it? Why, the handle was standin' up in the water and *was all stuck full of rabbit hairs that had rubbed off when they was carryin' it* there. Yes, sir, rabbits is mighty cute critters as well as eagles."

Here the contest ended by the traveller getting up, laughing, and remarking he had to see to his horses, went out.

I had noticed a young man who had been sitting by the fireside the whole evening, not even smiling at any of the stories we were roaring at, but remaining perfectly still, gazing at the fire, and when he also went out I enquired of our host who he was. "Ah," said he, seriously enough, "such a pity about that young feller. He was as smart a lad as any round here; but he's never been right in his head since he got a shock." "How did it happen?" I asked. "Well" he replied, "it was his brother's death. Jim—that's the brother—was goin' to be married to as fine a lookin' girl as you'd see anywhere, and they was mighty fond of

one another. But one day—it was the first of the winter two years ago—she was crossin' the lake on the ice below here, goin' over to some neighbor's house on some errand and she walked right into an air hole and was drowned. They got the body next day. Jim took on dreadful and that night he went out into the stable when they was all abed and hung hisself to a beam overhead. The first to know of it was Bob, him that's just gone out. Goin' out early in the mornin, afore daylight to feed the horses, and openin' the stable door and goin' in he humped right agin his brother's body hangin'. They say he let one screech out of him and droppin' the lantern ran into the house. Howsumdave he's been like you see him now most ever since. They say it was the shock done it."

"It is quite possible," said I, "for I have heard of a somewhat similar case. The story was told me one night by the Surgeon of the Flag-Ship at Halifax, and as I was very much impressed with it at the time, I think I can recollect the details sufficiently well to be able to repeat them."

"Go on, please go on" urged our host.

"Very well I will try" I said, "to give you the Doctor's story as nearly in his own words as I can. He told it in this way. "When I was a medical student in Edinburgh one of my greatest chums was a fellow student named Butler—Charlie Butler. I think he had one of the nicest dispositions I ever met in a man. He was a tall good looking broad shouldered chap, a good all round athlete, difficult to provoke into a quarrel, but a terribly hard hitter when he got there.

"'We took our degrees,' went on the Doctor, 'about the same time, and soon afterwards he went to London to see the girl to whom he was to be married who was staying at the house of his aunt, whom I knew very well, at Clapham, outside London. I had not heard from him for some little time but I knew the wedding was to come off



very soon, when one morning looking over the *Times* to my astonishment and distress I saw her sudden death from heart failure recorded. A week or so afterwards I got a note from his aunt telling me he was quite demented and urging my coming over at once. Of course, I went without delay. I found him as she described, his mind quite unhinged, and his wild talk and peculiar actions convinced me at once that it was not safe to trust him by himself. I sat down and wrote immediately to his father, telling him of the sad necessity of putting him under some restraint without delay. This letter, I put into the breast pocket of my coat, intending to have it posted as soon as an opportunity occurred. Poor Butler talked incessantly—often of making away with himself, and it was painful to hear his blasphemies at the blow which had shattered his hopes. I remained with him all day soothing him by every means in my power, and at bedtime I managed by dint of hard coaxing at a moment when he was calmer and more himself, to make him take some wine negus I had prepared, into which I secretly put a powerful and tasteless narcotic. He undressed, got into bed, and after a time was sleeping quietly, and then I, after taking off my coat, just threw myself on a couch at the other side of the room. I had put out the large lamp and lighted a small night-lamp which I placed on a chair by the couch within reach of my hand. The dim light and weariness together were I suppose the cause of it, but anyway I dropped off to sleep, a thing I had by no means intended to do. How long I slept I know not, but I awakened with a start, sat up, and found him standing within three or four feet of me, a pistol in one hand and a paper (that I afterwards knew was my letter to his father) in the other. The large lamp which he had relighted disclosed his face distorted with fury, and his eyes rolled in his head. 'I am going to kill you, you dog. Do you hear, I am going to

kill you' he shouted, cocking the pistol. I made him no answer, but looking him straight in the eyes I stood up and in an instant sprang upon him. As I did so he fired and the bullet struck the lower part of my left ear, carrying away a small piece. Dropping the pistol he grappled with me and tried to take me by the throat as we struggled together. He was a much stronger man than I, and must soon have gained the mastery had not accident befriended me. His foot caught in my coat which had fallen to the floor from the chair where I had placed it, and he fell heavily backward dragging me with him, his head striking the fender with great force. Instantly his arms relaxed their hold, and I sprang up, ran to the door and called for assistance.

"When restored to consciousness, poor Charley found himself in a straight waistcoat and next day with his father's sanction, he was placed in a private asylum. The facts, went on the Doctor, I believe to be these. In spite of my sleeping draught he had awakened in the night and then, for what purpose I know not, lighted the lamp on the table; my letter to his father had probably fallen out of my coat pocket on the floor, he had picked it up, seen the address, read it, and in the disordered state of mind he was then in, determined to take my life. Where the pistol came from was a mystery to me, for I had as I thought taken great precautions against his having any weapon. Now for my sequel,' said the Doctor. 'I shall perhaps surprise you when I tell you that two years ago I spent a most delightful month with the most popular physician at Cheltenham, the same Charlie Butler and his charming wife and a host of bright children.' There said I, you have the story and that is one case where a sudden shock seriously affecting the reason did not leave it permanently impaired."

On my conclusion of the Doctor's yarn we said good night and turned in, and soon were as sound asleep as the proverbial top.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

Woodcock shooting. We witness the killing of Bruin in the trap. An unexpected drop upon a flight. My friend meets with a ludicrous mishap. The final count of the bag is made and we start for home.



EXT morning before daylight we were off, bag and baggage, eager to learn whether the trapping of the free-lance Bruin had been a success or not. In less than an hour we were at the house, and Moses, our host of the night before, who had come with us, ran in to make inquiries. He presently came back to say the bear was caught. The men had been to the trap at daylight and had seen him, and now had gone to get a couple of neighbors with their guns to come to help despatch him. By the time we had fastened up our dogs they arrived in a great state of excitement and invited us to join them. We could take no part in giving the cattle-slayer his quietus for we had no bullets, but we accepted the invitation to see what the performance would be like, neither of us having seen a bear in a trap. When we came near the spot in a body, the bear set up a terrible cry and we could see him tearing at the trap with his teeth. He had been round and round the stout tree to which the heavy chain attached to the trap had been secured, breaking down all the bushes within the circle in his efforts to escape. It was a cruel spectacle, after all, to witness, potting a chained brute, merciless robber though he was, and I

wished he could be put at once out of his misery. But the men did not appear to be able to hold straight, either through nervousness or inexperience with their guns, for shot after shot was fired without any fatal effect. At length one bullet entering behind his shoulder pierced his heart and the big animal rolling over on his side gave up the ghost. They estimated he would weigh close upon seven hundred pounds. As we walked back through the bush skirting the pasture, a woodcock was flushed in front of us, and leisurely settled again a little further on. "Do you often see those birds?" I asked the farmer. "Oh, every day" he replied, "when we are driving the cows, there's plenty of 'em. What are they?" I told him and he informed me neither he nor any of the men about bothered themselves trying to shoot them. "Could we?" he asked. "With his permission we were going to try" was our rejoinder, and presently we reached the house and sat down with the men to breakfast, which was of a very substantial and savory description, I remember, and one we needed no prolonged pressure on our host's part to do ample justice to.

Having finished, we filled our cartridge belts with plenty of No. 10's, summoned Joe to bring the dogs and taking our guns went back to the pasture we had crossed a short time previously. It was a pretty spot at the foot of a range of hills, a circular open space of about fifty acres, fringed with small white birches and hazel bushes, the whole surrounded by high woods.

The dogs had no sooner been sent in than the fun began. We kept abreast along the edge where the bushes were so low we could easily shoot over the tops. The ground was just such as a woodcock loves, soft black earth with the ferns broken down by the hoofs of the cattle browsing there. Blaiklock opened the ball with a double, getting both his birds which flew in the same direction. A second

later I had downed my first woodcock of the day, which was so shattered as to be valueless. The shot had balled, smashing the bird into a shapeless mass of flesh and feathers. The scent was so strong and the woodcock so numerous, in one spot, we had hard work to keep our team from running riot, but by dint of sound rating we got them down, after a while, to work in their ordinary sober fashion. Joe was in his element finding the shot birds with the dogs, and as for ourselves we had got the "hang of it" and were shooting with marked success. When we had completed the round of the whole covert and come back to our starting point, our watches showed us it had occupied close upon two hours.

A rest was now in order before leaving this charming spot, and sitting down we had a comfortable whiff or two while Joe counted over the bag. We found we had killed just twenty-one woodcock—by no means a bad beginning with a good portion of the day yet before us. The birds were in excellent condition as they usually are towards the end of October. Their beautiful plumage is then at its best, and they are fat and strong on the wing. I have heard that when they arrive in the Southern States, after their migration, they have become quite thin, and although I have never had an opportunity of verifying this I fancy it is the case, for I have seen one or two that were illegally shot near Halifax, on their arrival in the month of March, and they were bones and feathers only.

On our return to the house we were obliged to exhibit our treasures to the owner and his friends, who could not understand how it was possible for us to get so many, for they were never able, they said, to see any on the ground, and trying to aim at them flying was an experiment they could not spare the ammunition for.

Bidding adieu to Moses and our hospitable friends, with promises of seeing them again when we could, we

jumped into our seats and, followed by many wishes of good luck, were off.

"Where next" asked my companion.

"Upon my word I do not know," I replied, "this is all strange country to me now. Let us jog along and where we see a promising looking place give it a trial."

Descending a steep hill, five or six miles further on we came to a pretty stream that to right and left ran through groups of alders in a meadow, that appeared inviting. Under a great tree by the roadside, in a most picturesque little glade we left Joe with the trap and proceeded to test the merits of the coverts, although not very hopeful of the result, as in our experience of the day before, low lying lands were unprofitable. As I jumped the fence with unloaded gun, a woodcock sprang up from a muddy spot in the ferns near my feet, and scudding away without a leaden messenger following, dropped in the alders some hundreds of yards down stream.

"That promises well" said my friend. "I hope that some of his 'sisters and his cousins and his aunts' are in the vicinity."

"We will introduce ourselves" replied I.

"With leaden visiting cards" rejoined Blaiklock laughing, as we hied the dogs in after loading up. "Strong scent here, look out now" I said, as the dogs were excitedly and rapidly beating this way and that in the bush. I had hardly spoken when with a whirr-r up got several ruffed grouse. Four reports instantly ensued. "I've downed one anyway" I called, "and I'm not sure I have not got two."

"I've knocked over one but missed the other clean, bad luck to it" responded my friend. We got the dogs to "seek dead," and presently recovered two stone dead; but no more, and walking on some distance a woodcock was flushed and killed and while picking it up we heard two dogs growling and snarling in the covert. Running in I

found that Fop and Dash, the two retrievers of the pack, had caught a broken-winged grouse and each had hold of it, disputing the other's right to bring it in. Had I not come to the rescue and taken it away each would have brought us a portion no doubt.

Following the windings of the stream the covert was well rattled through, until we came to a large beaver meadow, as it is called, where we halted at the dividing fence and decided to go back. But before reaching there we had bagged two more woodcocks out of four flushed; the other two birds were somehow missed in snap shooting and had gone to the other side of the river. These old beaver meadows are frequently met with on small streams throughout this part of the Province. The grass is very coarse and grows to the height of four or five feet, and in it stand quantities of small dead trees. Many years ago the beavers—they are rare now in Nova Scotia—had built dams across the streams and backed the water up, and this spreading out on either side formed a small lake. The water in course of time killed all vegetation where it rested, and then, when the dam broke away or was otherwise destroyed, the river regaining its customary course, the land dried again and the wild grass sprang up in great luxuriance over it. We crossed the river on a little bridge of poles, and retraced our steps along the other bank in the direction of the road, picking up three more woodcocks on the way. The last one was shot by my friend as it flew over the water towards the other side, and in falling was caught in the fork of a branch overhanging a muddy but not deep pool.

"I'm not going to leave it there" he said, "I don't mind wet feet and I'll bet I can get it." And handing me his gun he slid down the bank and waded in.

He found on getting under the limb that he could not reach the bird by a few inches, and not having a stick or

anything at hand to poke it off with, he attempted to jump up and knock it off with his hand. He succeeded, but alas! unhappy mortal, in doing so his feet slipped from under him and he sat plump down with a great splash in about a foot of muddy water.

"You've won your bet" I could not refrain from shouting to him between peals of laughter as I saw him struggle to his feet, pick up the bird and waddle back towards me, soaked from the waist down and uttering maledictions on what he emphasized as his "infernal luck."

"Give us a hand to get up the bank you cackling idiot" he snapped out, but he could not resist joining in the laugh himself as he gazed at the sorry plight his extremities presented. His cartridges got wet too, but luckily we had an ample supply to fall back upon.

We hurried back to the trap and soon he stood in the garb that Adam wore before the introduction of the fig leaf as an article of attire. His spare shirt, knickerbockers and stockings were, however, soon donned, and after Joe had wiped out his boots with moss and some newspaper, he put them on again. "A drop of Glenlivet now Joe, and I'll be as right as ninepence," and this being administered Joe produced some potted meats, sardines, bread and beer from the box, and while he gave the dogs their biscuits and some oats to the horses we squatted down and fed ourselves right heartily.

Leaving Joe to get his own lunch we lighted pipes, and as the day was on the wane we lost no time in starting off again, this time up stream. We toiled here for an hour, up one side of the brook and back the other, and were rewarded with four more woodcocks for our trouble.

Driving on again through a wooded country for some distance we pulled up at a nice looking farmhouse, where we were fortunate enough to secure lodging for the night, and to find comfortable stalls in the stables for our horses,



and while our hostess was making us some tea she told us of a good many *pa'tridge* being about.\*

Refreshed with that cup which women love, that cheers, etc., we secured a guide and went out in hopes of getting a shot or two, and right good shooting we did have, and that at no very great distance from the house. Around the edge of a clearing we worked first, getting several ruffed grouse, and finally struck through a wood and came out on a little barren on the other side. The place was one mass of what are called huckleberries and we no sooner got into it than we flushed a grouse which was promptly killed; then another and another. There was a whole covey out there, scattered about and feeding on those berries, and we had splendid sport with them in the open, killing seven. It was the best fun of the afternoon, the firing for some minutes being almost as fast as we could load, and we went back to the house greatly pleased with the last hours of an eventful day.

Next morning we were up betimes and packed all snug, receiving our instructions from mine host as to the road to take to the railway station twenty miles away.

"Did you count all the birds as you put them in, Joe?" I asked.

"Yes, I did sir," replied Joe. "There's in the basket fifty-seven cocks, twenty-three partridges, six snipe and two black ducks."

"A jolly good bag" said my companion delighted, and so said I.

But to this number we were destined yet slightly to add, for while the horses were feeding and dinner getting ready, half way to our destination, a pretty piece of wet ground in front of the house attracted our attention, and

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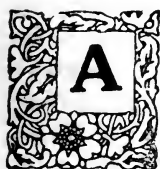
\*Country folks throughout Nova Scotia invariably speak of the ruffed grouse as *pa'tridge*—never *partridge*.

on inquiry we were told there were snipe there sometimes, so we tried a final shoot and were rewarded by getting two snipe more.

After this the guns were put away for good, and having plenty of time we jogged the horses quietly along the road to the railway station at Windsor. The train thence brought us safely back to Halifax, well satisfied with our October outing, which had been a most enjoyable one from start to finish.

## CHAPTER XXX.

My Company is sent to Fredericton. The personnel of the detachment. Canoeing. Black bass spearing on the sand bars, St. John river. Ambitious attempts to capture sturgeon. A night adventure in the Grand Pass, and a frosty paddle home.



AFTER three years in Halifax it became my Regiment's turn to furnish detachments for service in the Province of New Brunswick to relieve those companies of the 62nd Regiment which had been doing duty there. And on a "bright May morning early" the two detachments marched to the Richmond Station of the Halifax and Windsor railway—the only railroad then built in Nova Scotia—*en route* for St. John and Fredericton, the latter place being my Company's destination.

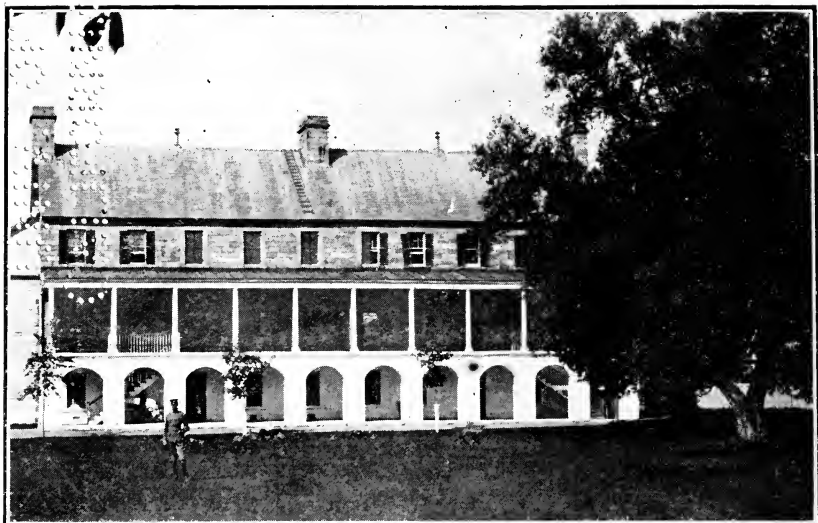
Arriving at Windsor we almost immediately went on board the small steamer which was to take us to St. John, and after a very delightful passage through the Basin of Minas and across the Bay of Fundy, we arrived at that city late in the afternoon and lay at the barracks that night. The next morning saw us on the early passenger boat for Fredericton steaming up the St. John with ninety miles of river between us and our destination. Our journey lasted all day, and as the shades of evening were closing about us the stately Cathedral first came into view, and then the little city itself, with the barracks a stone's throw from the landing place. These were prettily situated, almost on the river's bank, the officers' quarters fronting on a grass-grown square surrounded by high trees, while those for the men were built parallel with the main street, and facing on a fair sized drill ground, the

whole enclosed by a high wooden fence. Our little garrison when we had settled down consisted of the senior Major of the Regiment, Major Carter, who commanded, Captain Wyberg, Lieutenant Knowles and myself as company officers, Lieutenant Moore—discharging the duties of Town Adjutant—Staff Assistant Surgeon Semple, and an officer of the Commissariat, Deputy Assistant Commissary General Turnbull. The Barrack Master's name has escaped my memory. We were pleasantly impressed with our new quarters, and with the town and surrounding country. Just opposite, across the river, is the village of St. Mary's, and close to it a settlement of Milicete Indians. Below this the river Nashwauk adds its waters to the parent stream, while above the village a short distance the Nashwauksis or Little Nashwauk also flows in. At the back of the town rises a high hill on the slope of which a stately college stands, and a mile away, up the river, almost directly on the main road, is situated Government House, then occupied by the Lieutenant-Governor, the Honourable Mr. Manners-Sutton, his family and retinue.

It is said that this official residence and that in Hollis Street, Halifax, were both constructed of stone from the same quarry in Nova Scotia. Apparently the same architectural plans were used as well, for both buildings are similar in outward appearance, in height, breadth and finish, as well as the shape of the chimneys and windows.

Our daily duties in our new quarters were not heavy, either for officers or men. There were, of course, the necessary parades, and drill, which are always kept up. But besides the guard at the barracks there were only two others, namely, at the Military Stores and at Government House, so that the men had a generous amount of off-duty time in which they could indulge in football, cricket and other athletic games, or in walking about the town or the country within prescribed limits.

Figure 1 displays 16 small diagrams arranged in a 4x4 grid, showing the spatial distribution of 16 species of the genus *Euphydryas*. Each diagram represents a different species, with black dots indicating the locations of individuals. The diagrams are arranged in two columns of eight. The species names are listed on the left and right sides of the grid.



OFFICERS' QUARTERS, FREDERICTON, N.B.



PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT BUILDING, FREDERICTON, N.S.

Canoeing, a favorite pastime here, was a thing none of us knew anything about, but canoes were easily procurable and after many upsets, which might be expected from our inexperience, we in time became fair exponents of the art of paddling. For myself I quickly learned to preserve the necessary balance, thanks to a heavy freshet which overflowed some low banks of the river and spread over the fields. Here where the water was only a few inches in depth, I could take all sorts of liberties in my "tottleish" birch bark, such as paddling and poling when standing upright or running from end to end, a feat which requires the perfect equilibrium of a practiced tight rope walker to accomplish. If I lost my balance in attempting some such trick, I had only to step out in the shallow water to recover myself and step back again into the canoe, and so gained confidence. I have referred to all this for the reason that the canoe was the universal mode of travelling about. Most of the picnics to which we were invited during our first summer, as soon as the ordinary civilities had been exchanged, and we became privileged to know the kind-hearted residents of the little Capital of New Brunswick, involved excursions by water, and it was imperative to become an expert when fair ladies were committed to one's care.

Before passing from canoes and canoeing to other matters, I must not omit mention of a rather unpleasant experience I had on the river on one occasion, involving a disastrous upset and a good ducking. But first let me say that spearing in those days was quite within the law and about the middle of August the black bass were to be found on many of the sand bars in our vicinity, but to handle a spear with dexterity, standing up in the bow of the canoe, with a huge birch bark torch flashing in one's face and necessitating constant adjustment, required a degree of skill that was not quickly attained. The bass

spear, I may explain, was a trident of thin round steel, the two outer prongs having a barb on the inside, one and a half inches in length, while the centre one had a barb on either side. This was driven into a slight pole about eight or ten feet in length. I do not remember that the bass suffered very much from our spears, for it takes a very great deal of practice to become an adept in the art of straight striking. The fish alarmed by the light darted so rapidly to and fro that it was no easy matter to transfix them in the little time they gave. However, it was always a scene of much merriment, and although we never got many fish still we had the fun, and the chaff that greeted some unfortunate miss, and peals of laughter when another upset his canoe in some frantic effort to secure his prize, made our party anything but a dull one.

The river St. John is a famous place also for sturgeon. These fish run to a very great size, ten feet in length or more, and may on any fine day during the summer months be seen jumping at intervals high out of water. They were occasionally captured in the salmon nets and were speared by the Indians, the weapon used being a straight, strong, single prong, about eighteen inches long, with a large barb, set in a socket in the pole in such a way that it drew out of it after the fish was struck, but remained attached to the staff by a piece of strong line. This afforded the striker the only chance of playing the fish, as otherwise, in the struggle, were it not so made the staff would be wrenched out of his hands. Now, I with others, became fired with ambition to spear a sturgeon. Every other sort of sport in this way appeared tame in comparison, and it is needless to say that I was not long in making myself the possessor of a suitable spear. Night after night did I pole my canoe over all the likely spots in the neighborhood, burning innumerable torches the while; but without any success attending my efforts. I never saw one. At



length one day an Indian, known as Peter, came to me with the exciting intelligence that near the islands some nine miles away "was best chance yet," and assured me in his own peculiar way that there I should be able to obtain the prize I panted for. Our plan was this: To start in the afternoon, taking with us a blanket each, some grub and utensils to cook it in, have supper when we arrived at our destination, spear all round the likely places by the islands until we were tired of it, roll ourselves in our blankets for a few hours afterwards, and then paddle home to barracks in the morning so that I might be in time for ten o'clock parade.

The afternoon we set out was most favorable, the sunset glorious, scarcely a cloud in the sky to be seen, the wind dying away, and evidently a calm still night could be relied on. We reached the first island and here lighting a fire made a hearty repast, and smoking our pipes waited for sufficient darkness to begin operations. At length we got into the canoe and started. We had some four hours to experiment in, for the moon did not rise until the "wee sma' hours," and with a good torch well lighted we glided cautiously over every likely spot. Round and round the islands we went, over to the far shore and back again, now forcing our way through some swift rapid and again stealing over smooth shallows. All was in vain. Not a glimpse of a sturgeon was to be had. After many rests and alternate poling of the Indian and myself, we reached the head of the big island, and then beaching the canoe we devoted a quarter of an hour to tobacco and consultation. Now the fragrant weed, especially when smoked in a sweet "corn cob," has a soothing influence, without doubt, and after all the exertion I had undergone I felt "gently o'er me stealing" a most potent desire to sleep then and there. But pulling myself together by a brave effort I compromised matters by deciding to have just one more look round and

then go down to the foot of the island, light a fire and lie down.

The shortest way to our proposed sleeping place was through a very rapid channel called the Grand Pass. It was a long heavy rush of water, easy enough to descend in the day time, but risky at night in mid channel on account of the rocks, and the pace and circumscribed light gave you so little time to avoid them. However, I determined to run the risk, trusting that danger of an upset might be avoided by a careful stopping of the canoe's speed by aid of the pole, and by keeping pretty close in shore where the current was less rapid. I had never been down the Grand Pass either at night or in the day time, but I was so disgusted with my night's ill luck that I wanted something in the way of excitement to keep me up, and despite the misgivings of the Indian I boldly took my place in the bow, lighted a torch and stood, spear in hand, not so much in the hope of spearing anything when I remembered recent experience; but that this position would enable me to see better under the light any rocks in the way of our downward course. We had not gone very far when, as we passed over a very sandy spot, I saw what I was sure was a huge sturgeon on the bottom. The water was deepish, but still I could make out the tapering form distinctly. What a bound my heart gave! Here was my chance, at last! This is what I hoped for! Now for it!

"Peter! Peter!! Sturgeon!" I shouted, "round with her." Peter who was half dozing as he reclined lazily in the stern, his back against the bar, with the handle of the paddle under his arm and the blade in the water, now exerted himself to assist in reversing the canoe's position, and upstream towards the spot we cautiously crept. My excitement knew no bounds. I believe I felt as if this monster was already my own—played and landed. On we approached!

"Now then, stea 'y! I see him!"

The spear is poised, the aim taken, unfortunately the light is very bad and I can see but indistinctly now, but here goes! and down with all my force I sink the cruel spear into—a *log*. Yes, an old water-worn log lying at the bottom and exactly fish shaped. To render it more life-like it had some *débris* or weeds at the tapered end that waggled from side to side for all the world like a tail. I need not depict my discomfiture, my chagrin, further than to say I was too humiliated to speak. As for the Indian he kicked his feet up in the air to the detriment of my balance, and roared. "Sarten big sturgeon" he said, and became convulsed again and again. I could *say* nothing, but like the cabby when offered and obliged to take the statutory sixpence for a mile's drive "I *thought* a lot." The difficulty now was to get out this long barbed spear, jammed solidly into the log. I tried it in every way and so did the Indian, but it was no go, it would not yield. At last taking the pole of my bass spear I got it under the lashing of the other and forcing it over the gunwale of the canoe, I broke the lashing free, leaving of course the iron still in the log forever, and splintering as well the shaft of the spear I had used as a prise. Well, there was no help for it. Luck was dead against my recovering it, so we floated away from my phantom sturgeon down stream again, and while suppressing certain familiar expressions I mentally vowed this description of "sport" should end from that very moment. Nor was I made happier by the reflection that my story would get abroad in the Mess, and I would have to suffer martyrdom for some time to come in the way of merciless chaffing. But alas! I never conjectured the ending to this expedition that was yet in store for unhappy me. Never shall I forget it. We were drifting down at a tolerably swift pace, for the water was rapid here, when I saw suddenly in front of us a huge

boulder that I imagined we were going directly against, and without taking a moment's thought save the avoidance of the impending smash, quickly dropped the spear pole—sprung already in the centre with my last exertion—into the water, and gave a vigorous push to force the canoe away from the rock. In an instant, when my full weight was put upon it, and my body inclining partly over the side of the canoe (for, of course, I was still standing) it snapped in two, and out I went, upsetting the canoe in my plunge. When, sputtering and blowing, my head came above water, my eyes met a ludicrous sight. There was the canoe on her side racing down the rapid, and the Indian struggling in the water with his legs caught under the bar. He was wearing a pair of lumberman's boots that he had won from some unsuspecting victim at cards the day before, and these had got jammed in some way and he was unable to extricate them, so downstream they were both going at the rate of, I don't know how many miles an hour, the Indian splashing and struggling and evidently swallowing gulps of water between his staccatoed efforts at speech. Paddles, spears, torches, coats, everything that had been in the canoe were floating free beside it. All had come out save only my aboriginal friend's legs which declined to leave it. On my reaching shore, but a step or two, he found voice to yell just as he had cleared himself—"Stop de canoe! Stop de canoe!" I caught his meaning in a second. If the birch bark was not captured we would be left on the island for certain until morning, and then have to swim for it to the mainland. This passing through my mind like a flash lent an additional impulse to speed, and down the shore of that island I went as hard as ever I ran in my life. I don't think I ever made better time. There was just one chance to catch our craft and that was at the end of the rapid, and at the end of the island as well. With a spurt I passed and headed the canoe, and rushing

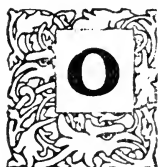
headlong into the water at the only available place, luckily turning out to be shallow. I caught at, then lost, frantically clutched again, held, and finally dragged ashore our water logged birch bark. On my recovering breath and shouting "Hooray! Peter! All right!" down came my dusky companion, thudding over the shingle—each boot pumping water with a sound like a consumptive fire engine—and instead of loud reproaches and indignant and personal remarks on my stupidity in overturning him into the water, as I am afraid I would have been certain to do if the case were reversed, all he said was:—

"Lucky I got one paddle" (he had never let go of it in his upset), "spos'n go home now—all ways."

Helping him off with his boots, which clung as pertinaciously to his feet as they had done to the canoe, he emptied them, and shaking himself much as a Newfoundland dog would have done, announced himself ready. And what a paddle of eight miles home to barracks we did have, in our soaking wet clothes; while to make matters worse a light frost began to fall. I shall long remember it. Following the current down, by great good luck, and the Indian's keen sight, we recovered the other paddle, and some torches, but our coats, blankets, spears, kettles, and a flask of *eau de vie* that would have been an inestimable boon to us shivering mortals at that moment, all had gone—not even a pipe of tobacco had we. And the moon rising then saw two most wretched men paddling for dear life home.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

Light duties and social functions. An unwilling delivery of the rural mail. Snipe shooting on the French lake marshes. An unlucky visit to the Gornish. Lost in the bush near New-castle stream.



OUR first summer passed very pleasantly in our new quarters. We were the recipients of much kind hospitality, our duties by no means burdensome, and as for the climate, with the exception of some very warm weather during the dog days, it was exhilarating and healthy to a degree. In fact, we al' agreed that Fredericton was a most enjoyable place and considered ourselves lucky to have been ordered there for a turn of duty. Dancing and dinner parties, besides invitations to rides, drives and canoeing jaunts put us under many obligations to our kind entertainers, which later on we endeavored to make some return for in the shape of a series of theatricals.

The riding parties frequently furnished a good deal of amusement. None of us possessed horses of our own at the time, so we had perforce to fall back upon the livery stables to provide us with the necessary steeds. On one occasion, I remember, I bestrode an animal that was accustomed to carry the mail to one of the outlying districts, a fact which I only discovered when our party was passing the country post office where he had been accustomed to stop to deliver it. As soon as we reached it he immediately began sidling, in spite of my exertions to prevent him, up to the door, and there stood, bringing upon

me the ridicule of the whole party, who chaffed me without mercy. Nor would he move on until the postmistress appeared at the door, of course highly amused too, and then, thinking I had handed over my mail bag, he consented to proceed.

During the autumn I had many pleasant days shooting woodcocks near the Gornish, a small stream some seven miles from the city, and also at the French Lake marshes, where snipe in abundance, besides ducks of several varieties, were to be found. Among these were the black or blue winged duck, teal, both green and blue winged, and last, but not least, the wood duck—the male of the latter is acknowledged to be the most beautifully plumaged water-bird in the world. The French Lake marshes were twenty miles down the river, and the steamer which made a daily trip to St. John conveyed one thither, and it was possible to go in the morning, have seven or eight hours' shooting and return the same day by the evening boat. But more frequently we left barracks the night before and camped near the marsh, so as to begin shooting at daylight. On various occasions I have bagged from ten or twelve all the way up to twenty-five brace of snipe in a day on these extensive and never failing shooting grounds.

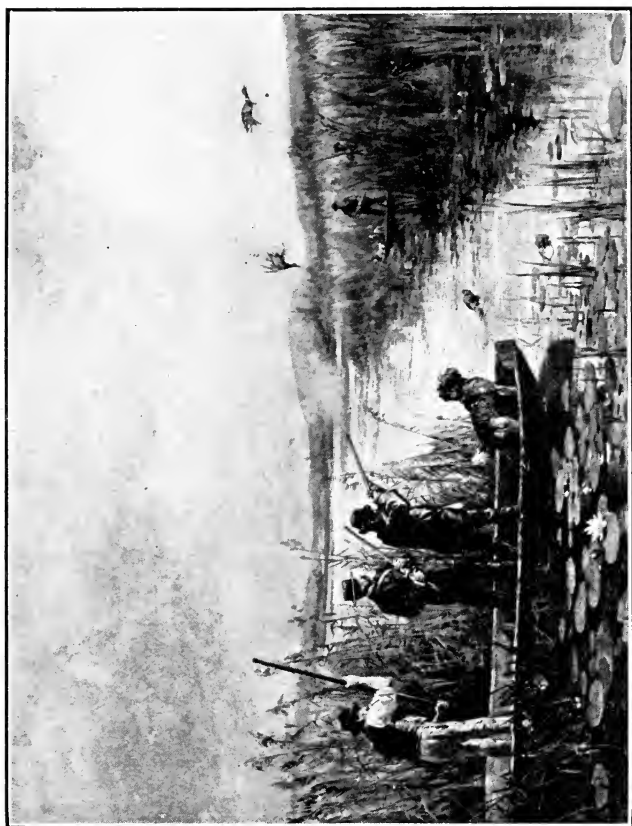
On one of my trips to the Gornish I was accompanied by an officer of the Commissariat Department. I am happy to say he still lives and is well up in the service. He was a very good fellow, but an extremely bad shot, the latter principally due I think to his excitable temperament and allowing little mishaps to put him into an ill humor. However, be that as it may, he was generally very unlucky in not being able to contribute a proper quota to the bag when out shooting, and things seemed invariably to occur to him in the way of unfortunate incidents that did not as a rule happen to his companions. On this

occasion he drove me out, and there being no house near we had no alternative but to tie up the horse to a fence while we shot through the coverts. There were not as many woodcocks found that afternoon as usual in the place, but of all that were bagged he had not succeeded in contributing a single one, although he had lots of chances and fired many shots. The ill natured "hoodoo" that hovered over him seemed implacable. At last, when we had given up for the day, as it was becoming dusk, and had almost reached the place where the horse was tied to the fence, a hare jumped out of a bush in front of him, which he bowled over cleverly; but the report of the gun so frightened the usually quiet animal that he broke his tether and bolted. My friend rushed in pursuit, laying down his gun as he did so, together with the hare he had killed. After half an hour's chase he caught the runaway and brought him back, but by this time it was almost dark, and then he could not remember where he had left his gun, and a pretty hunt we had for it until at last as we were about to give up the search he stumbled over the hare and secured both. Now, I thought, surely the bad luck has left us, but it had not. His dog that we carried under the seat of the trap ate half the hare on the way home, and we broke a spring driving over a bridge about a mile from barracks and had to travel the remaining distance on foot.

Later in the autumn Captain Wyberg, with the well-known Indian "Gabe," went away to the north to a place called Tabusantac for some weeks to shoot wild geese and ducks there. They returned with a prodigious quantity of both, a large number of which he presented to the Mess, furnishing a most welcome addition to our ordinary *menu* during the winter, the cold weather enabling them to be kept for a considerable time.

I wonder if anyone of my readers has ever had the disagreeable experience of finding himself lost in the bush.





DUCK SHOOTING



GABE, THE INDIAN GUIDE

If so, he will agree with me that the sensation is not one to be envied. Especially, as in my case, when the night was bitterly cold, two feet of snow covering everything, and without an overcoat or means of making a fire. It came about in this way. Towards the end of November I started out with the above mentioned Indian, Gabe, to a place called Newcastle stream to hunt caribou for a fortnight. We took no snowshoes with us as it was not thought that they would be required so early in the winter season. But we had hardly been comfortably settled in camp before there came a very heavy snow-fall which lasted all one afternoon and night and part of the following morning. Here was a pretty piece of business. It was impossible to hunt without them, for the snow was decidedly too deep, and we were puzzled what to do. After a long pow-wow the Indian decided to take the road which passed within a couple of hundred yards of our camp and go on to a settlement he knew three miles away and endeavor to borrow or hire a couple of pairs. He set off after breakfast and returned about mid-day with the story that he had been unsuccessful. He had been obliged, he said, to break the road all the way, the snow was so deep, and neither biped nor quadruped had been before him; but he had been unable to procure any snowshoes there. He had, however, been told that they could be had at a place three miles further on. "Then why on earth didn't you go and get them?" I asked, "You were half way there."

"Oh," he replied, "sarten 'fraid not get back in time to cut wood. Maybe you freeze."

"Very well" I said, "there is but one thing for me to do. I won't ask you to go again. I'll go myself. Keep up a good fire for me, and I'll be back as soon after sundown as I can."

I suppose it must have been two o'clock when I left

camp, and knowing it was not dark much before six, I had time, I felt assured, to get to where the snowshoes were and be well towards home by that time. But had I known before starting off how deep the snow really was on the road, I certainly would have deferred my journey until it was somewhat beaten down. I found on reaching it the snow was nearly over my knees; it was still falling, and the only track—the Indian's—was fast filling up. I plunged away, however, stepping as well as I could where he had, and at length reached the house where he had got his dinner and made inquiries. While there an empty team came out of the bush and, to my great delight, I not only found it was going to my proposed destination, but it was driven by the veritable owner himself of the much-longed-for snowshoes—a hearty good-natured fellow. He understood my difficulty at once, and bidding me jump on, we were not long in reaching his house, for between these points the road was somewhat broken. Resisting all most hospitable persuasions to stay all night, a hearty snack with a good cup of tea partaken of, and a thousand thanks expressed to these most kind dwellers in the backwoods, I found myself trudging along on the edge of the sleigh road, one pair of snowshoes securely but comfortably fixed to my feet, the other under my arm.

It was just sundown as I said good-bye, and I made very good time all the way to where I had met the sled. Here I passed the last house, and three miles of a heavy tramp were before me. Now three miles of ordinary snowshoeing is nothing, even to the veriest tyro; but three miles or less on a road which runs through one or more barrens from a quarter to half a mile wide, no friendly fence to keep one straight, no track to guide save one's own of two hours before, and that except here and there, now drifted up, no moon to lend assistance, is a mighty different thing. At least I found it so. I walked hope-

fully on, however, until it was quite dark, and then I almost despaired, for I found I had lost the road over the barren I had come, and I knew not where I was. I own on my realizing I was really lost I felt something more than extremely uncomfortable. I was dressed in a simple tweed hunting suit, no overcoat or outside wrap, and it was becoming bitterly cold. Nothing but snow all round me, and even did I make for the nearest woods I had but a penknife to cut fire wood with, and I found on searching my pockets I was not the possessor of a single match. I sat down on a stump and tried to think what I had best do. I was afraid to go on for fear of wandering too far away from the main road, which I knew was somewhere near, and so losing myself still further. I felt I never could tramp up and down all night to try and keep warm, for I was somewhat fatigued as it was, and I knew to lay down to sleep meant death. At last out of a mass of confused ideas suddenly came the thought, why not take my back tracks and try to get to the settlement I had left? This made a new man of me, and I sprang up to put the idea into instant execution. Back I went. I do not think I could have gone very far before I recognized a peculiar old broken pine—its top had been injured and had fallen partially over—that I had passed under in the afternoon. Now I knew I was near the road, and blessing the old pine, forgotten till then, I hunted about and found the old tracks. One big point gained, but my troubles were by no means over. I had to grope my way over the whole of that barren very gingerly, feeling every here and there for the foot, or rather leg prints in the deep snow of Gabe and myself. My progress as may be readily imagined was tardy and wearisome, but when I reached the woods across the barren and saw the road before me marked by the walls of trees on either side, and I knew I was then sure of finding camp I could have yelled with sheer joy. A com-

paratively easy tramp brought me to what I recognized as the little bridge spanning the brook a very short distance from our shack. Passing this and going a score of yards or so further on I saw a bright light on the side of the road, and quickly decided that it was one Gabe had built as a guiding point. But on getting nearer, to my astonishment, I saw several figures about a regular good fire, a "lean-to" put up and all indications of a camp for the night.

"Hulloa" I shouted.

"Who de debil dat be," was the response, and I saw a huge figure take up a burning brand and come plunging through the snow towards me.

The scene at this moment would have been to a looker-on, had there been any, a weird and strange one, suggestive more of the witches' scene in Macbeth than anything else. The "tattered and torn" forms by the fire and this wild looking creature peering into my face, holding aloft the while the blazing stick of wood. He seemed to know all about me, however, for on completing his scrutiny he said:

"You de gentlum campin' with Gabe?"

"Yes" I replied, "is he here with you?"

"No, Gabe gone back to camp—sarten tink you lost."

"Can you show me the path to my camp," I enquired.

"Yes, dis way," he answered, and picking up a fresh brand as we passed the fire, he led the way into the wood.

On our arrival I found a jolly good fire burning, and Gabe sleeping composedly before it, wrapped comfortably in his blanket and evidently enjoying that blissful state which an untroubled mind alone permits of when we, to quote Dick Swiveller, are "partaking of the balmy." A rather rude awakening with the toe of my moccassin must, however, have dispelled his visions of the "happy hunting grounds." "What the deuce do you mean," I said, "snoring here while I am doing your work?"

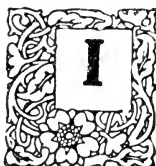
"Well," he grunted, lazily lifting himself up and

throwing off his blanket, "make sure you stay at settlement; never spose you come back camp dis way."

It was useless to say anything further by way of fault finding, so I gave in. I invited Saltius—that was his name he told me—to supper with me, and a right royal one he made. If there is anything that delights a host it is to see his guest or guests eat, and, my word for it, mine stowed away his share. I thought I perceived an envious glance or two from Gabe while my newly formed acquaintance was ballasting himself with a cargo of fried pork and potatoes, but out of revenge for his negligence in not coming out to look for me I was not only profuse in hospitalities to Mr. Saltius by way of food, but I went one peg better and gave him, as the sailors say, for a "topper over all," a horn of Jamaica, which I did not offer Gabe. The poor old chap was disgusted and did not get over it until the following day, when friendly relations were resumed. Gabe was reckond the best hunter and guide among all the Milicete Indians near Fredericton. He was a small man, but very wiry, and possessed of great strength (for his size), and powers of endurance. It is recorded of him that once, when with Lieutenants Davenport and Rowan of the 62nd Regiment on a fishing trip, a portage was made from the Chickittyhock river over to the South West Branch of the Mirimachi, he carried their canoe across on his shoulders the whole eleven miles, putting it down only twice on the way to rest. In 1894 when I was last in Fredericton for a day or two, I went over to St. Mary's to see him. Although thirty-five years had passed since the events I have just mentioned took place, he did not look a day older than then, perhaps a little stouter, but that was all. A year or two ago, however, I heard that he—like many another good fellow I have known—had gone to join the great majority. Poor old Gabe! many's the successful hunt, and fishing trip we have had together.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

An arduous undertaking with a pair of caribou. Moving ice on St. John river causes delay reaching home. A tantalizing invitation to dinner which could not be accepted. I am entertained at my henchman's lodge. We cross the river under difficulties. A strange Christmas party at Government House at which we see the Snake dance. More theatricals. The Prince of Wales and suite visit New Brunswick. The Royal party reach Fredericton and receive a grand reception.



I have already described hunting in Nova Scotia, and, therefore, will not weary the reader with any further details of our wanderings at Newcastle stream. Suffice it to say that we succeeded in killing two caribou. But a description of the primitive method employed in getting them out of the bush when they were shot, to the road where the team was to await them for their transportation to Fredericton, and the difficulty I afterwards experienced in crossing the St. John river to the barracks may not perhaps prove uninteresting.

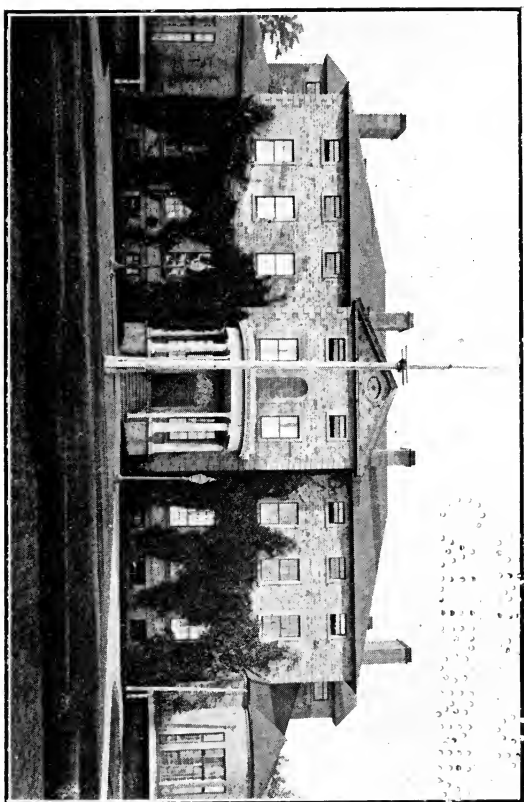
The little bog where the dead animals lay was four good miles from camp. We had no toboggans, and there was no road through the woods by which a horse and sled could reach them, so it appeared there was nothing to be done but to "haul 'em out on their hides" as the Indian said. And this was the way it was managed. We took with us all the straps that would be likely to prove useful, and very early in the morning started for our dead quarry. On reaching them Gabe twisted withes into a species of rope



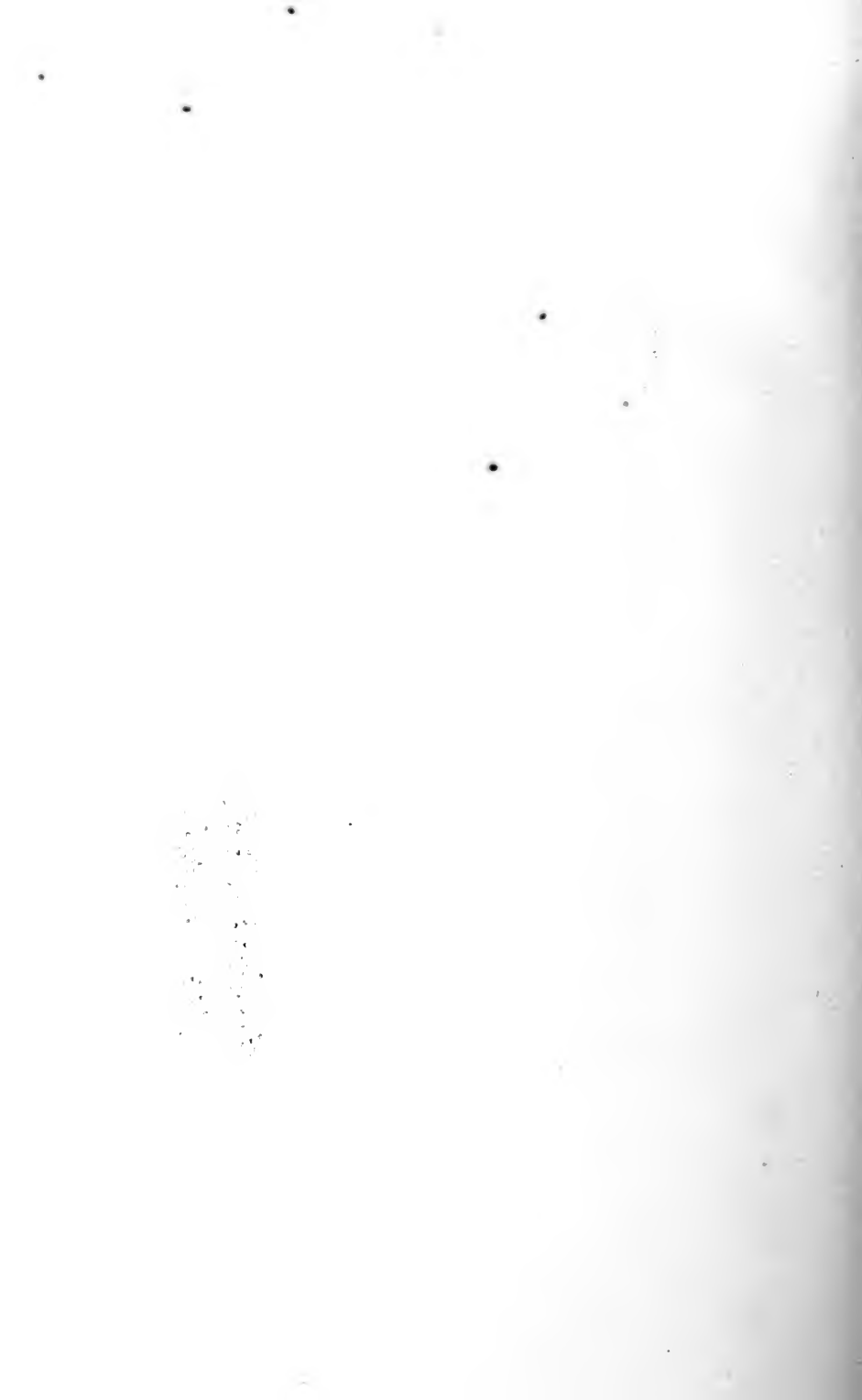
and, adding the straps, manufactured two harnesses. Then an incision was made at the neck of the animal through the hide (I should mention that the heads and lower part of the legs had been carried by us to camp the previous day), and one end of the harness securely fastened. The other was in the same way attached to the skin at the stump of the knee, and then you put this trace round the back of your neck and let it come under your arms, and taking hold of each side with your hands behind you, you forge ahead on your snowshoes, dragging the animal on its side. Fancy four miles of this toil, hauling the carcass, at times, through thickets where the branches and twigs seemed to grip it as the tentacles of the octopus are said to grasp the object it touches, and then the axe or knife had to be used. Again there were hills to climb and windfalls to get over when each, in turn, had to assist the other. Necessary halts were occasionally made, but sticking to our task tenaciously, sundown saw it completed, and we reached the road near camp. It was the hardest day's work I ever had in my life, but there was no help for it. It would never have done to leave the animals behind us—after killing them—to rot in the bush.

Next morning, Gabe got the team from the settlement and after packing and bidding a sorrowful farewell to the old camp, we got the caribou, our belongings and ourselves on the sled and started for home, reaching the Indian settlement opposite Fredericton safely. But here was a dilemma. The ice had made in the river, but the cakes were broken and moving. There was no ferry running and to try to cross in a canoe would have been sheer madness. There was nothing to do but wait. And a sweet day I had of it. Not a book or a newspaper to read, and only the charming society of Mrs. Gabe and the children to regale me. I was glad when night came with prospects of a keen frost. It was simply galling to stand on the river's bank and look across at the barracks, only three-quarters of a

mile away, where my comfortable room was. Visions of decent grub, too, and of a fluid to which is prefixed the name of Bass flitted across my mind. But no! It was not to be. When the mess bugle sounded, and I knew the fellows had gone in to sit down to a good dinner I turned sadly away, and, returning to the interior of the Gabe mansion, banqueted off uncommonly salt pork and slept that night on the floor. Next morning Gabe and several other Indians took counsel together and one, Peter Poltius—the same fellow I upset in the Grand Pass—agreed to act, for a consideration, as escort with my henchman. The ice cakes had congealed, but they were unsafe, or rather treacherous, so each of us was provided with a pole which he carried just as a tight-rope dancer does. It was most exciting, for the cakes constantly moved under you, and you had to skip from one to the other. Some were firm and strong enough, but others would tip, and if you were not quick, down you would go. There was a novelty about it though, and after getting half way over I rather enjoyed it. When quite close to shore I heard a shout, accompanied by a sort of splash and a loud laugh from Peter, and there was Gabe up to his armpits, but the pole he held kept him from going completely under. He yelled to Peter in Milicete to come to his assistance, which Peter did and got him up. I was glad my help was not called into requisition just at that moment, for I found myself on a nasty wobbly piece of ice and it was quite a toss up whether or not I was going to have a cold bath too. But by some fluke I didn't, and at length we all stood on *terra firma*, and throwing aside our poles scampered up to a more congenial temperature within the barrack walls. But a good deal of quiet fun was for a time poked at Gabe, for he had bragged before starting that if anyone fell through it would not be he. Unfortunately for him many lookers on had seen his involuntary plunge.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, FREDERICTON, N.B.

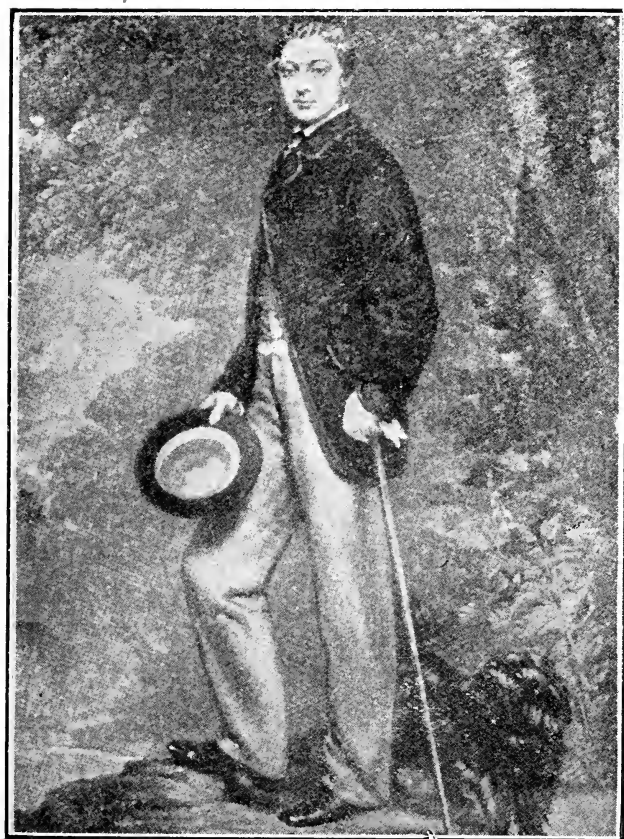


During the week between Christmas and New Year's Day we were invited to Government House to take part in entertaining the Indians of the neighboring village. This it appeared had been customary at this season since the Honourable Mr. Manners-Sutton's first occupancy of the official residence some years before. It was a very odd spectacle that the large ballroom presented on our entering, for all round its sides squatting on the floor was the greater part of the members of the Milicete tribe who lived across the river, both male and female—pappouses excepted, and all were rigged in their best toggery. They were first of all fed, an operation that occupied some time, and kept the attendants busy bringing in relay after relay of sandwiches, cake, coffee, etc. That over, a dozen couples or more of us to the music of a string band gave the dusky guests a specimen of what the dancing of the pale faces was like. We waltzed and went through the figures of a set of quadrilles, at which they seemed much amused and grunted approval. The Governor and Mrs. Manners-Sutton then requested the principal men of the tribe to favor us with one or two of their dances, and an extraordinary and somewhat ludicrous exhibition it proved. A number of the old squaws sitting down furnished the music, the instruments consisting of bones, which they beat together, and disused powder cans, and pickle bottles filled with broken crockery that they rattled incessantly. The men formed themselves into single file, one behind the other, and advanced up the room with a measured tramp and down again. This appeared to be a preliminary step. Then in the same formation they went up and down again, but this time with vigorous jerkings of the arms and legs and stamping of feet accompanied by ejaculations of huh! huh! and all this time the rattling of the bones and the tin cannisters and pickle bottles was incessant. We were told that this was the Snake dance. There were other

dances, the names of which I have forgotten, but whatever they were called there was no variation from this sort of procession and stamping, and certainly no attempt at any steps. To an onlooker it could not be viewed otherwise than a decidedly solemn undertaking, for there was not a smile on any dancer's face nor any indication of enjoyment. But the squaws—the poor wall flowers—who very ungallantly were not allowed to participate, laughed immoderately and appeared to consider the performance the very height of comedy. It was a novelty to us onlookers to say the least of it.

I have already mentioned that the little garrison, in return for many kindnesses and civilities, ventured upon some theatrical performances in which Mrs. Sutherland, the wife of our new Commissariat officer, ably assisted us. Mr. Sutherland himself was a capital comedian. The other two *ladies* of our dramatic company were young "Jemmy" Carter, the son of Chief Justice Sir James Carter, and Sergeant Boyes. But they did admirably. Our first essay was in the Mess room in barracks, but as that proved too small a place to accommodate all we should have liked to have invited, we secured a building in the city that some local amateurs had at one time transformed into a theatre, and this was furbished up for our further representations. Here our numerous guests could be seated comfortably, and the stage being of fair size, everything proved very satisfactory. Our repertoire consisted of the farces "Rais-degroom," "ing the Wind," "Used Up," "The Spectre Bri," "The Unfinished Gentleman," "The Camp at Chobham," "The Wandering Minstrel," and some others all of which little pieces were, I think, really enjoyed. A supper in the Mess room for all our guests invariably following each performance.

The second year of our stay was made notable by the visit of our present King, then Prince of Wales, and



H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, AT THE AGE OF 17





all the good people of Fredericton were called upon to do him honor.

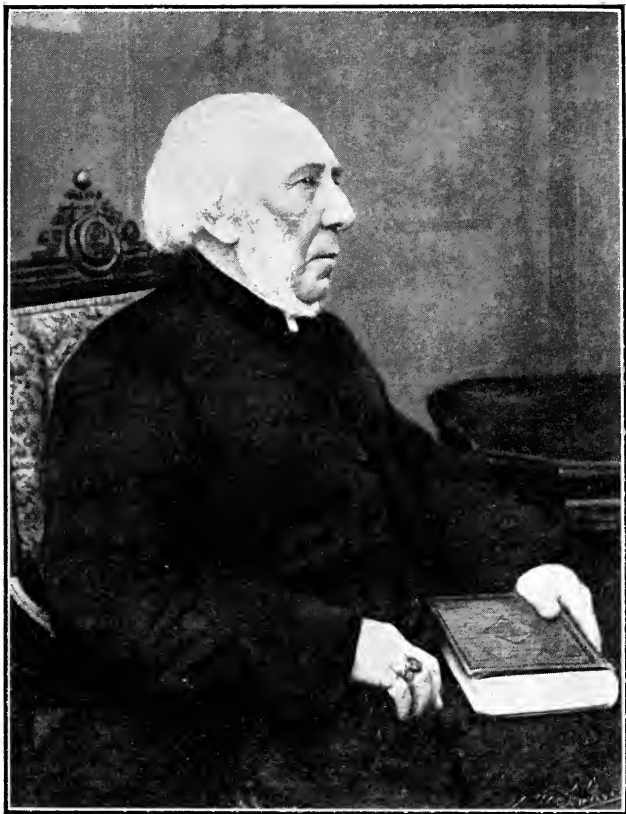
In July His Royal Highness left Plymouth in H. M. Ship "Hero" (Captain Geo. H. Seymour, C.B.) in company with the "Ariadne" (Captain E. W. Vansittart) for Newfoundland, his suite consisting of His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, Secretary of State for the Colonies; the Earl of St. Germain, Lord Chamberlain; Major General Hon. Robert Bruce, Governor to His Royal Highness; Doctor Auckland, physician; G. Engleheart, secretary to the Duke of Newcastle; and Major Teesdale, and Captain Grey, Equerries in Waiting. After leaving Newfoundland, where a most enthusiastic welcome greeted him, the Prince with the Royal Squadron arrived at Halifax on July 30, and was received at the Dockyard by the Lieutenant Governor Lord Mulgrave (my Regiment acting on this occasion as a Guard of Honour), and an address was presented to him by the Mayor and Corporation, and great festivities were held in his honour during his stay. His visit there over, His Royal Highness and suite on board H. M. Ship "Styx" proceeded to St. John, N.B., and arrived there at ten o'clock on the evening of August 2. The landing took place at half past ten next morning, and he was received at the wharf by the Lieutenant Governor the Hon. Mr. Manners-Sutton, together with General Trolloppe, Commander in Chief of the Forces, the Judges, Members of the Executive Council, the Mayor and Councilmen, the Mayor of Montreal, the Mayor of Boston, and the most prominent citizens of St. John. The band of my Regiment had accompanied the party from Halifax and played at the landing. We heard at Fredericton that St. John had turned out *en fête* that day, all anxious to show their loyalty and to get a glimpse of their future King.

A procession was formed, and the Prince was escorted to the "Duke of Kent's Lodge," where the Hon. Mr. Chip-

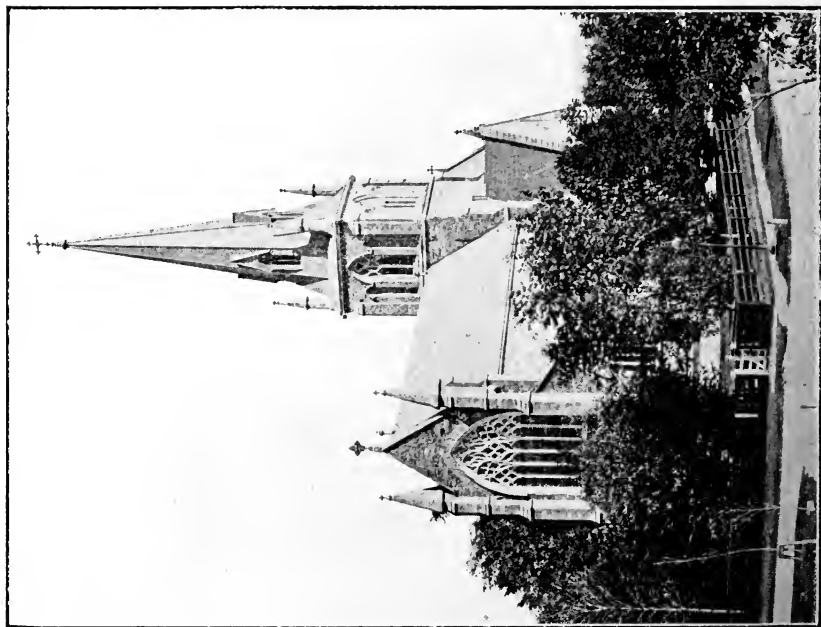
man, who owned it, had recently resided, and which the Provincial Government had fitted up for the Prince's use during his stay. There were five thousand people ranged on either side of the avenue leading to the house, who sang the National Anthem, and many threw bouquets into his carriage as he passed. A levee was held, and at mid-day the Prince stood on the steps of the Court House while the different societies and volunteers passed before him. Numerous addresses were made and prominent gentlemen presented, as well as were two Milicete Indian Chiefs in the full costume of the tribe. He was afterwards driven to the Suspension Bridge and other points of interest, and in the evening the whole city was illuminated with excellent effect.

On Saturday, August 4, the steamer "Forest Queen" was to convey the Prince and party up the river St. John to Fredericton, and everybody was on the tip-toe of expectation during the day. All preparations made for his reception were complete, with the exception only of a sort of grand stand which at the eleventh hour the committee had decided should be erected at the steamer's landing place for the accommodation of ladies, and this took longer to construct than was anticipated. The Prince was due to arrive at six o'clock and at half past five the carpenters were still at work.

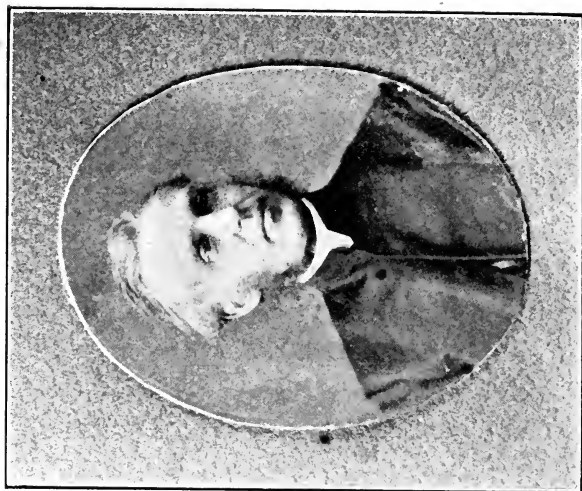
At length the steamer's whistle was heard announcing her near approach and yet the platform was unfinished. Good natured jokes were freely indulged in by some lively spirits in the assembled crowd and bets humorously offered against its being completed in time, and well known carpenters were signalled out by their familiar nicknames and shouted at to hurry. Louder and more boisterous became the chaff, and more assiduously the hammers rang on the nail heads, while the beating of the approaching vessel's paddle wheels were now becoming more distinct. But all



THE LATE BISHOP MEDLEY OF FREDERICTON, N.B.



THE CATHEDRAL, FREDERICTON, N.B.



REV. CANON POLLARD, OTTAWA

went well at last. Amid loud plaudits of congratulation the workmen won, and the ladies were able to take their places just as the "Forest Queen" touched the wharf. Then followed the landing. As His Royal Highness, followed by his suite, stepped on shore guns were fired, the ladies waved their handkerchiefs, men vociferously cheered, and the bells of the city rang out a merry peal. A company of volunteers furnished the guard of honour and presented arms, while the Mayor and the Civic officials advanced and he was driven to Government House, three quarters of a mile away, accompanied by a large crowd of welcoming citizens.

On the way thither two very prettily arranged arches had been erected, and the streets through which the Royal guest passed were lined with volunteers.

In the evening the city was illuminated, bonfires burned in various places, and a large torchlight procession marched through the principal streets headed by volunteer bands. On the following day the Prince and suite attended divine service at the Cathedral. He was met at the door by His Lordship Bishop Medley who escorted him to a seat, and his attendants took their places immediately behind him. Every available officer and man of our little garrison was of course present, and the Cathedral was filled to the doors by the largest congregation that beautiful edifice ever contained. The Reverend J. B. Medley, son of the Bishop, read the prayers, the Reverend Charles I. Medley, also a son of the Bishop, the Lessons and Litany, while the Reverend Doctor Coster, of Carleton, and the Reverend H. Pollard, of St. Stephen's, the Epistle and Gospel for the day respectively. At the conclusion of the prayers His Lordship Bishop Medley ascended the pulpit and preached one of the grandest sermons ever heard in New Brunswick's capital, and which was afterwards printed

at the unanimous request of the congregation as well as that of many notable persons, who were unable to be present.

Of those I have mentioned who officiated at the service that morning but one is left, the others have gone to their rest, long since. The Reverend Canon Pollard, grown white-haired since that day, yet ministers to a large congregation as the much-esteemed Rector of St. John's Church, Ottawa, where it has been my privilege to hear him again after so many years had passed.

On Monday, the Government presented an address, and a Levee was held at Government House, which was attended by a large number of people. The Prince, who wore the uniform of a Colonel of the Guards stood at one end of the room. He was very slight with bright blue eyes, handsome features and fair complexion. Boyish looking of course he was, for he was but seventeen years of age. The Duke of Newcastle, the Earl of St. Germain, and members of the respective staffs were on either side and slightly behind him, and a double line of officers, composed of the regular service and volunteers, extended from the entrance door of the room to the place where he stood to receive. Between this line each gentleman attending had to pass to make his bow. One old gentleman attired in an antiquated uniform of some yeomanry corps that flourished perhaps in the beginning of the century, and who was extremely short sighted had an unhappy experience. He appeared very nervous and bewildered at the position in which he found himself, and unable quite to distinguish among all the bright uniforms which was the Prince. He was, however, gently pushed forward in the proper direction. First he made his bow to Captain Wyberg of my Regiment, who turned him towards His Royal Highness. He next bowed to Knowles, tenant, and was again urged forward, and finally, in his

confusion, after bowing to several other officers, passed the Prince without noticing him at all, and went out at the exit door. The incident created considerable though very properly concealed amusement. The Prince, we noticed, covered his mouth with his hand and had great difficulty in preventing himself from laughing outright. In the afternoon a large park which had been laid out was inaugurated. This ceremony by His Royal Highness it was not my good fortune to witness, for I had been detailed as officer of the guard at Government House, and my duty did not permit of my leaving there until relieved.

In the evening a grand ball was held in the Council Chamber of the Parliament Building, which was crowded to excess. It was kept up until a very late hour and was brilliantly successful. The Prince danced with the following ladies: Mrs. Manners-Sutton, the wife of the Lieutenant Governor; Miss Florence Parker, daughter of Judge Parker, of Fredericton; Miss Fisher, sister of the Attorney-General; Miss Medley, daughter of the Bishop; and with Mrs. Ritchie, wife of Mr. Justice Ritchie; Mrs. Bayard, Miss Robinson and Miss Lily Hazen, all of St. John.

Early in the evening I happened to be standing near the Earl of St. Germain, and casually glancing at him saw his eyes close and his head give an involuntary nod. The poor gentleman was becoming very drowsy. At his age the continuous bustle and rush from one place to another in constant attendance on the Prince must have been very wearying, and I felt sure he would at that moment have experienced greater enjoyment on a comfortable couch with a soft pillow than in taking part in the brilliant function then in joyous progress.

During the last day of the Prince's stay one of the Equerries called upon our Commanding Officer and told him the Prince was anxious to take away with him a birch-

bark canoe and pair of carved paddles. The Indian settlement had been searched in the hope of procuring them there, but without success. He had, however, been informed that possibly some of the officers of the Garrison might assist him, and he had come to make inquiries. Our canoes were looked over and as mine was a new one made of one single piece of winter birch-bark, it was selected, together with a very fine pair of carved paddles which I had recently purchased, and a cheque for their value placed in the Major's hands. I was away from barracks at the time, and on my return learned with surprise the reason of my canoe having disappeared from its accustomed place, and the paddles from my room. But it pleased me very much that the honor fell to me of being the means of His Royal Highness' wish being gratified.



## CHAPTER XXXIII.

Loss of the "Ephesus" on Sable Island reported in Halifax. Our passage thither in Government schooner "Daring." After a pleasant voyage we are landed in a surf boat. Kind hospitality extended by the Superintendent and family. The wreck of the "Ephesus" and the House of Refuge are visited near the South West Bar. The Patrols. The ride to the North East Bar. A herd of harbor seals are disturbed. The mirage. The end of the Bar. The Great Ocean Seal is seen. Wrecks and wreckage. The Sable Island pony. Animals and birds found on the island. The French Gardens. The story of Mrs. Copeland. A strange visitor appears in our bedroom. A stormy voyage back to Halifax.



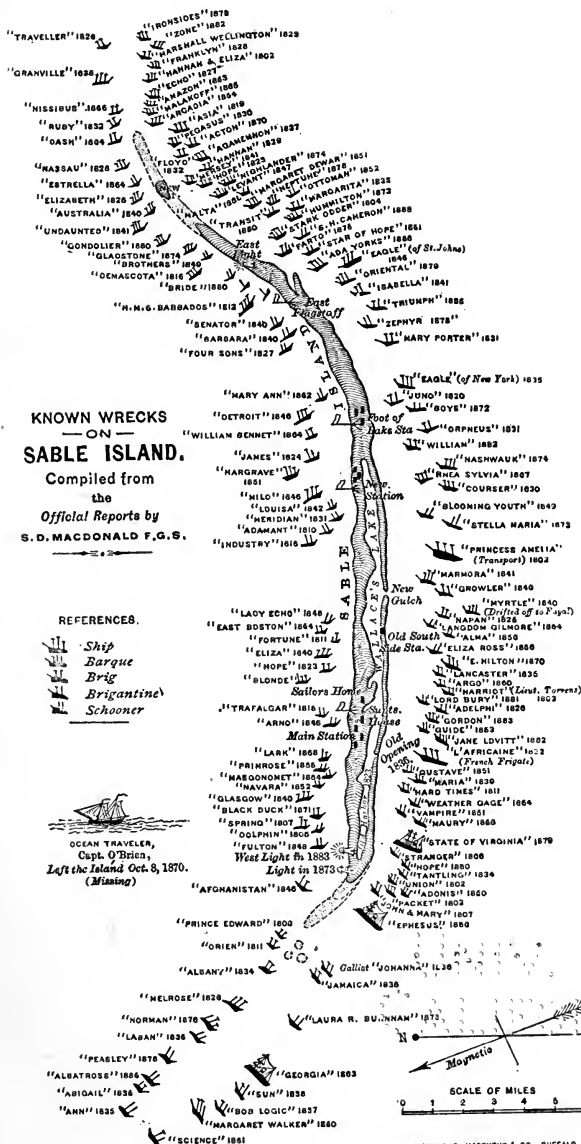
WITH the visit of our present King to Frederickton, when he was Prince of Wales, I close these recollections of half a century ago. But before laying down my pen—if I have not already worn out the patience of the reader through very lack of skill in their narrating—I would like to add that of a trip made to the most noted ocean graveyard known to mariners, the crescent shaped spit of sand that lies somewhere about a hundred miles off the southeast coast of Nova Scotia, marked Sable Island on the map. To-day it can boast of a wireless telegraphy station, as well as a telegraph and telephone cable to the mainland, but at the time of my visit there it possessed none of these things. Communication then with the outer world could only be had by means of the Government vessel sent thither periodically for the purpose of taking supplies and ascertaining the welfare of the handful of lonely dwellers thereon.

Her advent was hailed as a joyous break in the dull monotony of their daily lives.

In the summer of 1866 news reached Halifax that a large iron steamer called the "Ephesus," laden with bales of cotton, had run on the South West Bar of the Island in broad daylight during a very heavy fog, and was a total wreck. The captain and crew and a quantity of the cargo had been saved. This intelligence had been brought to the city by the schooner "Daring," the Government vessel employed on lighthouse and other services, and on her being again sent to the scene of the shipwreck a friend of mine, Doctor Moren, and I both applied for and obtained leave to be taken down there in her as passengers. The hour for leaving found us with our traps on board, and shortly after the lines were cast off, all sail was set, and with a favorable wind we commenced our voyage.

The "Daring" was a clipper, well equipped as to crew, rigging, sails, etc., and her saloon and cabins in point of finish, decoration and last, but not least, comfort, would equal many a first-class private yacht. She was commanded by Captain O'Brien, a fine hearty specimen of a sailor, who took the utmost pains to make the trip as pleasant a one for us as lay in his power.

It was late in the afternoon when we left Halifax, and on turning out the following morning we were glad to find the sun shining brightly and the same smart breeze following us that we left the harbor with. It was delightful dancing along as we did, excepting only one brief spell when we encountered a sudden and violent squall that raised a heavy sea, and tossed our little craft up and down so much that for a time the deck was denuded of passengers, and happening, too, just at lunch time, occasioned the involuntary absence from the table of one or two who had previously been boasting of their complete immunity from the dreaded *mal de mer*. Afterwards when we drew



MATTHEWS, NORTHRUP & CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

the first  
of the year

into calmer water and they showed up on deck, their excuses for not putting in an appearance were most amusing—they were so unnecessarily and mendaciously elaborate.

The Island reached, our signal, long before dropping anchor, brought the surf boats down to the shore in readiness, for the "Daring" was expected, and out they came to us almost as soon as the chain cable ceased to rattle. These boats are different in appearance from an ordinary lifeboat, and resemble more than anything else a gigantic canoe with its bow and stern built extremely high and to a point. They are rowed by four men usually, with a steersman, but in boisterous weather the seats are "double banked," that is two men at each oar, making a crew of nine. No other shape would be suitable for service here for at no time is the sea perfectly calm, and an ordinary boat would likely be swamped by the huge waves that roll in incessantly round the island. When not a breath of air is stirring, these sea horses of the Atlantic ride top over top on to the beach, with a rush and thunder-like beat that is startling to a fresh visitor.

On the boats reaching the schooner we packed ourselves and baggage in one of them which was told off to land us, and set off at once for the island. The distance between the "Daring" and the shore must have been quite half a mile, for no vessel visiting the place ventures close in; but our men rowed it very quickly, there being but little lop. On getting within a certain distance of the beach, judged to a nicety by the steersman who was standing up, he gave a quick signal well understood by the rowers, who immediately bent to their oars in a vigorous spurt, and the boat with the breaker on which it rode shot high up on the sand, then shipping their oars smartly, out jumped the crew into the water, and as the wave receded held her fast until the incoming flow assisted to run her farther up.

We were not allowed to run the risk of getting wet, for the men almost forcibly lifted us on their shoulders and deposited us, as if we were packages marked "with care," high and dry above tidal mark, our luggage following. We were now on this wonderful island of sand, this dealer of destruction to ships and the terror of all "old salts," and in a short space of time we were being welcomed at their house by Mr. Wm. Dodd, the Superintendent, and his kind hearted family, who seemed to vie with each other in making us feel comfortable and at home, and here we spent many enjoyable days full of novel experiences.

At the first opportunity afforded me I went to the end of the South West Bar—of course, on horseback. No one thinks of walking anywhere on the island where horses are so numerous, and which, when stabled, require lots of exercise to keep them in proper health. It is five miles called, and then two and a half miles of sand on which the edge of vegetation, or the greenland as it is locally you can ride to the extremity of the Bar. How many miles beyond this, where wrecks have marked the line, this Bar extends into the ocean, has never been accurately determined, but it was the opinion of the men of the island that it was about six or seven. Doubtless, here many a gallant ship not shown on the official chart as having struck, has gone down suddenly among the breakers, and not one soul left to tell the tale of the mishap, the only record of her fate being the word "missing" against her name in the "Shipping Register." About two and a half miles from the Main Station, on the south side of the Island I saw the poor "Ephesus." Her smoke stack still stood and her bow and forward part of her midships was out of the water, the rest was covered. It was a sorry spectacle. A magnificent steamship gradually going to pieces from the continuous action of the restless, never ending rollers of the mighty Atlantic. A hopeless case it must have been from the time

she first struck, for she was so firmly fixed in the sand no mechanical aid could have effected her release unless at hand at the moment of her touching, to drag her backward into deep water again. She lay with all her costly machinery and fittings, everything in fact most valuable in a vessel's construction, left to be buried most surely deeper and deeper in the treacherous sand as tide after tide receded and advanced. I afterwards learned that she ran on the island about eleven o'clock in the forenoon in a very heavy fog, going at half speed at the time, a current unknown to the Captain having taken her in that direction outside of his reckoning altogether. After leaving the shore where the "Ephesus" lay I went over to look at the House of Refuge, so called. It contained sleeping rooms fitted with bunks, and a store room in which were casks of beef, pork, biscuit and water, and articles of bedding and clothing. These are all kept here for the use of any survivors of a wreck that might be cast ashore unperceived by the patrol. Another House of Refuge stands similarly equipped at the other end of the Island, just where vegetation ceases and the North East Bar begins. At the time of which I write there were four patrol or lookout stations on the island. That on the south side has since my visit been swept away in a storm and the man and his family moved to the north side, nearer the foot of the lake, and is now called the New Station. The second one was near the Superintendent's house, called Main Station, the third called Foot of the Lake Station, and the fourth near the end of the so-called green land five miles further on at the beginning of the North East Bar where the East Lighthouse is erected now. There is another lighthouse at the west end now placed there in 1873.

A mounted patrol from each of these stations daily went his rounds half way between his house and his neighbors on either side, thus forming a complete circle of com-

munication round the island, and whatever transpired was reported at once to the Superintendent.

Having seen all that was interesting to the southwest of the Superintendent's house, I determined to visit the northeast part, and to go as far out on the Bar as possible. This would involve a real good day's journey on horseback. I would have liked my friend Doctor Moren to have accompanied me, but that was impossible for the reason that although ponies were in abundance there was but one saddle available, and the long ride to be taken would have been too fatiguing for anyone, not accustomed to it, to attempt using a substitute in the way of a folded blanket with no support for the legs.

Procuring credentials to the other stations I had to pass, I set off, one fine morning, and rode along the lake shore to its foot. This sheet of water covers nearly the whole of the centre of the green land, and is quite nine miles in length and about three-quarters of a mile in breadth. It is very shallow throughout and said to be brackish to the taste. Arriving at the station here, I halted, and changing the saddle from my pony to the back of another I rode on again five more miles and reached the next station near the House of Refuge, where I put up pony number two and got a third, a strong one, equal to the formidable journey in front of him. I may mention that the Sable Island pony has commonly but two gaits, a walk or a gallop, but he is wonderfully clever at keeping himself on his legs under trying circumstances.

I remember chasing a herd of wild ones, one day, for amusement, and galloping up a steep mound of sand I suddenly found there was an abrupt fall on the other side from the top downwards, not exactly perpendicular, but at an angle of about forty-five degrees. I had not time to decide what it was best to do, for my pony took the initiative, and without hesitation plunged down the steep



descent before I could check him, and as it was all sand without even a tussock of grass for a foot-hold, he fairly slid on his haunches down to the bottom, and though this mode of progression conduced greatly to my own discomfort, he appeared rather to like it than otherwise himself.

Nearly all over the green land the wild pea or vetch—(*vicia sativa*)—the supposed tares of Scripture—on which these ponies feed, grows luxuriously, and is in places higher than the animals' knees, indeed sometimes up to his chest. It is wonderful how they can gallop through it without getting it tangled round their legs and throwing them, but they do, and you may go at racing speed anywhere, up and down the sand hills and through the knotted and matted vines of vetch, with the reins thrown on your steed's neck, and he will never make a mis-step. When chasing his wild brethren I have thrown the reins knotted on his mane, and every turn and twist of those he was pursuing he followed of his own accord, and I thoroughly believe, thought the scamper as enjoyable as I did. Of course we only hunted the herd just for the pure fun of the thing for a short distance, to see how fast they could go. But to return to my journey.

I was now at the last house at the northeast end of the Island, and from here to the extremity of the Bar—eleven miles—is an experimental journey few I think would care to make twice, alone. I took the south side going outward, to come back by the north, though the change is but slight, for at no place along its whole length is it a quarter of a mile wide. It is a long narrow sand spit where remnants of old wrecks, washed up by the sea on either side are heaped together in the centre. Portions of masts and yards, of deck cabins or cabooses, fragments of saloon fittings, of every part, in fact, of a ship are here strewn, one on top of another in an incongruous mass of *débris*. I had scarcely left the green land when I saw

before me on the shore a whole herd of harbour seals (*Phoca Vittulina* of Goodman) sunning themselves on the sand, it being low tide. I was about a quarter of a mile from them, and thinking to cut some of them off from the sea I galloped up towards them as hard as my pony could go. But they were all too quick for me. By the time I had reached the spot where the nearest to me had been when I first saw them, the whole lot—a couple of hundred or more—had gained the water and were rising up among the breakers, looking at me with eyes that seemed to express derision at my inability to approach nearer. Seals have the bump of curiosity (if there be such a bump) certainly strongly developed, for they followed me a long distance, diving through the breakers as they swam along, keeping pace with and watching me as if wondering what manner of creature I was.

I had ridden some miles out on the Bar, when, accidentally looking back, I saw a very perfect *mirage*. The sun was shining in a clear August sky, and the heat was very great, for it was mid-day, I remember, and as I halted and turned my eyes towards the mainland I had lately left, not a vestige could I see of it. Nor could I see very far the continuation of the Bar in front. It appeared as if I was surrounded by water. The effect was most peculiar, and though I knew it to be merely a delusion, the sense of loneliness it created was oppressive in the extreme for a moment or two, until I laughed myself out of it. Journeying along I passed numberless wrecks, sad mementos of death and desolation, those on the south side appearing to be more broken up than on the north. I suppose the storms being more severe from that quarter had thus pounded them to pieces, for when returning I saw the hulls of many less shattered. One, especially, which had run high up on the beach had part of its bowsprit standing, and looked so near on approaching it that I could almost

fancy I could touch the spar with my riding whip. It proved to be too far out for that, however.

Before reaching the extreme end of the Bar, some four or five hundred yards perhaps, I got off my pony and loosening the saddle girths and slipping the bridle rein over my arm, I walked the remaining distance. And here words fail me to describe the scene there presented. As far as the eye could see there ran out a broad line of breakers. For eighteen miles—as I afterwards learned—beyond where I stood they extended. A perilous locality, truly, for a ship to be sailing near on a dark night or in a thick fog. I presume others who have made the journey have experienced something like the same sensations that I did, but I never felt so wretchedly lonely or dismal before in my life as I did at this place. Picture it, oh reader! The sea apparently surrounded one. The shore was strewn with portions of wreck. There was a half buried hull within easy sight. I had disturbed a whole family of the great Greenland seal (*phoca barbata*); huge animals ten or twelve feet in length with heads as large as bullocks, that rushed into the water at my approach and came up glaring at me and blowing through their nostrils as I stood, half in fear, watching their movements, for I had never before seen these great ocean monsters. I was companionless, save my pony, who rubbed his nose against me, poor fellow, as if coaxing me to come away. Also, I was eleven miles and more away from human help did an accident require it. Though all this was present in my mind I could not help lingering on the extreme end of the Bar, feeling I should in all probability never visit it nor see the like again. And awe-striking though the scene was, there was yet a weird fascination about it that made one linger. I could not make up my mind to leave, but rested there watching the breakers and my new acquaintances the big seals. Sentiment gave way at length, and as

I became gradually assured that I was not going to be gobbled up, I awakened to the fact that I was hungry, and oh! so thirsty too. I had ridden since breakfast twenty-five miles, and had every inclination to gratify the inner man with sandwiches I had in my pocket. But alas! these sandwiches were made of ham, and very salt ham too, as I discovered on tasting one and I dared not eat them for fear of adding to the burning thirst I was already possessed of, probably from inhaling the salt air for four or five hours. So taking a last farewell look about me I picked up a few shells at my feet by way of mementos, buckled my saddle girths tight again, jumped on the pony's back, and, followed side by side by these tawny-coated proprietors of this desolate spot, I turned my back upon the vast expanse of white-crested breakers and pushed homewards gladly, veritably gladly, for I longed for the sight of a human form or better, the sound of a human voice.

Before going further perhaps it would not be out of place for me to say something *en passant* of the seals found on the island. There are two kinds only, as I learned from the Superintendent, viz.: the harbor seal so-called (*Phoca vittulina*) a herd of which I had disturbed, that makes its appearance early in the spring and whelps in May, and the great Ocean or Greenland seal (*Phoca barbata*)—some of which would weigh eight or nine hundred weight, perhaps more, that frequent only the end of the North East Bar, where I saw them, and which breed there in January of each year. I omitted to say that I observed, while at the end of the Bar, a great number of dead skate (*Raia batis*) killed no doubt by the breakers hurling them on the sand beach on their coming too close in shore. And these were the dainty and attractive tid-bits that the big seals reveled in while unmolested. I was told that the fights between the males of these animals during

what, for want of a proper term to be applied in their case, I must call the "rutting season," is terrible to witness, and their roars can be heard a wonderfully long distance. Station men told me a couple of miles, but I take that *cux grano*, etc.

There is authentic evidence of the walrus too (*Trecheus rosmarus*) being also visitors here, for their skulls and tusks have often been picked up on the Bar, but none of late years. I found one day myself the sword of a sword-fish, quite four feet in length. It had been broken off and was split by some violent blow of the animal, but against what I know not. I picked it up on the beach.

I rode back on the north side, passing many noted wrecks by the way. Portions of some were standing up, as I said before, apparently sound and solid, though coated over with green seaweed, not unlike in appearance an old pile of logs covered with lichens one finds sometimes in the forest. And let me say, in all verity, I was not sorry to get back and out of the saddle that evening, for I had ridden over fifty miles between nine a.m., and five p.m. on three ponies, each of which it seemed to me, had a rougher gait than the other.

But touching these same ponies with whose capabilities I was daily becoming more conversant. Is it not strange that there is no reliable record of when they were first put on the island? None seems to exist. It is said that they are the descendents of some of the Mexican wild races, and it is anything but improbable, for there are strong handsome animals among them, and I noticed in the wild herds many old stallions and mares, which, even though their manes and tails unkempt and uncared for were tangled masses of hair trailing on the sand, held their heads as proudly up as the young ones, and pranced along with the step of an Arab. There are about three or four hundred usually kept on the island. The surplus ones are caught,

sent to Halifax and sold there, where they fetch prices ranging from \$20 to \$150 each, according to size and build. To catch them, all hands mounted, turn out, and the herd or herds, after much chasing, are forced to enter a large enclosure called the "pound," where those for the market are secured, and the rest then allowed to run free again.

The Superintendent also spoke to me of black cattle being at one time placed there; but the severity of the winter was too much for them and the experiment proved a failure. There were none at the time I write of. I learned too, that in winter these ponies' coats, which are very rough and heavy, form an ample protective covering for them, and that they paw up the snow and get at the remains of the vetch crop for food. The winters there, however, though probably stormy, are not attended as a rule with a great quantity of snow, nor does the mercury drop as low as it does in the adjacent main-land of Nova Scotia, but of the exact thermometrical markings I have no reliable data at hand.

Among other animals, I heard of the great Norway rat (*Mus-decumanus*) being once an inhabitant. This rodent was supposed to have been brought there by some vessel which ran ashore, but I never saw one during my stay on the island, nor could I gain tidings of one having been seen by the station-men then there, though a former Superintendent in one of his official reports mentions them. Rabbits (*Lepus cuniculus* not *Lepus Americanus*) are there in hundreds. They are said to be of Spanish origin, and are mostly gray and black in color, and are quite similar to those one sees in the "Old Country" and burrow in the same way. One sand hill in particular, I remember, called the Warren, was full of them, and in the evening they could be seen feeding outside in dozens. Numbers of ducks of many kinds rest on the Island. The black or dusky duck (*Anas obsкуро*) and the shell-duck (*Mergus Merganser*)

yearly breed there. I saw hundreds of them in the lake, but they were too young to be of use to the cook, and the Superintendent allowed nothing to be killed wantonly for the killing sake even if we wished it, which we did not.

There is not a great variety of birds to be found there. We had very good shooting at ring-necked and various kinds of plovers, and bay-birds—so-called; but especially at the yellow-legged tatler (*Totanus flavipes*). These were about the shores of the lake in great numbers. We built a blind and near it used to place a couple of dead birds as decoys, making them as life like as we could by sticking them in an upright position. Then while one of us, mounted, went round all the little creeks and disturbed them, the other remained hidden and by imitating their shrill cry attracted them and was sure of plenty of shots. This we found the surest way of securing a sufficiency for the table of our host. They were capital eating. We saw several English snipe (*Scolopax Wilsonii*) and were told they were quite numerous late each year in the Autumn. Some of these birds breed there. I was not surprised at seeing the little brown sparrow (*fringilla*) about the house and stables, for he is such a cosmopolitan he generally turns up everywhere one goes. A hawk flew over us one morning, but not sufficiently near to distinguish what he was, but I judged him by his size to be a marsh-harrier (*Falco cyaneus* of Audobon. They are rare there. Fish hawks (*Falco halioetus* of Lin) are common. The white or Arctic owl (*Strix nicta*) occasionally drops on the island but his visits are few and far between. Gulls, as may be imagined, of all descriptions are very numerous, but especially the tern (*Sterna hirundo*) or, as I have heard them called, the "mackerel gull." Fishermen round the coast of Nova Scotia have told me that they are nearly always apprised of the arrival of a school of mackerel by seeing a flock of these birds hovering over the water and

repeatedly darting down to the surface. They follow these fish all along the shore. But I hardly think so small a bird could manage to carry off a fish of a mackerel's size. I imagine rather it is to feed on the same little fish called "bait" by the fishermen, which is a great attraction for the mackerel themselves, and which they are very fond of. The terns build on the South West Bar literally in thousands. The nests in the sand are so close together in places that you can scarcely put your foot down without crushing the eggs or young ones, and you no sooner invade their territory than they endeavor to drive you away. Uttering the most piteous cries they flutter in a cloud over you, diving down within a few inches of your head and never stopping until they make it sufficiently unpleasant for you to leave. On my first experience I thought they meant to pick my eyes out, so vicious they seemed. Tern's eggs are spotted or covered with patches of light brown, and are extraordinarily large when one considers the size of the bird herself. They are fair eating. I may mention that an old English Encyclopedia I accidentally stumbled upon makes the assertion that "tern were formerly choice food." That may be so, but I doubt if anyone at the present day, except in a case of great emergency, would care to eat their flesh. It must necessarily be from their feeding the fishiest of the fishy.

Wild geese too, (*Anser Americanus*) on their migratory flight north and south occasionally when tired drop—I cannot say rest—in the lake, for they are not allowed to remain long in peace. A warm reception in the shape of a *salvo* from the various firearms the islanders are possessors of, invariably greets their arrival.

I think I have now given a list of the birds and animals I personally saw or heard of frequenting the place. Flat fish or flounders were, I was told, originally to be found in the lake. But when the gale which



demolished the South Station drove the breakers right through and made a huge gap on that side, the water, which as I have already said is shallow, was so churned up that the fish were beaten to death by the waves, numbers being afterwards found dead on the shore.

Trees, there are none. Over the whole area of the island not a single one of any description is seen, not even a bush. If you were seeking shade the best substitute available would be a kind of wild grass which sometimes attains quite five feet in height that is found in parts of the greenland.

A portion of the lowest lying land, near the North East Station, which is swampy, is, in the Autumn, covered with a perfect carpet of cranberries (*Oxy-coccus macrocarpus*). I rode through this place and saw the acres of plants and young fruit, but it was too early in the season to find them in the luxuriance in which they spread over the ground later on, when ripe. Bushels of them are gathered then and sent to Halifax for sale.

I must not forget my capturing a young seal in the lake. I shot at his head to kill him as he rose in the water near the boat, for I wanted the skin and had permission to secure one for my own use. But I had only small shot in my gun and that striking him on his fat cranium had only the effect of partially stunning him, without any fatal or indeed serious result as afterwards transpired. After a brief struggle I managed to grip one of his hind flippers and drag him into the boat. He quite recovered by the time we got him up to the Superintendent's house and later on we sent him up to Halifax by the "Daring," where he lived at Downs's private zoological garden for some years.

Much has been said of the various points of interest on the island, but of them all, I think, the French Gardens attract one the most. Who made them is a question.

Their history is vague and nothing authentic concerning them is known. Tradition says it was the work of French convicts placed on the island by the Marquis de la Roche, and that they were forty in number. That they were there for five years, during which time all but twelve succumbed, and that these were brought back to France somewhere about 1595. But whoever made them must have had a heavy task as the soil with which the sand is mixed was doubtless produced by rotting the sods of the vetch and wild grass, for earth or clay there is none.

I think I have told all I can remember of my interesting visit to the dread island of sand, where we received so much kindness from Mr. Dodd, the Superintendent, and his estimable family. But in closing I must not omit acknowledging that the story of Mrs. Copeland's ghost—the lady with the bloody finger—which is, as all residents vouch for, so frequently seen walking about, had a good deal to do with disturbing my friend the Doctor's and my own equanimity for a brief moment the night before we left for home, and it came about in this way.

We were all sitting in the parlour and had somehow got into a discussion respecting the truthfulness of tales of apparitions from the unseen world revisiting relations and friends. From this was an easy transition to the gruesome narrative of a Mrs. Copeland who escaped drowning when the vessel she was on board of was wrecked on the island, only to be murdered by a villain in order to obtain possession of a valuable diamond ring she wore, and of her being seen by various people on tempestuous nights walking on the beach with hair flying in the wind and holding up her bleeding hand from which the finger with the ring was hacked off. Then every story that could be remembered of the most ghostly nature seemed to be dragged in. It was a wild stormy night, the wind howl-

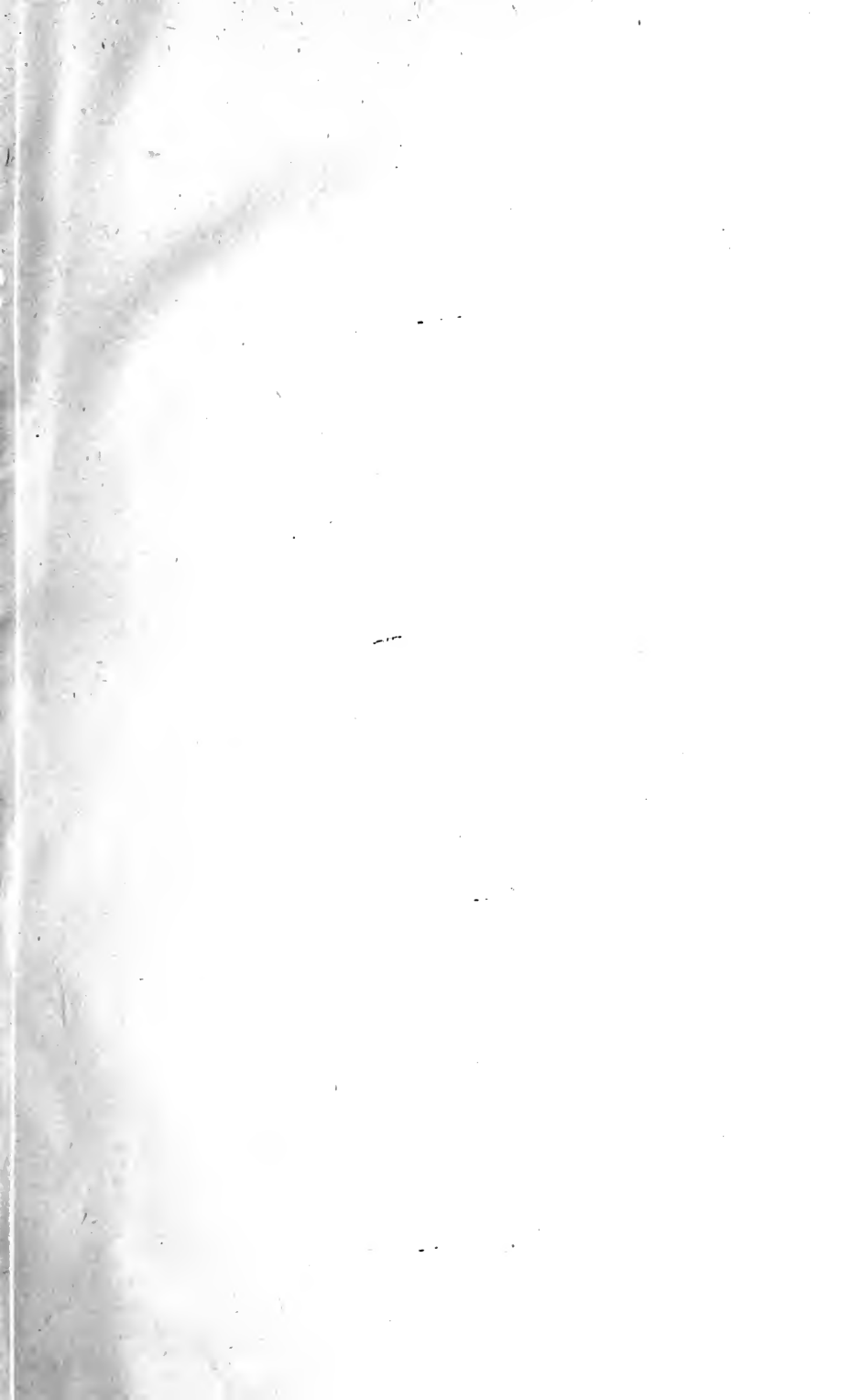
ing and the rain pouring down in bucketsful. Now and then a squall would strike the building that made everything rattle again—the very night of all others to tell creepy stories. Bloody, terrible and shocking were the yarns related of wreckers of days gone by, awful the retribution of the stalking ghosts and dreadful the nervousness felt by us as each appalling and hideous crime was recalled.

At length the time for bed arrived and, good night being said, the Doctor and I were left alone to have our last pipe before retiring. This over, he went into our sleeping room, but came back in a second with a blanched face saying he would sit up a while longer and I was not to wait for him. I took the lamp presently and went in, and was in the act of setting it down on the table, when glancing at the bed I saw something that sent my hair up on end. Thoughts of Mrs. Copeland flashed across my mind, paralyzing in their intensity, and I was about to bolt back into the sitting room when I found the Doctor at my elbow, and taking courage together we advanced and peered at this dread occupant of our couch. It was a figure head of some wrecked ship that lay upon the pillow, ghastly and immobile of feature, with staring wide open eyes, the hair represented by long blades of dried eel-grass which swept down over the bed clothes that were tucked under its chin. We looked at one another, but just then a ringing laugh came from the doorway and we knew to whom we were indebted for this delightful "scare."

Ah me! how sad we were to leave next morning. We had been made so happy and comfortable during our stay. It was my first and only trip to Sable Island, but one I have never regretted in spite of the heavy storm we encountered before reaching Halifax, our place of starting, in which we suffered terribly.

THE END.









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